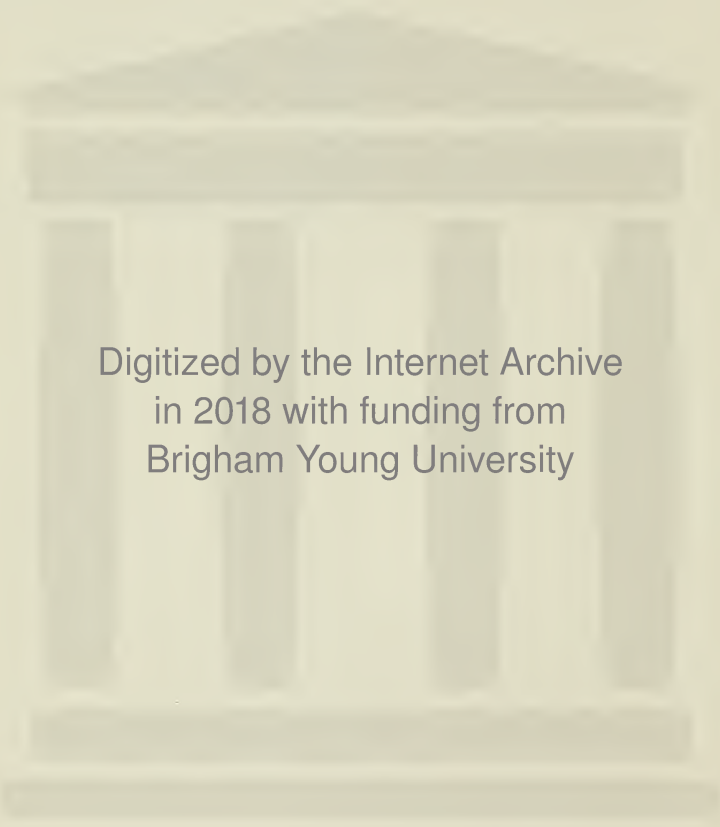


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THE

LAND OF SUNSHINE

THE MAGAZINE OF
CALIFORNIA AND THE WEST

EDITED BY
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Du Bois, Batterman Lindsay,
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lard.

VOLUME X

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THE LAND OF SUNSHINE.

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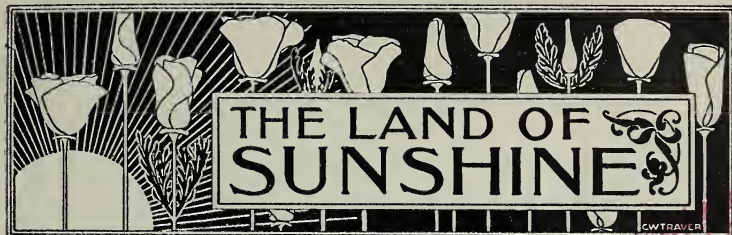
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"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



Vol. 10. No. 1

LOS ANGELES

DECEMBER, 1898.

THE CALIFORNIA YEAR.

BY INA COOLBRITH.

All the long summer hill and valley wide,
Crimson with roses, gold with poppies glow ;
But when the days draw near the Christmas-tide
They clothe themselves with lilies, as with snow.

San Francisco, Cal

CALIFORNIA.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

A land of sunshine basking in a sun
That looks his last upon her—day is done ;
But sun-flushed moons arise, and countless stars,
Thrilling and throbbing—sun-fed every one.

Thus is the night an echo of the day ;
Cloudless, refulgent ; softer in its ray
Than amber morn with sunshine dipped in dew,
Or sunshine veiled and led awhile away.

A land of sunshine, fraught with fruit and flower ;
Full-bosomed spring exulting in her bower ;
Then brownny summer beck'ning autumn on ;
And vernal winter in a golden shower.

Washington, D C.

A CALIFORNIA ILLUSTRATOR. L. MAYNARD DIXON AND HIS WORK



A MAN who can do such work as this at twenty-three, and between the upper and nether mill-stones of newspaper routine, has a right to knock with some confidence at the door of the future. There are only two adverse claims to his title—Will he live? Can he grow? No man ever had authority to answer either question, for himself or for anyone else, but at twenty-three one is rather in the habit of staying alive; and as for growth, the complexion of the plant is generally prophetic. Some pretty little flowers show clearly that their last blossom is in the bud; after that, the indurating seed-pod.

But there are plants whose green vigor, upshooting visibly from day to day, is earnest of taller stature and broader spread of leaf before they shall come into full flower.

Mr. L. Maynard Dixon is clearly of the latter aspect. The striking development in his work within the last two years is of deeper import than even its present standard. To have widened so in feeling, as well as in technique, with so little time and so much of disadvantage, puts him in an uncommon category; and to draw such figures at any stage of the life-game is quite as rare. Nowadays too many of our illustrators draw the human figure largely from some unnamed and peculiarly intractable wood. Possibly from their heads. Dixon is gaining the enviable faculty of drawing a figure of flesh. He is by no means over the hill yet; many things are still beyond his



grasp. But a boy of twenty-three can afford to keep on climbing; and his hand and foot are growing surer all the time. There are excellent performance and brilliant promise in his studies of type and figure, printed in these pages*; particularly when we compare them with his illustration of V. Z. Reed's *Lotokah* and *Tales of the Sunland*—in both of which books, nevertheless, the drawings are better than the stories. And that was only last year.

Mr. Dixon's largest talent has to do with humanity and the horse. He paints and draws good landscapes; but is at his strongest in type and drawing action. The subjoined studies of the old sailor and the northern California Indians—particularly "the bride"—are admirable work; good "art," and (what is rarer and even more important in this case) good truth. He has an unusual "feeling" for the ethnological truth. There are so many who can show us, most artistically, how they think an Indian or a Mexican or any other picturesque type ought to look; so few who seem able to portray him as he does look. And when one pretends to represent a racial type, the first duty of art is truthfulness. The second is to translate the face into terms of grace, without losing the typical character. That we do not realize how rare an accomplish-



A YOUNG COYOTE.

* See also frontispieces for July and November

ment this is among artists, is because we pay so little attention ourselves—and that little so contemptuous—to inferior peoples. The work of any man who can really draw types and not lose them has a serious value beyond, and possibly above, its mere pictorial worth. When that also is of a high order, the combination is a better thing than we are altogether used to.

Perhaps the best example of these two qualities in Dixon's



A DIGGER BASKET-WEAVER.

work is the accompanying unfinished illustration for Joaquin Miller's "Isles of the Amazons." There is no need here to expatiate upon the grace of these figures; the picture speaks for itself. But it is proper to remark that even in this fleeting glimpse of her face the Amazon queen is in character. It is a true type; and in a rather complete acquaintance with whatever is published about that field of Spanish-America, I know



Pleasant Valley
Aug. 96.

PABLO, A DIGGER INDIAN.

few artists in the United States who have shown that they could satisfy the type so fully ; while none of them need be ashamed of the vitality of the drawing in these figures. An artist so young and already so distinctive will, it seems to me, "bear watching."

Mr. Dixon was born in Fresno, Cal., in 1875, and hails back to the Dixons of Ramshaw Hall, Durham, England. The American branch of the family settled in Virginia in 1745. John Dixon, first of the American line, was a colonel of Virginia cavalry under Lee in 1775 ; and since then nearly every man in the family has served in the army as a volunteer.



IN NEVADA COUNTY, CAL.

Young Dixon's maternal grandfather, Lieut. Lafayette Maynard, of the old navy, was one of the millionaire 'Forty-Niners.

The graphic bent which became apparent in our youngster at a very tender age developed spasmodically up to sixteen, when some encouragement from Remington took him out of school, to devote himself wholly to drawing. Appreciated and forwarded by his family, the boy's ability gradually won him recognition and help from W. J. Fenn (son of Harry Fenn, the old-time illustrator) and many other artists, among them those of the old San Francisco School of Design, which he attended for a few months in the time of Judson, Altman, Redmond,



THE AMAZON QUEEN.

From unfinished illustration to Joaquin Miller's "The Isles of the Amazons"



A SKETCH.

Swinnerton, Piazzoni and others of the old set, among whom Yelland was his chief friend. In '93 he began working for the *Overland*, which printed some fearful and wonderful drawings from his hand. He learned there, however, a valuable knowledge of process engraving.

To these very trifling "advantages" in the way of an "art education," this earnest young man has added a very important schooling—study from life. He never neglects a chance to get away with Nature—and into the far corners. His camping trips into the Sierra Nevada and his tireless pursuit of study in the field—these inform all his work. What art he has—and it is much—is of the outdoors, not of the studio.



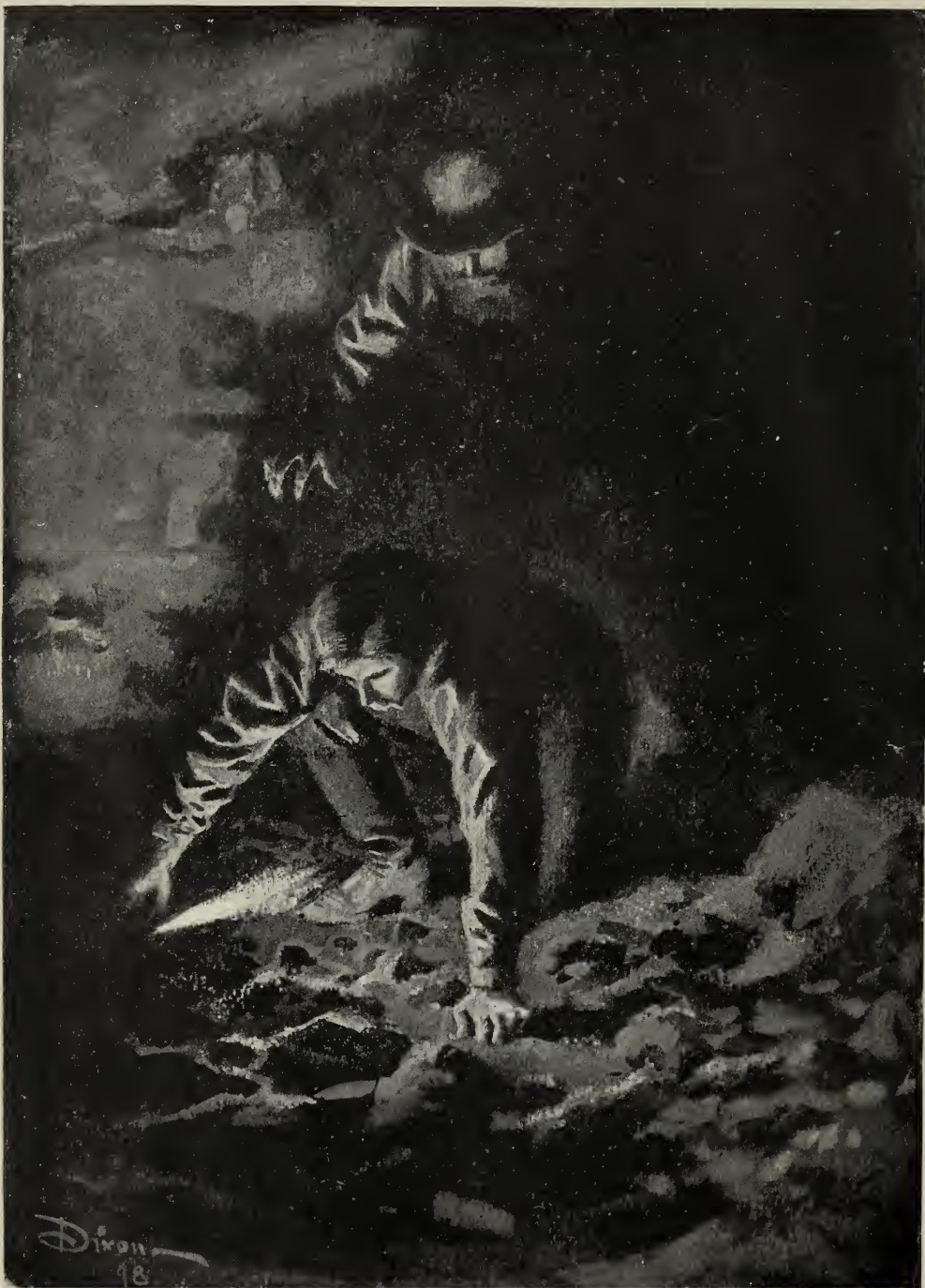
THE OLD SAILOR.

A year ago, desperate with the common painter's cramp (which attacks the pocket) he went upon the staff of the *San Francisco Call*, where his spirited work, even in the poor lines of newspaper cuts, has given him recognition. This insatiate routine leaves him scant time or strength for other work; and since he entered it he has done little outside drawing, except some striking illustration for this magazine and the handsome and spirited *U. S. V. Calendar* which Doxey has just issued and launched on a large sale.*

Mr. Dixon's place should be as an illustrator of Western books. Not a tenth of the New York men who now practically monopolize this work—who draw things they never saw and know nothing about—show either his conscientiousness or his spirit, to say nothing of his familiarity. Remington, Lungren, and a very few other Eastern illustrators who have learned their West in fact, have a right to draw Western illustrations; but the vast majority, who know nothing more frontier-like than their studios, haven't. It would be a relief to see a book on the West illustrated with the right kind of pictures—true ones and spirited ones, not the puttied floundering of the slaves of lay-figures and of an imagination bounded by Hoboken.

C. F. L.

* "U. S. V. Calendar" Drawings by L. Maynard Dixon. Published by Wm. Doxey, San Francisco. \$1



I. A. Eng Co.

Drawn by L. Maynard Dixon.

"REACHED FOR THE SPITTING FUSE WITH HIS BARE HANDS."

(The Borrowed Shift. See next page.)



THE BORROWED SHIFT.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," etc.

"You may let out four men tonight, Walsey."

"Sir?"

The foreman of the new shaft, Ninety-eight, had quite understood his superintendent; asking him to repeat an order was merely Walsey's way of putting in a demurrer.

"You may let out four of your men tonight. Gray will send you over the Compton boys. They are equal to any four you've got."

"I thought, sir, the Comptons 'ad a contrack in Thirteen, Middlesex."

"We have stopped Thirteen north where they were working. We can't afford to lay off those men. They handle the machine-drills like smoke."

"Jack Dobell, 'e can 'andle a machine-drill the best hever I see! 'E have it down fine!"

"Then keep Jack Dobell. You don't want to let out your best men."

"They're hall good men, sir, take 'em by 'an large. We've sifted out the riff-raff."

"Some must be bettter than others. I thought you were complaining that Jimmy Dillon was loafing on you."

"'E 'ave been maybe loafin' a bit, sir, but 'e 'ad the fever and the wife died. 'E's doin' better now. 'E 'ave enough to work for, as I tell 'im. Seven kids and no missus, an' the heldest one a cripple!"

"We don't hire men on account of their family troubles, and we don't run this mine as a benevolent association. The company can handle its own charities. We are here to see as much work done for as little cost as possible."

"Yes, that's right, sir. It's easy for you, bein' a stranger. But for we, knowin' each other and the troubles that come, it's tough sometimes."

"It's tough, but it's what the place requires of you. From the time you come on the work you have no friends, you understand. One man is the same as another so long as he does his work. When he does'nt, send him on top."

"Yes, sir, that's the honly way."

"He won't do it, though," said the superintendent to himself, noting Walsey's shifting eye. "He'll find some way to crawl out of a decision. That's the worst of putting a Cornishman over Cornishmen. He's 'Cousin Jack' with them all."

Ninety-eight, the new shaft, was all in dead work, and dead work sits heavy on a superintendent's reputation. Walsey thought Mr. Fleming looked harder after his expenses than he

did after Gray's. Gray was the foreman at the Middlesex, the mother mine, and nursing mother to the group. As a fact he knew only his own troubles; he did not know Gray's.

That evening, on the edge of the woods where a shady foot-path intersects the broad road to the mine, a black-haired girl stood waiting. The five o'clock whistle had sounded, but the force did not disperse. Only one of the tin-pail brigade came stumping down the road, Dillon of the houseful, whose "mis-sus" had died.

"What's doin' up there at the shaft, Mr. Dillon? Is there anybody hurt?"

"It's just a lot-drawin', deary," said Dillon, casting a sheepish-paternal eye upon the girl.

"They 'ave our names in an 'at to see which of us 'll get the sack tonight. There's four to be let out, and I wouldn't draw, for I'd 'oodoo me own luck. That boy o' yours 'll draw me paper for me. The world's going well with him these days, eh, Bessie? 'E 'as the luck for two."

"What a funny way to let out men," said Bessie, uneasily.

"When's the weddin' to be?" Mr. Dillon enquired with a smile suited to the question.

"Well; if Jack gets the sack, I guess there'll be no wedding—not in *our* house," said Bessie.

"Ye're plenty young, plenty young yet, my dear! Better Jack should get bounced than a man wi' my load on his shoulders."

"Yes; you've got it pretty hard, Mr. Dillon," said Bessie.

"Well, I wish we won't either of us get it. But it's a funny way to let out men," she repeated. "Here's Jack been workin' the soles off his feet to make himself solid at the mine. What good is makin' a record, if a slip of paper can throw you out?"

"It saves bad feelin'," said Jimmy Dillon. "Walsey 'e's one of us. 'E know 'ow it is 'imself. That there Gray, 'e 'ave no more bowels nor a pump. And 'e have a heye like an 'awk, and when e' speak to a man 'e roor like a bull. I'd sooner get the sack nor work under he. Well, good evenin' to ye, Bessie. I wish we both gits the long straw, girl. Why don't 'ee coom an' sit wi' the young 'uns a bit? 'Tis good practice for 'ee."

Bessie took another look up the road. She settled her leather cinch-belt to make her waist longer, and pushed back the knot of her neck-ribbon. Jack was coming, not on the lope as usual, but slowly, with his head down. He was not looking for her.

Very well: this might mean several things.

Bessie's head went up; likewise her chest, in a deep drawn breath of annoyance. She turned and walked fast toward



town. Jack's whistle of course! *She* to stop at a man's whistle! Now his feet came pounding after her on the springy pine-needles. His pail clattered so that all the woods might hear.

"For the goodness gracious! Can't you make a noise? You might be a whole tin-shop on wheels."

Jack laughed, and caught up her hand high above his head, making a triumphal arch for the kiss—which he did not get.

"That'll do now! I suppose you've had bad luck, or you wouldn't be so funny."

"What's bad for one is good for another. Poor old Jimmy can keep his job."

He held two folded slips of paper, and opening them showed one blank, and one marked with a cross in pencil.

"That yours?" said Bessie, pointing to the cross.

"Just as you say."

"Just as I say! What do you mean by that?"

"Can you keep a secret?" Jack took her little finger between his own finger and thumb and squeezed it hard and harder while he looked into her eyes.

"I shan't squeal," said Bessie.

He heaved a sharp sigh.

"I drew the blank slip" said he "but—Gosh, it hurts to hand the cross to Jimmy, and I drew it for him!"

"What made you? You were a dummy to have anything to do with it! You might know it would hurt, whichever way."

"A fellow has to be an ass sometimes. Jimmy was a good neighbor to mother when she was left. It was he brought Father home. I remember his face, all drawn and white, and I respected him for bein' able to feel so bad. I couldn't cry, for I was a big lad, and it came so sudden. He sat up every night till Father died. It was only three nights, but it seemed a year. An' that's what a man can't forget."

"I know all that," said Bessie in a low voice, "still—"

"I can't decide, Bessie. 'No work, no wife,' the old folks'll say. How is a man to pass the cup from him when it's almost at his lips? It's for you to say, my girl—little woman! Shall we take what comes, or shall we wait our turn till the children are fed?"

Bessie flushed painfully.

"You've no right to make *me* decide. Men are all cowards, I think! Walsey is a coward. He's afraid of men's feelings. He don't want to make enemies."

"Hit Walsey all you like. But it can't be helped now. Fleming would be hopping if he knew, but who wants to peach on Walsey?"

"I'd tell in a minute if you'd let me. It's no *way* to let out men!"

"You wouldn't, Bess! And if you did it would fix old Jimmy just the same. Come, Pussy! we must make up our minds."

"It's plain enough where your mind is. I've told all the girls it's going to be next month. All my things are made, and they are summer things; and they are so pretty! Next summer they'll be out o' style. I think we better break it off altogether. What's the use!"

"Is that the way you look at it? It's a question of clothes—my Lord!"

Bessie's color flamed.

"If you think I'm in a hurry to be *married*, Jack Dobell—to you or any other man! Fix your old papers anyway you like! It's all one to me. I'm not waiting round for you to name the day. You ask me what you shall do. I say—what you please, for all me! And you needn't buy the ring 'less you can find some other hand to fit it."

"Is that the way of it?" said Jack slowly. "I thought you were a woman, Bessie. I thought I could say things out and plain. I take it all back. I ought to have decided it myself, and said nothing."

"You ought to have cheated me, you mean?"

"Cheated you! Well—perhaps you are right. It's your future, and I've no call to give it away to any man. The lots shall stay as they were!"

"They shall *not*," said Bessie. "You think I'm selfisher than you are. It's all right! I am selfish enough to want back my word that I gave you last Spring. You can decide things for yourself after this!"

I should be afraid to say how many reds Bessie Tredesco displayed on and about her pretty person that evening as she sat on the step of her father's porch. She was quite visible in the clear twilight from afar down the street.

There was her neck ribbon of the fashionable red called cerise, there was the old fashioned cherry-red of her lips. Her cheeks offered no competition to the lips, for she was one of the white-skinned, black-haired Cornish beauties. But she wore a new red striped waist which should have been sacred to the future Bessie Dobell. No need to save it now; or the white Milan straw with red roses which she held, carelessly stabbing a hat-pin in and out of the crown.

The boys of the night-shift at the Middlesex were going on. Some came afoot, swinging their pails. The stout family men drove, two in a cart owned between them. A crowd of jolly car-boys filled the 'bus that was rolling up the street. Bessie bridled under their laughing. She nodded to one and another and imagined the flattering things they were saying about her. She might not have been so pleased could she have heard

them. Yet not a lad of them all but secretly envied Jack Dobell.

"Coom an' 'elp me wash th' pup," her father called from the back yard. A young St. Bernard was struggling in his one-handed grasp; with the other hand he held the garden hose which was leaking and spouting by turns, all over his boots and trousers.

"I look like washing pups, don't I?" said Bessie with high sarcasm. "Might as well jump into Wolf Creek and done with it!"



L. A. Eng. Co.

WORKING THE DRILLS.

"'Ere! I'll Wolf-creek 'ee," said Mr. Tredesco to the dog, "if 'ee don't 'old still!"

"Oh, let him go for tonight. It's too cold to wash him, Father. He'll go under the house and be all mud!"

"'E's got to be washed sometime. Mornin's we be too busy; evenin's it's too cold. I won't 'ave the dog around if he 'ave to be coddled so! Where's Jack Dobell? What's the matter wi' *he* 'elpin' me?"

Bessie made no reply

"Where is 'e tonight? Is 'e workin' night shif'?"

"He ain't workin no shift. He's been—he's lost his job."

"Dang th' pup! I'll warm 'ee if I can't wash thee!"

The dog escaped, howling, and Mr. Tredesco came around to the porch, planting a heavy foot on the step beside Bessie. He looked at her frowning.

"What's that about 'lost 'is job?' I thought 'e 'ad a sure pull wi' they machine drills?"

"Nothin' is sure in this world, I guess," said Bessie.

Her father laughed harshly.

"There's one thing sure—an so I've telled 'ee scores an' scores of times. Find 'em where ye will, a Dobell will be always at the bottom o' the 'eap. It's in the breed, lass. All o' they Dobells could work; but they was always workin' under a drop. Hain't 'ee seen th' lads turn ther 'ats around when they meets th' old wumman?"

"Who? Jack's mother? Who says that, I'd like to know?"

"Nobody say it but everybody *do* it!—maybe not before thee, seein' as Jack be thy fellah."

"I'd like to see them turn their hats around! I'd fix their hats for 'em! Jack's mother has had lots of trouble; no one denies it, but it ain't catching, I guess, and she's not a Dobell anyhow."

"Dobells or wives o' Dobells, they eats out o' the same platter. Marry a man and you marry 'is luck. I say it to warn 'ee, lass, not that I've aught agin Jack."

Bessie could not endure this reflection upon her lover's family standing with the higher powers.

"His luck is as good as anybody's—better, some folks think. Jimmy Dillon thought so well of it that he made Jack draw his lot for him."

"Wot lot, for Gordy's sake? Where 'ave there been a raf-flin' an' me not know it?"

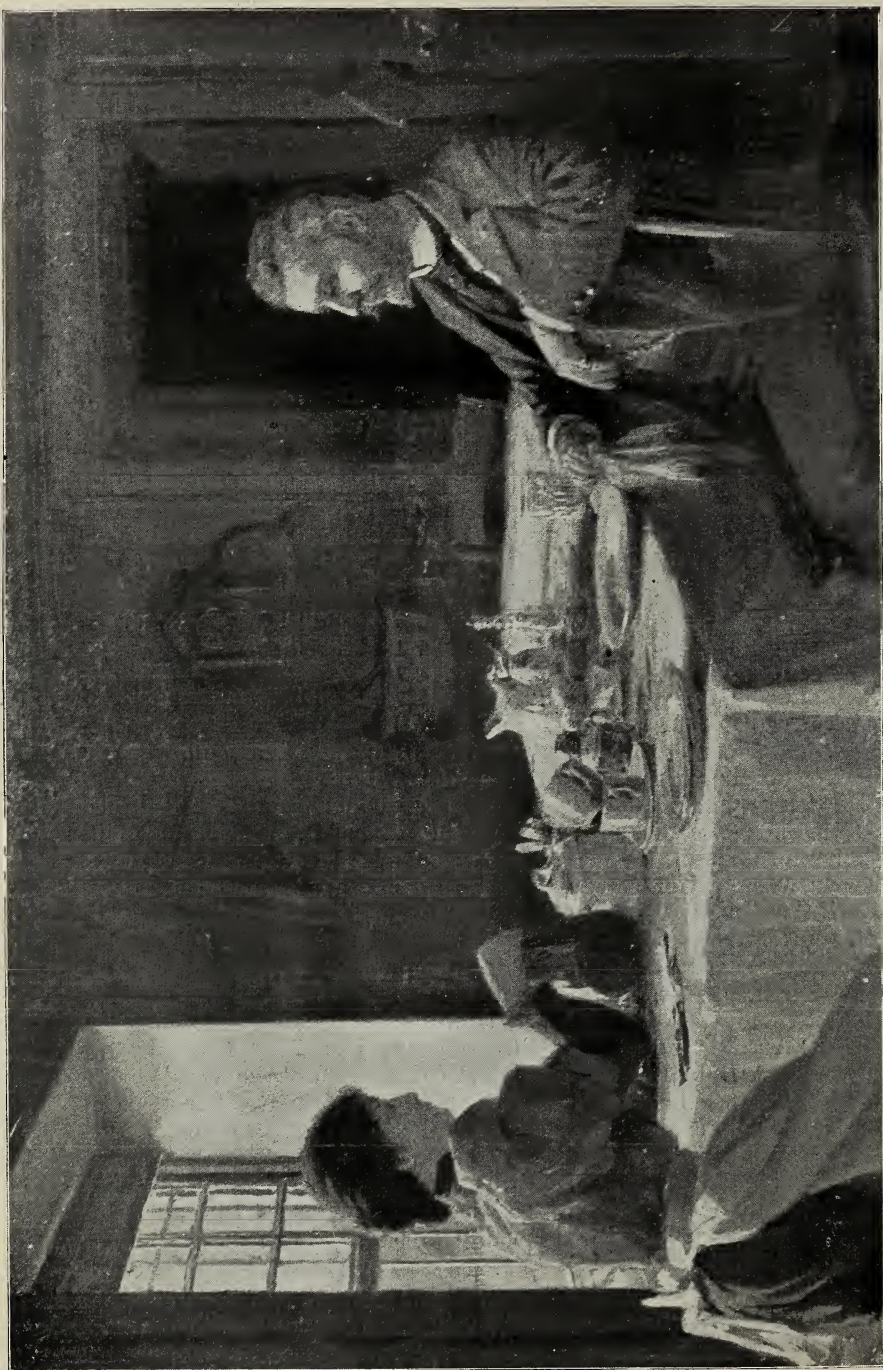
"That silly Walsey—afraid to discharge his own men!" said Bessie, still harping on the original offense. "He made them put papers in a hat and draw to see which would get let out—and Jack drew for Mr. Dillon."

"And got left 'imself," the old man jeered. "Don't I tell 'ee? A Dobell will be always at the bottom o' the 'eap."

"Because he isn't mean enough to climb on weaker men." Bessie sprang up and faced her father. He slapped his hand upon his knee.

"Here, sit down! Don't be flyin' out at me. I say it's no use bein' clever if you 're born unlucky. And it's no use 'avin' 'alf the lads in the camp after 'ee an' take up wi' a crooked stick at last!"

"Oh, I could make you sorry for what you say, Father, if only Jack would let me. It's *not* his luck! His luck is all right——"



"If it's not 'is luck, 'ow is it then? Did 'e change lots 'wi Dillon? Was that it—eh? The more fool he! 'E to be settin' up for a family man! I'll 'ave no girl 'o mine take up 'wi such a soft head. 'E'd let 'ee take in washin' while 'e fed the neighbor's brats."

'As one lamp lights another nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.'

Jimmy Dillon, feeblest of men, heard it said among the boys, that Saturday night, that Jack Dobell had "changed papers on him." He felt bound to speak of the story to Jack, and give him a chance to deny it, if not to change his mind. Alas, if he should! Jimmy loved the boy too well not at least to want to thank him.

It wouldn't please the Tredescos to have the wedding put off—that he somehow knew—especially for such a reason. They were prosperous and proud of being so. They held it a humiliation to be out of work. Old Tredesco was made of iron and boasted that he hadn't lost a shift for twelve years—not since he had the typhoid.

Jack was doing a thing that would hurt him with Bessie and her folk. Poor old Jimmy, trembling lest the boy should repent of his sacrifice, could not take it without giving him the chance.

But he put it off till Sunday evening after church, when Bessie sat with her mother, and Jack alone on the other side of the house.

"Don't you worry about that paper, Uncle Jimmy," said Jack, when the delicate subject was broached. "I gave you the one you belong to have, and there's an end of it. The boys must have something to chaff about. But if you want to do me a good turn, now I'm out of it, say—let me borrow one shift of you! I want to go under ground on Monday. You shall get the wages—the work is what I'm after."

"Well, well!" said Mr. Dillon, "there be work enough for they as want to work without wages. Ye're welcome to the shift, and the pay too. It's not worth a dicker between thee and me!"

"No, I only want your place under ground for one more day. I hear them Compton boys are coming over to show us Ninety-eights how to run a machine drill. Well, I guess! I says to Walsey: 'You put us in the shaf' with 'em just one shift—if we don't make 'em sweat!' They say they've got rock in Middlesex just as hard as any of ours. Let 'em try! If that blame quartz in the bottom of the shaf' don't frizzle their drills like dandelion stalks, you can put me in my little bed! They brag they're dry-nursin' of us and makin' our expenses.—Maybe they are. We've got the vein all right; the Lord

knows where the gold is. Anyhow, we're no kindergartners of Middlesex!"

Jack's defiance of the Comptons was "for the honor of the shaft," he said. But a man generally goes forth to find another man on whom to wreak his rage and pain from the wounds a woman has inflicted. There was joy in Jack's soul as he thought of the drill match next day, man to man in the bottom of the shaft, with only the lights and shadows as witnesses. But the fame of it, for whoever should win, would be trumped forth through the camp at night, and *she* would hear—whether she cared or not; she would know who was the better man.

"Slipped, by ——!"

"That's why I despise friction-gearing!" Mr. Fleming stood beside the engine in the shaft-house at Ninety-eight, and every man there was cursing the engine. And every man's face was white.

The shaft was a perpendicular; twelve fuses had been lighted in the bottom, the signal to hoist had been given, and the cage did not move. Four men below were waiting their chance to escape, counting the seconds before hell should break loose beneath them.

And that is why Mr. Fleming despised friction-gearing and why he deplored the necessity generally for a left-handed economy, where a shaft is in hard rock and the vein does not yield.

There was a terrible silence in the shaft-house while the death-laden minutes went by. The engineman was doing all he could, the sweat pouring off him and his face the color of ashes. The lives of four good men, old playmates and sons of neighbors, hung on the grip of that lever in his hand, and the gearing, God help them, was slipping!

The superintendent's team had stopped to take him home. His wife and a lady visitor were in the carriage. The driver hung round the door, breathlessly waiting.

"Take Mrs. Fleming home quick!" said the superintendent. The man did not stir. Fleming shook him by the arm fiercely.

"Take my wife home this instant. Hear me?"

"Yes, sir" said the man with trembling lips. "My brother's below."

"God—bless us!" the superintendent muttered.

"Take my team home, some of you. We can't have women here!"

"But we want to hear the blasts go off!" the ladies protested smiling. No one heeded them. A man acting as if he were drunk, they thought, rolled out of the shaft-house, mounted to the front seat, and drove them away, looking back

with a queer, rigid grin on his face. He did not know he was smiling, or that he drove over every stump and stone in the road.

The strain of those seconds went on.

Hark! Down in the bowels of the mine—a smothered explosion, another, and another. Not the dull thunder of the murderous blast, but a lighter detonation, as musketry to cannon.

“Great God! they are pulling the fuses! Who on earth is doing that?”

“I bet it’s Jack Dobell if he’s alive!” said Jimmy Dillon, whimpering. He had come around to hear how the contest with the drills was progressing.

“That’s what it is!” said the engineer. “They fuses is goin’ off in their ’ands like fire-crackers. *They ’ave a man down there, sure!*”

“A man! A hero! He has saved the whole gang. Give way there, the damned thing is starting!”

So the cage came up, and four live men staggered out of it—figures from Hades. And Jack Dobell jumped and caught the engineer, who was sick and fainting. Being none too steady on his own legs, the two sank down side by side; and the engineer swore an oath that never, so long as he lived, would he touch a friction-gear engine again, when it was hoisting men; and broke his oath next day when Mr. Fleming promised that all blasts henceforth should be set off by electricity, with the men on top—not God-knows-where, between earth and heaven, at the mercy of paper-friction.

But Jack Dobell! The pride with which the boys he had saved paraded his deed!

Down there in the bottom, with red fire eating its way to the blasts, and the cage stuck in the shaft, every man but he paralyzed by the death before him; down into the loose rock of the bottom he leaped, and felt for the spitting fuses with his bare hands.

“Help, boys,” he shouted. “Don’t be afraid to burn your fingers. We’ll snuff out these candles before they light us to Hell.”

Billy Compton, his late rival, accepted the new challenge; side by side they groped, and pulled out those live serpents from their holes, and dodged the fire of the exploding caps, till every blast lay dead.

It was a nightmare in which seconds seemed hours; as one might dream of endlessly feeling in the dark for twelve separate doors which must be shut in the face of a breathing death behind.

The superintendent listened. He smiled sternly, as men do at a brave deed’s recital.

"Walsey," he said, "let these men go home. And *give* them the next shift. They need a holiday.

Now who should pipe up in this moment of intensity but the inopportune Jimmy!

He was "not so danged forthy as some" but he was sure Mr. Fleming would remember him—James Dillon, who had worked for the company. Mr. Fleming cut him short. "Well Dillon, what do you want?" Dillon had been laid off, he supposed, and could think of no better time than this for begging back his job. The superintendent eyed him severely.

"It's Jack Dobell I 'ave on me mind, sir—not to be too forthy. Touchin' that 'oliday, I'd like to mention that too much 'oliday is what's the matter wi' Jack."

"Too much holiday! Isn't he workin then?—are'n't you working, Dobell?"

"Well no, sir; not to say exactly. I am on for this shift in Mr. Dillon's place."

"In Dillon's place! Is Dillon a shaft man?" Mr. Fleming cast a withering look of invidious comparison on poor Jimmy.

"And *you* are out! Have you quit?"

"Well no, sir; not to say quit."

"Who let you out then!"

"It was a matter of accident, sir, due to a lot drawin', which the cross fell to me, but I asked Jimmy for this shift because"—Jack threw a laughing glance towards his late antagonist—"because I wanted to show them Middlesex boys that we're no babes and sucklings!"

"I guess you are men all right. And you'll go back to work, Dobell, when you're ready, and your pay goes on meanwhile. Don't be in a hurry. Pulling fuses is hard work."

Walsey "got it turrible from the old man," the boys intimated to each other, "on account of that lot drawin'." Since then he has ceased to raffle off his best men to spare his private feelings.

And when Dobell and Bessie Tredesco celebrated their wedding "at the family residence of the bride" there was a "handsome testimonial" in silver from the four men who owed their lives to the bridegroom. Also the company remembered the event with a present of a gold watch, "for timing fuses," as the superintendent remarked in his presentation note to Jack.

A SOUL IN BRONZE.

A NOVEL OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY CONSTANCE GODDARD DU BOIS.

Author of "The Shield of the Fleur-de-lis," "A Modern Pagan," "Columbus and Beatriz," "Martha Corey," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.



WHEN Burke entered the breakfast room next morning the clock marked the hour of ten, and Mrs. Jennings alone was waiting to pour his coffee.

"How good of you," he said, noticing her pale face and heavy eyes, and the tremor of her hands as she busied herself to serve him.

"The servants are all in a huff today," she answered. "I wonder we dare trust them not to poison us! What can you expect if you employ Indians, savages, whose civilization will never be more than skin deep?"

Burke gave an uneasy glance at the form of the Indian cook who was vindictively clattering the dishes in the pantry.

"Oh, never mind Leonor," continued Mrs. Jennings, "she has been discharged for impertinence, an hour ago. She had some trouble with Bessie, and perhaps it is Bessie who is the savage. She is a storm-cloud this morning. You would better keep out of her way, Harry."

"What have I done?" asked Burke.

"You do not remember last night? Bessie gave a party in your honor; she invited Miss Fairfax to please you; she made every concession. And how did you treat her? Miss Fairfax left with hardly a goodnight to us all. You went with her, and did not reappear."

"I plead guilty," said Burke.

"It is not I who am angry with you," said Mrs. Jennings with a sudden change of tone. "I have been talking against time. Now that Leonor is out of hearing I have something else to say. Look there!"

She pushed back the heavy hair which she wore crimped low upon the forehead, and revealed a deep red cut in the flesh, just above the temple.

"Sam struck me with his whip," she explained, "struck me like a dog!"

Burke exclaimed indignantly.

"Yes, it has come to that," she continued. "I shall get my divorce now without trouble. But, Harry, my heart is

broken. I am degraded in my own eyes to think that I have been the wife of such a man. He accused me of caring for you, and you of coming here to visit me ! I can not tell you all he said ; and it is all such nonsense ! You never loved me like that, even in the old days."

There was eager interrogation in her voice, but Burke did not note it. He was frowning and tracing patterns on the tablecloth.

"No, no," he answered, "We were good friends, that was all."

She drew a long, quavering breath, and sat bending forward with her hands tightly clasped.

"You kissed me once under the mistletoe, I remember," she declared.

Burke looked up quickly.

"But such a kiss means nothing," she continued.

"I have done many foolish things in my life," said Burke, "but nothing, I hope, that does not prove me your true friend. It is what I have always meant to be."

"I give you credit for that," she answered. "You are not the sort of a man to know a great love. It is perhaps because your ideals are too high. Most women seem to you like empty-headed dolls. You might make them your playthings, but not your wife."

"Have I been that sort of a man?" said Burke. "It is a despicable character, I think. Perhaps I have not known myself. At any rate my punishment has come. At thirty-two I am deeply, passionately, hopelessly in love."

Mrs. Jennings sank back upon her chair. Her breath came quickly between parted lips. Her eyes were suffused with tender tears.

"I love Dorothea Fairfax," he added, averting his look from her telltale face.

Mrs. Jennings sprang from her seat and energetically tugged the bell-rope.

"I am sure Leonor will not answer," she said. "I cannot 'call spirits from the vasty deep'—well, forgive me if I leave you. Sam is coming, I think, and I would rather he did not see us together. He persists in being madly jealous of you, and maintains that all these years you have given me cause to fancy that you cared for me and me alone. What folly, what wicked folly !"

Burke remained as she left him with his head upon his hands, until Bessie appeared upon the threshold, fresh from the outer air, a waft of which she brought with her.

"Good morning, Mr. Burke," she said. "You look blue enough to put me in good humor. I have been in a devil of a temper all the morning. If you are sad, I am glad. Let's make up."

She held out her hand. Burke took it. "I did not know we had quarreled," he remarked.

"Yes, everyone has been upset," she answered. "The Indians are making things hideous at the reservation. Nell and Sam have had another fight. This time she means to get a divorce—but that is an old story. You offended me deeply last night; but on second thought I will not scold you. Miss Fairfax has gone, and today I shall have you all to myself. So that is revenge enough."

She sat down beside him, and laughed at his look of eager inquiry. "Where has she gone? I don't know. She did not confide in me. She went with her aunt for chaperone, and Antonio Lachusa for escort; and they had a lot of luggage and seemed to be starting as tourists. José drove them in the farm wagon, and they went early enough to meet the stage. So I have told you all I know. Thank me for that."

"I do thank you, Bessie," said Burke, "and in return I will tell you a secret. I love Dorothea Fairfax so much that I would follow her to the ends of the earth for the privilege of telling her that one thing, without the hope of a word in return."

"Oh," gasped Bessie, growing red. "I really think this is very sudden! She will probably tell you so. They always do," and she laughed hysterically.

"I am not worthy of her," said Burke. "She is the sort of a girl who makes a man long for an impossible perfection, that he might offer a heart and life without reproach. I have been on the whole a decent sort of fellow, Bessie, but I have made mistakes. I have been shallow, blundering and selfish, seeking my own good and careless of the feelings of others."

"I do not know why you should confess to me," said Bessie with asperity, her womanly dignity of a sudden in arms.

"Because you have always been good to me," he answered. "You and your family have made Casa Blanca a second home to me, and that is worth a great deal to a man without family ties."

"I hope our influence has been exerted for your benefit," said Bessie with lofty patronage. "I think all girls should help men cherish high ideals. I wish your chum, Mr. Nelson, had some such friend to help him. He swears a lot, and he talks such awful slang."

"Oh, I think Nelson admires you tremendously, Bessie," said Burke with an access of cheerfulness.

"You might ask him up, any time you choose. Tell him he will be welcome," she suggested.

"With all my heart," answered Burke. "It may be the saving of him." He smiled sadly as he rose and offered his hand.

"I am off," he said. "Make my farewells to your mother."

Bessie watched him from the window while he rode post haste down the avenue and out of sight; then turned into the room with drooping head and clouded brow.

"If you think I wear my heart on my sleeve for your benefit, you are mistaken, Mr. Burke," she said. "But oh, how you have hurt me, and how I hate you!"

CHAPTER XIV.

MRS. AGUILAR, with her niece and Antonio Lachusa, had hardly descended from the stagecoach at the station where the train stood waiting, when Burke joined them. The condition of his horse caused great concern among the stablemen and idlers on the platform.

"I thought better of you, Mr. Burke," said the hostler, shaking his head. "So fine a piece of horse-flesh."

"It was a hard ride," Burke answered, "but with care he will be all right. I know his metal. Men and horses can do better than their best, if need be,"

He leaped aboard as the cars started, and took a seat directly opposite Dorothea, who blushed and averted her eyes after responding to his bow. She sat alone. Her aunt was engaged in conversation with a friend at the farther end of the car. Antonio sat near the door, riding backwards and facing Dorothea, so that he observed a motion which she made and came at her command.

"Do you wish to speak to me?" he asked, raising his hat.

"Yes, sit down beside me, Antonio," she replied. "I have something to say to you."

Burke wondered if she were conscious of his chagrin and deliberately planned it. Was it for his benefit that she talked to Antonio with frank upward glances of confidence and good fellowship as to an equal? Was she willing that he should overhear the discussion which seemed to absorb her soul, the consideration of ways and means for raising the six thousand dollars necessary to furnish bonds for the Indians?

He rose and retreated to the rear of the car, taking the now vacant place by Mrs. Aguilar, who received him with a start of surprise.

"I am fortunate in meeting you," said Burke. "Where are you going?" She hesitated a little before replying. "We are going to visit our lawyer and his wife, the Herefords, at Magnolia ranch."

"I know the place," said Burke. "Hereford is one of my best friends, and his wife is like a sister to me."

"She is a dear friend of mine," said Mrs. Aguilar, "and I want Dolly to know her. Mr. Hereford is going to advise us

how we can best raise the money for an appeal. You are our enemy, yet I suppose there is no harm in telling you that."

"I have been working against Hereford in the case, yet he does not consider me an enemy," said Burke in a voice hoarse with vexation. "I wonder why you should make it a personal matter."

"Oh, Dolly and I can never forgive you if the Indians are evicted," she answered. "Logic or no logic, that is the way we feel."

"I hope there may be an appeal," said Burke. "Rather than suffer such injustice from you and your niece, I would myself furnish the bonds."

Mrs. Aguilar smiled grimly. "You are making a joke of it, but you will find that with us it is serious earnest."

"I wish to talk to your niece about it," he said. "Please tell her, if I have not the opportunity, that I hope to call upon her at Magnolia ranch. How long will you stay?"

"A week, perhaps," she answered uneasily. "But I can tell you frankly, Mr. Burke, that you will not be welcome."

"A man should have the opportunity to plead his own cause. I am coming out this evening to see Hereford on business. I am not joking, Mrs. Aguilar. To please your niece I am ready to furnish the bonds, if you cannot raise them otherwise."

"But this is too absurd," she said with brightening eyes.

"Absurd and illogical," he answered, "but I love Dorothea better than my reputation for consistency. Still, Hereford need not disclose the identity of his bondsman. I will act through an agent."

"It seems impossible that you are in earnest, but if that is your reason I must believe you," she answered with eager interest, glancing from him to Dorothea, upon whom his eyes rested with an expression that could not be misunderstood.

"Dolly will be hard to win," she added.

"I only ask the chance," he said. "You can aid me now. Call Lachusa to you, and allow me an hour's talk with her."

Mrs. Aguilar shook her head. "It is not safe to play providence in these matters."

"You have no confidence in me."

"It does no man harm to wait. Perhaps Antonio, too, is counting on this hour's talk."

Burke looked down upon her with dilated eyes. "Do I understand that you consider that the Indian yonder, by any conceivable circumstance could be my rival?"

The scorn in his look and tone aroused Mrs. Aguilar to the defense of her pet theories, yet shook her soul a little. There is nothing so formidable to a woman as the power of offended conventionality.

"Not that, exactly," she replied. "He is most humble, most deferential; he would never presume; and Dorothea is in every way above him—as she is above me—in birth, position, and culture. Yet still I beg you to remember that Antonio Lachusa is a gentleman in every sense of the word. He is a college graduate, widely travelled, widely read, with the most refined sensibilities. I have seen him daily; he has opened his heart to me as a friend, and it is the heart of a man for dignity and that of a child for purity. He is my friend; I am proud to call him that; and he is my niece's friend, since he saved her life."

"How so?" demanded Burke, with head erect.

Mrs. Aguilar related the adventure of the rattlesnake.

"Dolly wears the snake-skin in a band about her hat, you see," she said. "It is a perpetual reminder of what she owes him."

Burke looked uneasily at the broad sombrero which crowned Dorothea's sunny hair. It was trimmed with a band of mottled rattlesnake skin. She wore an outing suit with shirt waist and jacket, and about her throat a crimson silk handkerchief was loosely knotted. Antonio also wore a sombrero, and a bright silk handkerchief. So did a jolly group of Indian youths in the rear of the car, who sat three in a seat by preference, with arms about one another's waists. It was the picturesque fashion of the country. Dorothea thus proclaimed herself a daughter of the soil. Burke, whose supersensitive feelings were now alive to every thorn-prick, groaned in spirit.

"Do you realize, Mrs. Aguilar," he said, "that you are responsible to Dorothea's father for the acquaintances she makes?"

"My dear boy," she answered, "I pray every night that I may be guided in my duty to her. Dolly's father is the worst influence her life has ever known, but she has passed unhurt through the furnace, and believes him a hero and saint. Antonio Lachusa will never do her harm. I would trust him far sooner than many a so-called gentleman whose past is too black a thing for an innocent girl to dream of. He is as pure as Galahad."

"To what length would your prepossession go?" asked Burke, knitting his brow. "At what limit would you stop?"

"I would trust my niece to set the limit," she answered with dignity. "I feel no authority to interfere."

"Then, by heaven, I shall interfere," he exclaimed. He bit his lip and caught his breath convulsively. "Excuse me, Mrs. Aguilar," he added, "but I love Dorothea."

"And I love her," she answered, "and I trust her too, as I have told you. Your heroics only amuse me. The surest way to awaken a fancy, which is now quite dormant, would be for

you to show injustice to Antonio. Dorothea, like most women, has an ardent love of the oppressed and hatred of the oppressor. Place yourself in one category and Antonio in the other,"——

"I see," said Burke, "I will be patient, and I will cultivate a love for the Indians. I will pay the bonds. What more can I do? Wear a sombrero and a pink handkerchief? I will buy one tomorrow."

He rose with a hollow laugh and retreated into the smoking compartment, where, with hat pulled low over his brows, he meditated long, an unlighted cigar between his teeth.

Mrs. Aguilar sighed as she watched him depart; but there was a light of pleased excitement in her eyes. Life is occasionally more interesting than a novel; and Mrs. Aguilar had no fictitious interests, since she had no time to read novels.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. and Mrs. Hereford had been for ten years married lovers. Theirs was the rare and ideal union in which time draws the bond closer. They had no children, but in their case the lack wrought a tenderer mutual dependence. Environment did much for them. Love in a cottage with poverty and care may be dust and ashes; but love in a cottage embowered with roses that bloom perennially, a cottage set in the midst of orange groves which yield an ample income; tropical plants growing in its gardens; its lawns kept green by exhaustless irrigation; the vine and fig-tree a literal shade—in such conditions joy takes no hurried flight.

Mr. Hereford's study was furnished with the luxurious simplicity in which the masculine mind delights. Burke was made comfortable in an easy chair by an open window where the night air penetrated fragrantly, and was given his choice of a long array of pipes and a stock of superlative tobacco. The circumstances made his confession easier.

"Don't think me a fool, Hereford," he was saying. "I have not quite lost my senses, and I am too old to act upon impulse. It may seem insane to you, but I have a reason."

"And a very good reason, a very pretty reason," rejoined his friend archly, "a reason with a pair of beautiful eyes, and a smile that would make it easy for any man to perjure himself. I have always thought you invincible, Burke, and I cannot tell you how glad I am to have you hit—and hard hit—at last."

"I don't know how you have guessed it," said Burke, behind a cloud of smoke.

"Oh, when Lachusa got the discouraging answer at the telegraph office this afternoon, Miss Fairfax was desperately

disappointed," said Hereford. "Then her aunt confided to us your remarkable proposition, and gave us a hint of your reason—a hint sufficient for me, and perhaps for Miss Dolly, for she grew as red as a rose."

"Well," said Burke, "I have a check ready in your name for the amount. I suppose I may trust you for the sake of my reputation as a business man to keep the secret. Credit it to an Eastern sympathizer—to the Indian Association—anything you please. And now if you can help me to ten words with Miss Fairfax I will bless you forever."

"You deserve as much as that," said Hereford. "A man of your age who will give up prejudice, conviction, everything for love, is a rare bird in these days. I like you the better for it, Burke."

Dorothea had been walking in the garden with Mrs Hereford. It was nine o'clock and the moon shone gloriously, flinging the shadows of broad palm leaves across the path. Suddenly Mrs. Hereford raised her head. "John is calling me," she said. "Excuse me. I will be back in a moment."

Dorothea was not unwilling to be alone. The beauty of the night, the mountains rising pearly-tinted on one side, the silver waves of the Pacific shining on the other, the calm of the sleeping garden with orange-blossoms, filled her soul with the joy that borders upon tears. She seated herself upon a bench and waited smiling at her thoughts, until at the sound of returning footsteps she exclaimed with enthusiasm, "I think you are a happy woman, Mrs. Hereford. Life must be easy in a home like this."

It was Burke who stood before her.

"Make such a home and share it with me, Dorothea," he exclaimed.

She looked about her quickly as if seeking to escape.

"I love you, love you dear!" said Burke, bending over her. "You must have known it from the first. I will be very patient, but tell me there is hope for me, Dorothea."

She turned away her head and looked down. Burke continued his wooing, eagerly, persistently, with an eloquent tenderness that moved his own soul. The night with its luminous seclusion, the soft passionate air wooed for him; but Dorothea's heart was armed against him.

"Why did you not ask me this at Casa Blanca, Mr. Burke?" she said.

"I have been longing for the chance to speak," he replied.

"You would not give it to me there."

"And there I would say no," she responded. "There in those barren hills, among those poor despised Indians who are my friends, there I would be sure that there is no real sympathy between us. You have done a theatrical thing, a fool-

ish thing to please me. You have given up your convictions and the duty you owe your client, and I am not pleased. I must be ungrateful, for I have less confidence in you than before."

"Oh, Dorothea, be less severe!" he cried. "Love me a little, then you will not exact so much. You have my heart, my soul, my whole being. Why should you require that I feel a sentimental sympathy for your Indian friends? I do not know them. They are not my friends."

"From your point of view I must seem unreasonable," she replied. "I thank you for what you have given up for my sake, and for what you offer me; but if there were no other reason, there would be one thing between us, Mr. Burke—my father. It shows how short our acquaintance has been, how little you really know me, that I have never spoken to you of my father."

Burke remembered what he had heard of Dorothea's father, but the thought filled him with added tenderness, foreshadowing the disappointment that must some day await her.

"Tell me about him," he said.

"I shall never marry while my father lives," she continued. "He is planning to follow me to California, and I have promised to make a home for him where he may be happy at last. He has had a hard life, a battle with the world. I am the only one who really knows him. Even Mrs. Aguilar is unjust to him. I love him so well that it will be my greatest happiness to give up my life to him."

Burke sighed. "You do not know your own heart, Dorothea," he said. "There is love in it waiting to be awakened like the sleeping princess with a kiss. Your father will wish you to marry some day. I will wait for you as long as need be, and some day we will make a home like this and share it with your father."

Dorothea hardly listened to him. Her thoughts were far away and her face grew grave. "I am very much worried about papa," she said. "It is so long since I heard from him, and last night I had a horrid dream. I thought I saw him stand beneath the gallows with a rope about his neck, and there was a great crowd looking on, and all were waiting for a pardon that might come; and it was you who were to bring it from the judge, but you would not, and I was on my knees before you begging you to hurry, till at last they drew the rope up—oh, it was so terrible!"

Burke sank upon his knees before her. "Dreams go by contraries," he said. "This was what it meant. I was to kneel to you, begging you for just one kiss, and you would not, oh, no, for you were cruel; and the pain in my heart grew worse and worse, until at last you took pity on me, and leaned

forward ever so little, and put one hand on my shoulder, and gave me your dear lips for my very own, my darling, my wife!"

His arm was about her waist, his breath was on her cheek, and his eyes drew her pleadingly, imperiously to his will. Dorothea, dismayed, yet passive like a fascinated bird, looked at him in alarm; when the gravel crunched beneath a footstep and the spell was broken.

Burke started to his feet, and turned to face Antonio Lachusa.

CHAPTER XVI.

"I BEG pardon," said Antonio, with his eyes on Dorothea. "Mrs. Aguilar told me I might find you here. I have spent hours at the telegraph office, and a good deal of money, too. But at last I have succeeded. The Indian Association has decided to go security, and the Associated Loan Company will advance the amount of the bonds. Our case will be appealed. I have just seen Mr. Hereford."

Dorothea started to her feet. "I am so glad, Antonio," she exclaimed in a tone of hearty delight. "How clever you have been to do it!"

Burke read in her expression the bitterness of rejection. She had forgotten him in her satisfaction. Or could it be that she felt a personal interest in the messenger, a stalwart, handsome, manly figure, but—an Indian?

Antonio received her praises modestly. He seemed oblivious of the possibility that he could be an interloper, and he calmly ignored Burke's wrathful and impatient pose.

"Marta will be glad," he said. "Fernando's grave will still be hers, for a time at least, while her grief is fresh. And Pedro will die in the home that has been his for ninety years. The anxiety has made him ill; but happiness may cure him. I thought I would first bring the news to you, and then hire a horse and ride home tonight with the tidings."

"It is a long ride, and you will be quite worn out," she said.

"I am strong," replied Antonio. "Look here."

He grasped by one round the bench which stood before him and raised it by a straight, uplifted arm high above his head. "I could do that, too, with your weight upon it," he added.

"Pray don't try," she added with a merry laugh, a spark of admiration in her eyes. "You are a Hercules."

"It is an argument against civilization," said Burke, "that the average physical strength in savage races is superior to our own."

Some offenses bring swift retribution. At this speech the flame of indignation glowed in Dorothea's eyes. "Come into

the house, Antonio," she said, "and tell Mrs. Hereford the good news. I suspect you have taken little time for your meals today, and you must have a good supper before you start."

She preceded him through the garden and into the lighted dining-room, where Burke saw her engaged in smiling conversation with Lachusa, and actually waiting upon him with her own hands.

Antonio accepted all with due humility. If joy and triumph were in his heart, his dark eyes did not show it. The dignity and decorum of his manners could not be surpassed by an East Indian prince of highest caste. He talked well and he listened with that gratifying deference of attention which is a less common art. Mrs. Hereford was delighted with him as if he were a new discovery. She assisted Dorothea to prepare his supper, lent him a horse, and speeded his departure through the moonlight night.

Burke had before this taken refuge with his friends. He was in cynical mood, and Hereford with sympathetic tact made no inquiries.

"That check will not be needed after all, it seems," said Burke, when at last he rose to go. "I have shown my hand to no purpose."

Hereford opened the drawer and returned the paper, which Burke tore into fragments. Dorothea and her aunt had disappeared, and his host and hostess followed him to where his light carriage stood waiting.

"I suppose Miss Fairfax did not take your call to yourself," said Mrs. Hereford. "She was tired and has said good-night."

"May Nora know your secret?" asked Hereford.

"I have asked Dorothea to be my wife," Burke explained to the lady whose eyes now interrogated him, "but she will give me no hope."

"Oh, she will say yes in time," said Mrs. Hereford. "She must. I shall insist upon it; such a good fellow as you are!"

"If you wish to help me, keep her with you," he urged. "I shall not intrude too much upon her, but I feel that she will be safe under your influence. At Casa Blanca there are certain things which raise a barrier between us—her interest in the Indians—my lack of sympathy with her enthusiasms—heaven knows what."

"We will do our best to help you," was the reply. "I love her already myself."

Burke would have lingered to enter upon the subject dearest to the lover's heart, but Hereford bade him a laughing good-night, holding up his watch as a reminder of the hour, and his hostess called friendly farewells and waved her hand till he was out of sight.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



It has been pretty generally understood that Washington and Lincoln were dead. But until recently no one has realized how dead they are.

THE REAL
CHRISTMAS

It is an article of faith with the unalleviated Easterner that Santa Claus was born in a fur coat and arctics; and that they are about all there is to him. Even the gods of the East have to wear chest-protectors. But bless your blue noses, dear shiverers at Christmas tide, Santa Claus is a heart, not a bearskin ulster. The poor old man does have to be careful to don overcoat and goloshes when he tries to disseminate peace on earth in New England weather. Warm as is that big red muscle that actuates under his ribs, he has to fortify himself outwardly—or he would freeze up so stiff there'd never be another Christmas on the Atlantic Coast. And it's pretty hard on a sympathetic saint to find the poor dying of cold at the North End, and the "comfortable" warmed up with poison air on the Back Bay.

A Christmas without snow? There can't, eh? Probably there couldn't be one without a cold on the lungs? Well, old Santa doesn't think so. Out here his sled is of roses, and his nags are butterflies. He doesn't have to crawl down the furnace-flues—the windows are open for him to fly in. He doesn't drop chillblains in the toe of our stocking, nor hang the tree with colds for us. The visible smile of God is upon the land, and the old saint feels at home.

California is in truth the Christmas country. Why, there is enough mistletoe growing upon the sycamores of one of her cañons to make every girl in New England kissable—and not the puny, pecking mistletoe of the East, but a splendid, robust plant that says as plain as words, "Now for a long kiss, a strong kiss and a kiss altogether!"

And there are all the other fixings. Not to forget the children—the roly-poliest, rosiest, happiest children that ever listened for the old man on the roof—children that haven't been shut up a day since Christmas was here before—children who know what snow and ice and slush are, only by tradition. They live and laugh in the very sort of air the Prince of Peace was born into, nearly nineteen centuries ago, and grow strong in the lap of a Mother Nature as tender. Fancy the fate of a babe in a manger in Boston on the 25th of December!

UNDER
THE
SPELL.

The National Educational Association has decided to spell thorough, through, throughout, "thoro," "thru," "thru-out," and a number of other things in fashions of its own size. If the United States shall ever decide to spell the National Educational Association with scholars—why, waiters will be a drug in the restaurants.

"HOW SHARPER
THAN A
SERPENT'S THANKS."

Not only republics but their veriest shadows seem to be ungrateful. Nothing could be more disgusting than the base ingratitude of the Cubans and the Filipinos. Didn't we go to war to give liberty to the oppressed? And now what do the oppressed mean by holding up their hands and saying, "Please, ma'am, I'd like my liberty?" Didn't the stupids understand that "liberty" meant merely a swapping of masters? Couldn't they "savvy" that when we

deal in humanity we expect them to pay the freight? Were they fond enough to fancy that a "republic" doesn't know "a good thing" just as well as any land-grabbing monarchy does?

Within five years we shall be fighting these wretched ingrates, and for the same reason that Spain did—that they will not yield to authority. They were noble patriots to resist Spanish law; but when they resist American law—ah! We shall rule them as we have never once failed to rule the weaker; and they will like it as well as our Indians have done. And we shall have the same competent method to make them take their medicine. They will go the way of the aborigine. But our commerce will fatten on the soil we shall have irrigated with their rebel blood.

It is a disgrace to California that it taxes Stanford University, its most famous institution of learning, The \$60,000 a year the State wrings from this young but splendid college is a twenty-five per cent. income tax—it is one-fourth of the college income. The tax is a penalty on intelligence and good citizenship. No other State in the Union, except Utah, is so benighted as to make education a finable offense. A RELIC
OF
BARBARISM.

As a cold-blooded business proposition, it would pay California to invert the case and tax itself \$60,000 a year for this university, but this is not asked. Ever since its inception, Stanford University has done a vast money's worth of good to the State every year, and in the most unexpected channels. It has done more than anything else to vitalize the State institution at Berkeley. No hundred thousand dollars the State ever spent on the University of California brought as important results as the enlightened and generous rivalry of Stanford has given Berkeley every year. It has been a resurrection from the respectable trance into which learning here had fallen. It has changed the whole face of education in California, affecting even the public schools. It has made California known for the first time as a force in the world of scholarship—and an unwilling, skeptical world it was.

Stanford is a free university. It charges no tuition; but it will be obliged to if the State continues to drain a quarter of its resources. We believe that such a barbarism will not continue. When every Californian who cares for education shall have grasped the situation, we shall get a legislative enactment exempting Stanford from taxation and the State from reproach.

The Hartford *Courant* which a year ago was in high dudgeon over some strictures of this magazine upon New England climate and declared in all the pride of its inexperience that California never did have a climate like a Connecticut October, seems to have caught cold. It celebrates the 14th of *this* Connecticut October with the sage advice to its readers: ANOTHER
"CONNECTICUT
OCTOBER."

"Above all here in New England don't worry about the weather. It will not have the slightest effect if you do, for it isn't your weather and it will not be affected in the least by your vituperation."

The martyrs who sang hymns at the stake could sympathize with the *Courant*.

The newspaper blackguarding of Charles Eliot Norton may or may not surprise the student of affairs. Prof. Norton has never hired reporters or ward heelers to do his thinking; and what he thinks, he is not afraid to say. Of late he has said some pertinent things; and has been hounded by the pack—not so much for what he did say, however, as upon the stupid or willful perversion of his words. His crime was that he "didn't whoop it up." ONE OF
THE
OLD GUARD.

Prof. Norton is not infallible. But in head and heart and in the permanent mark he has made on the world, he is much greater than any newspaper man in the United States—or than any dozen of them. He

has been a soberer, saner, loftier force in the scholarship of his country and in its thought. And right or wrong, he is a hero. It takes far more courage to go against the current in a popular excitement than it does to face all the armies and navies of Spain. Don't Americans respect courage? Don't they honor scholarship? And if they do, isn't it about time to teach the newspapers the fact?

FOLLY
TO
ORDER.

The most popular inventor nowadays is the one who can show us some new way to make a fool of ourselves. And it doesn't require so much ingenuity. All he has to do is to go back and find some folly that the world outgrew long enough ago.

There are certain bunco games which have an irresistible fascination for feeble minds; and the Lost Tribes of Israel is—ten of them. Every half-baked traveler finds them. As a matter of fact, the Lost Tribes are a myth. But little things like fact do not stand in the way of the person who habitually thinks crosseyed.

The most costly book ever printed by an individual was published by Lord Kingsborough to prove that the ancient Mexicans were the missing Jews. He spent a lifetime of work and went bankrupt on that magnificent publication, which is still of value to the specialist for its costly plates of Aztec antiquities; but as a book it has no more standing among sane scholars than a country newspaper might have. Nothing is so significant of the growth of leisure in the United States as the modern crop of isms. A few years ago we were too busy to be so many kinds of a fool. But now theosophy and palmistry and Christian Science and a hundred other resorts of disintegrated minds have temples and organs throughout the country—and thousands of believers among not only the congenital ninnies, but among people who swallow these quackeries only because they have nothing better to do.

The newest gibber will be popular with them. There are now actually clubs to prove that the Anglo-Saxon is in his collective corpus the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel. They have God corralled—and I say this not irreverently, but with cold purpose to fit the case. He is no longer the Father of Man; He is "The God of the Anglo-Saxon." We are His people, and all others are base imitations. Of course we are incidentally Jews—the only ones in the world unbeaked—but a little thing like that need not worry us, so long as it secures our standing with the Almighty. What a comforting and reverent notion it is, anyhow, to feel that God respects Us more than He does anyone else!

This uptodate asylum has already its mouthpiece — *The Anglo-Saxon*, published in Chicago. It is what might be expected of its parentage; earnest, solemn as an—well, the appropriate proverb—necessarily a butcher of English, for doubtless no freak's skirts were ever yet clear of the blood of his mother-tongue; and highly diverting to the patient collector.

Not one in a thousand of them that roll the words as a sweet morsel under their tongue has the remotest notion what "Anglo-Saxon" actually means. Popularly translated it's "just England and Us." But everyone who was not born silly and raised at home knows that the United States is not an Anglo-Saxon nation. Some of us can write our title clear to that mouth-brimming name, and think no dirt of ourselves therefor; more of us come of blood that is just as good.

The Anglo-Saxon is all right; and the Lion, fortuitously being one himself, wishes the breed no harm. But there are other breeds just as legitimate—or there wouldn't be any United States. As for the orphans who form clubs and run a paper to prove that their Father was forgetful and their mother another—joy to them also. They might call themselves the Dehorned Israelites.

As is familiar to all its readers this Den is no partisan. But it is Californian enough to rejoice that for the first time in many years California has a governor of the intellectual and moral calibre of Henry Gage.



THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

The most amusing of all the amusing people that infest our little day are those who imagine that to be smart they must read every book that is talked about. The logical result is a generation which knows nothing serious about any book, but has a vast smattering of a host of books of no avail.

Joaquin Miller, safely back from the Klondyke, has joined the LAND OF SUNSHINE staff; and gone on a tour of "talks" to the benighted East.

Flora Haines Loughead, of Santa Barbara, Cal., has done probably her best work, thus far, in *The Black Curtain*. It is a novel of California; precisely, of a fine little valley in the Coast Range in Santa Barbara county. The hero is a painter who has ruined his eyes—though his daily intimates never suspect this till a penultimate chapter—the heroine a wonderful singer who has lost her voice. The two "squat" the same land claim; fight over it as strenuously as such nice people can be allowed to fight, and finally follow the natural logic of their propinquity.

ANOTHER

CALIFORNIA
NOVEL

Mrs. Loughead's plot, though it starts out precariously suggestive of the stage machine, is well taken and well developed. Her local color is not thick; but all in all it is good, as it should be from a woman who knows her corner of California better than most women—or most men. The style and the devices are entirely artless—only one chapter seems ever so little to deviate from direct, consecutive chronicle to that shifting of scene which is a rest to the attention and a physical necessity to any continued story. Mrs. Loughead ought, indeed, to know better than to talk about "bronchos" with an h, and to invent a Mexican mother who forgets whether her dead baby was himself or one of the other children. But with these exceptions her story cuddles well to the truth of California; and in many points betokens an unusual knowledge of the country. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

Even a child would guess, looking upon that exquisitely sensitive face, that Ella Higginson is a poet. How much a poet, it is easier to reckon now that her volume, *When the Birds Go North Again* assembles her fugitive verse in ponderable mass. Here, certainly is a new voice; vibrant and clear and entitled; strong because it believes, fine because it has known pain, stirring because itself is stirred. There is not much of this sort of verse printed in these bedeviled days of tailor-made literature; not much that is so genuine—and genuineness is the backbone of poetry.

ENTER,

A
POET.

One may say that Mrs. Higginson's horizon is narrow. Probably it is. It may be better—as it certainly is more fashionable—to carry an unconvincing candle around the whole sky-line. But some of us will still prefer the little belt of sunset sky.

A strict simplicity, a pure passion, a great white fervor—these are the most general traits of Mrs. Higginson's verse. These, and a certain fine fearlessness. What she sees, she sees with the real insight; and she has no thought of serving another master than the truth. There are many things memorable in this collection; among them some particularly ex-

quisite poems of love. With the medium there is rarely serious fault to be found. If not supremely musical, her measures very seldom jar. All in all, the volume is one of the worthiest of the year. It is issued with all the taste and dignity which characterize the output of the Macmillan Co., N. Y. \$1.25.

UNDER THE BLACK FLAG. To the entertaining and worthy series of "Stories from American History" Frank R. Stockton brings his share in *Buccan-
eers and Pirates of Our Coasts*; a book as handsome and as well-illustrated as its companions thus far, and surpassing some of them in interest. It is really, for the most part, a Stocktonizing of a modern English edition of that quaint Dutch chronicle (published more than two centuries ago) by John Esquemeling—a pirate himself, in a sophomore sort of way, but without the gifts of the genial Buccaneer of Rudder Grange. In Mr. Stockton's mouth the stories have a new taste. The salt of his gentle humor savors these meanest and most bestial brutes in history until they become almost human. The unconscious humor of it is, however, that Stockton's frowns are no less amiable than his smiles, and he has in his proper person one of the sweetest smiles in the world. The more he storms at these dreadful persons, the less we detest them, the less we realize the matchless infamy of pillage, rape and butchery they practiced on the coasts of Central and South America. The book is delightfully aimed at juveniles; but even *St. Nicholas* youngsters neither require nor prefer so "But-Bless-You" a style. The Macmillan Co., N. Y. \$1.50.

HIS OWN CAGE. A novel (if any book by Henry James may fairly be called by so human a word) wherein the heroine, and almost sole character, is puppeted from cover to cover absolutely without name whatsoever, being merely "she," or "the other," or "our young lady," is indeed an innovation. To some it will seem pure effrontery, as if Mr. James were trying just how much the public will stand from him; to others, merely the clever juggling of a man who has nothing better to do. And the many—who never really read but skim, who vaguely realize James's superhuman cleverness and know it is clever to adore him—they will enjoy thinking they enjoy it. *In a Cage* is a Jamesian inquest on the contemporary mind of a telegraph girl—a "telegraphist," as he elegantly calls her—who sends messages for still remoter shadows and plays doll (or Henry James) with what she judges to be their story. It is a readable book, withal, and gives one to wish that an eye so keen when it is turned inward might look out and see how much bigger the universe is than Henry James; to wish that this lapidary so fit to cut diamonds would quit wasting his life on fragments of beer-bottle. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.25.

SEVERAL UNLOVELY LADIES. *A Slave to Duty, and Other Women*, is a collection of five of "Octave Thanet's" always skillful short stories. Miss French's art makes any story go; but these do not go so heart-warmingly as some of hers. Perhaps it is because the book is mostly women; and the author has less idealization for her "sect." Certainly the "slave" and the "others" are rather depressing persons beside her competent men. The title number is the best in the book, and has a French man "into it." The last story should not be here at all. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.25.

TALES OF TEXAS. Very much above the average of its class is the collection of short stories, mostly of Texas, sent out by Henry Spofford Canfield under the title *A Maid of the Frontier*. This particular maid is very much Texan; but she is also a good deal woman. Of the seven border tales in the book, "That Way Madness Lies," is perhaps most finished. Mr. Canfield's English is neither Texan nor always

tolerable—as when he talks of “topics tapised.” And his Spanish is worse. There is no such word in any language as “arroya.” He means arroyo. There are enough other blunders of the sort; but we have come to expect these things. They do not alter the fact that here are South-western stories much better than we ordinarily get. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. 75 cents.

Unusual thought, expression generally far from commonplace, and, *per contra*, a very serious lack of the musical sense, mark Marshall Ilsley's *By The Western Sea*. This handsome little volume of poems by a Barbareño is curiously divided between excellence and weakness—the unsensitive ear which can rhyme “mad” with “myriad,” make disyllables of “joy” and “child” and “oar,” and sprain the ankles of scansion with many a “ten slow words;” the occasional—laziness, is it?—which leaves, too often, in this verse expression too prosaic for any prose above an invoice. And on the other hand impulse, a certain restless strength and the fine elations which are so many in this book. Perhaps its best is in the “Ode to Santa Barbara,” which, though too palpably made after Keats, is perhaps the best that has been written to this fascinating text. Elder & Shepard, San Francisco. \$1.50.

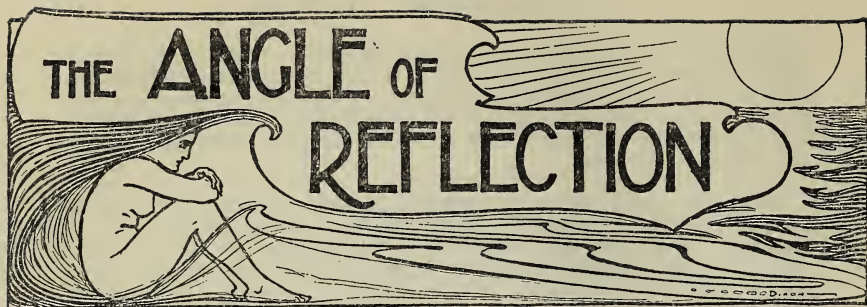
The second series of *Chap-Book Stories* brings together, in the unvarying good form of its publishers, a baker's dozen of tales from that most lamented of periodicals late departed. Neith Boyce (formerly of Los Angeles), Edwin Le Fevre, Dabney Marshall, Maria Louise Pool, Clinton Ross and Anthony Leland are among the authors represented. All the stories are companionable for a lazy hour—except the last, which is trash. The best are Maurice Thompson's “Gil Horne's Bergonzi” and Le Fevre's “The Unsullied Brow of the Viceroy.” Miss Boyce's story is a clever one of the Southwest—but marred by innocence of the fact that there is no h in bronco; and no such Spanish name as “Ponchita.” She means, of course, Panchita; a nickname of Francisca. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.25.

Dr. Elliott Coues, the eminent editor and historian of Lewis and Clark, and other pioneerings of the West, is now, in addition to his other works, editing the *Osprey*. This beautiful and valuable “magazine of birds and nature,” is not only indispensable to ornithologists but of genuine interest to all good readers. Its photographs of wild life are alone worth many times the subscription price. 141 E. 25th st., N. Y. \$1 a year.

It sounds like a contradiction in terms; but *Etiquette for Americans* has real gleams of common sense. Whether or not its author is “A Woman of Fashion,” as the title page asserts, and while her English, whoever she may be, is often a fashion of woman, she has the least ridiculous book in its sort that is recently in print. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.25.

A new—and we may be sure, charming—volume by Charles Warren Stoddard will be issued at once by Rand, McNally & Co. It is *A Cruise Under the Crescent*; and will have over 100 illustrations by W. W. Denslow.

President David Starr Jordan's article on Alaska, in the November *Atlantic*, is cordially to be commended to those who think we need more colonies to misgovern. Also to those who don't.



BY MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM.

CALLING
NAMES.

The world has fallen into a dangerous way of calling the wholesome industry of life by hard names, and there is a prevailing readiness to find excuse for personal shortcomings in the "drudgery," the "grind," the "struggle" of everyday work and wages. We are all prone to talk of "the environment" as something which hems us in, instead of what it really is—the trellis upon which character may grow; the scaffolding upon which one may climb to serenely heights; the trapeze upon which we may take such exercise as will keep our moral muscles from flabbiness.

It is no doubt soothing to self-love to think that we would all fly if we were not caged, but the melancholy fact remains that if most of us grovel it is because we are grovelling.

GOOD FOR
ANCESTORS.

We all recognize the value of self-denial and hardship and untoward conditions—for ancestral purposes. As a people we are rather fond of pointing backward to the endurance of our forefathers, with one hand, while we pat ourselves on the chest with the other and say: "See what a fine, sturdy, and altogether creditable sort of person I am by reason of a long line of hardy pioneer ancestry!"

Strangely enough, one of our favorite nineteenth century ways of proving our worth is to go about trying to divest other people of every remnant of self respect acquired or inherited. Our New England originators fought a stubborn soil, a bitter climate, famine, sickness, Indians, and religious persecution, and out of the turmoil and hardship and conscientious narrowness of it all they gave their children a heritage of strength, frugality and endurance. They had much to combat; but one enemy they were spared. They were not called to fight organized philanthropy.

WHAT THEY
ESCAPED.

It is not recorded that any "fund" was started to assist the parents of Benjamin Franklin as they reared their family of thirteen children in honest poverty. One shudders a little, following down the years, to think what we might have lost if Abraham Lincoln had been discovered by the "Society for the Assistance of Indigent and Deserving Young Men!" Imagine, if you can without apoplexy, a committee reporting upon your pioneer grandparents, or mine, as "a case of destitution"—a fate their hardships would certainly insure them in our day.

CRUEL
GOODNESS.

It may be a joy to good people to bestow, but there is a cruel side to it. Assuredly it *is* more blessed to give than to receive, and one may be robbing posterity while he blesses himself. The man who receives, suffers; when he ceases to suffer he ceases to be a man. Now and then he must suffer, there must be accident and sickness, and old age, and someone must exalt himself by giving; but in the name of humanity why make a noise about it? Why elect a president

and secretary because of it? The more loudly philanthropy is heralded the more resolutely will the deserving seek a corner in which to die of want, and the more eagerly will the undeserving press forward with extended hands. Every time those hands are filled, the grip of pauperism is strengthened on us as a people.

Why pity the poor, anyway? The only sting that honest poverty knows is pity. If no one felt sorry for you because your coat is patched would the patch prove a discomfort? Wealth may be a means of happiness, but he who attains happiness without it flies over a mountain instead of climbing it. Pity the poor in spirit, the narrow-souled, the friendless; pity the afflicted, the bereft, the disappointed, and when you have done with these, if you have any pity left, expend it on those who have only wealth to make them happy.

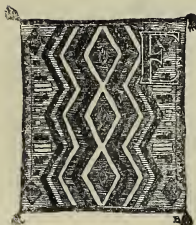
There is an urgent demand in the world today for happiness. Not ecstasy, nor delirium, nor excitement, but simple happiness. If the poor are to be made miserable because they are poor and the rich are not allowed to be happy because they are rich, upon whom are we to depend to keep up our spirits? Heretofore the "fellow of infinite jest" has generally been, like Yorick, poor. The millionaire at his desk has not enlivened us by his wit as often as has the porter on the pavement. It is the impecunious on-looker who finds amusement in the solemn parade of the rich taking themselves seriously in Central Park. If, as some say, the American is coming to be known abroad by the sadness of his smile, may it not be because only rich Americans go abroad?

Certainly we are not a melancholy people at home. True we are not hilarious; but humor and hilarity rarely go hand in hand. A keen sense of humor prompts the possessor to take things quietly. No man has a greater fear of "making himself ridiculous" than the American, simply because no one knows man's capacity for being ridiculous better than he. If we have any national characteristic aside from the disposition to think we have many, it is the fear of being laughed at—a fear which has its origin in a readiness to laugh and a knowledge of what is laughable. Even our artists play about the edges of great passions into which the Slav and the Gaul fling themselves, because, being Americans, they are ever mindful of the fact that human passion, like all ephemeral things, perpetually trembles on the verge of the ludicrous.

If, then, the rich American abroad has a sad smile, it is either because he is abroad or because he is rich, for however deeply care and worry may etch their lines on the face of the American business man, the American worker, if he be blessed with poverty enough to keep him at work eight hours a day, and with wealth enough to keep him from worry the remaining sixteen, is a light-hearted and jocular sort of person. His wit and humor flash and bubble on street-cars, in shops, and on railway platforms, and his optimistic good nature makes it well nigh impossible to crowd or jostle or jam him into ill-temper.

As for his sister, the woman who works for money, and seems in consequence to have monopolized the name of "working woman," perhaps she is a trifle sad-eyed and dispirited. It may be that long years of prejudice have taught her to look upon idleness as her birthright; that the prehistoric man who offered support in exchange for maternity failed to have his contract in writing. Or it may be that she does not go to work until losses and disappointments drive her to it. Or, perchance, the oft-repeated and much-denied assertion of her lack of humor is correct. No one knows but herself, and she does not know that she knows.

THE RESCUE OF 'MONTEZUMA'S CASTLE.'

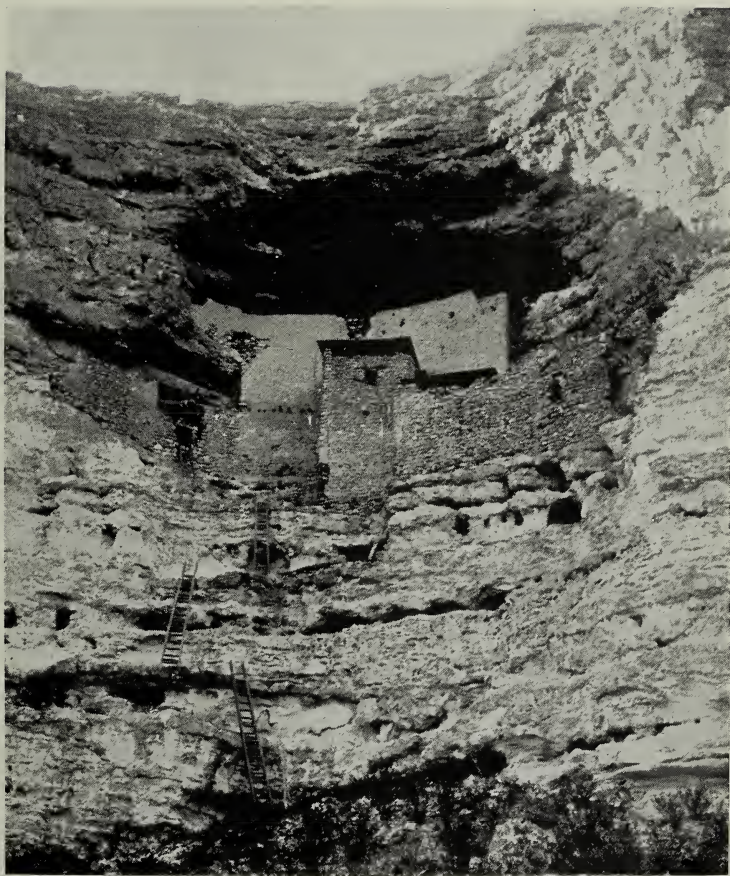


EARLY in October, 1896, the alarm was sounded that "Montezuma's Castle" on Beaver Creek, Arizona, was in danger of falling. This fine old ruin has been several times described in the *LAND OF SUNSHINE*, and at the time of its threatened destruction attention was called to the fact in these pages, and some attention to its salvation was urged.

The Arizona Antiquarian Association, spurred by the urgent need, sought aid from both Congress and the Territorial Legislature. Nothing was obtained from Washington, in spite of the good offices of friends there; so the Association concentrated its batteries on the legislature. A bill was introduced asking for an appropriation to repair the Castle, and to establish a Territorial Museum, and also providing for a small annuity to be expended in the interest of archaeological research. As an incentive to the passage of this measure, Dr. Miller of Prescott, the President of the Association, offered the Territory, without cost, his private collection of over 1000 articles of archaeological and ethnological interest, as the foundation for the Museum. The bill was defeated. Some few members in both houses stood nobly for it, but most of the solons stood aghast at the thought of spending so much money for "gittin' old relics together." Then, the bill also prohibited irresponsible excavation and appropriation of "finds." This, the legislators reasoned, might interfere with the influx of Eastern "tenderfeet," and tenderfeet brought money. It would never do. Let 'em excavate. Nothing could prevail against this profound reasoning. Defeat was assured from the beginning. A measure punishing vandalism was, however, finally passed.

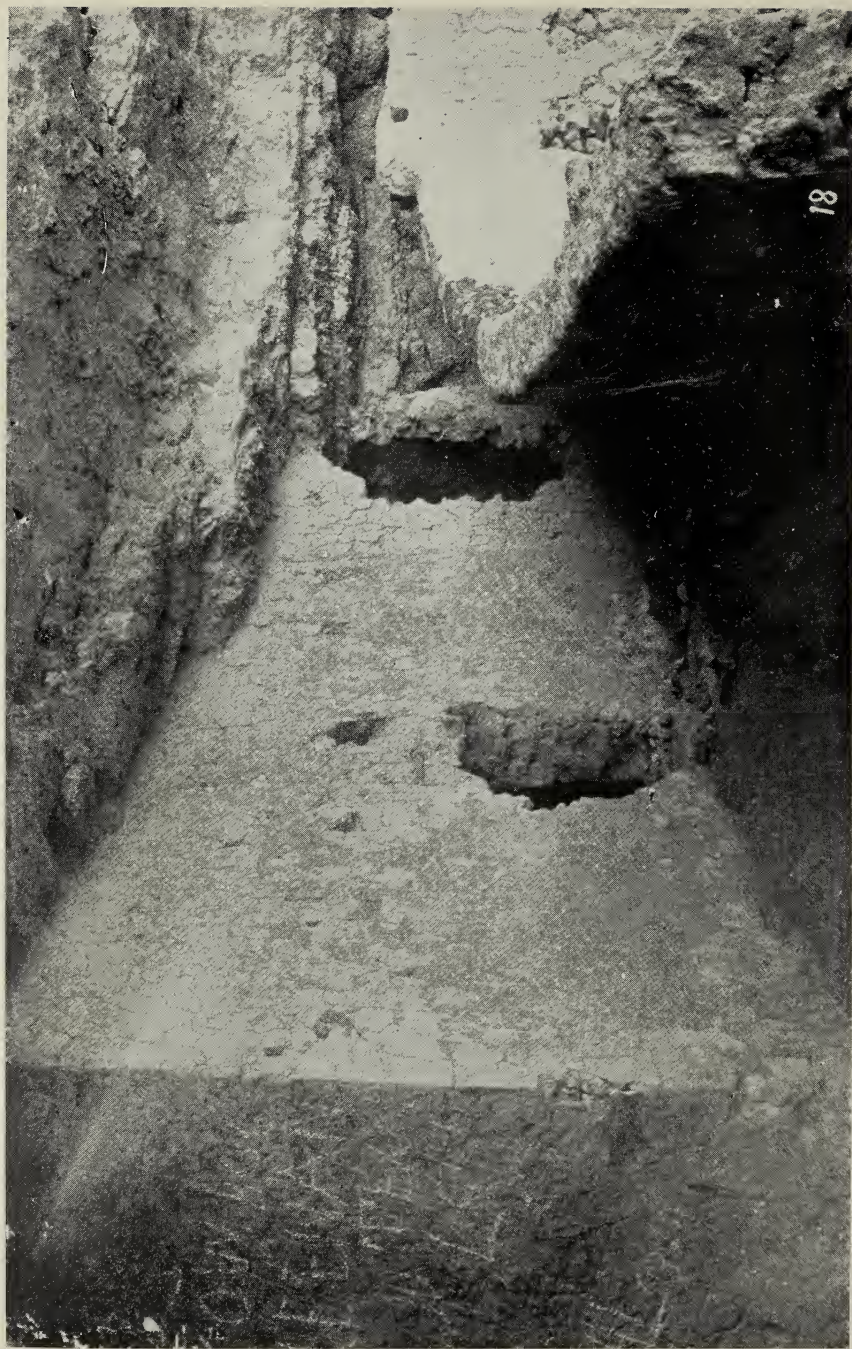
Denied public assistance, the Antiquarian Association set to work to obtain private aid. Personal contributions were asked in Prescott, Jerome, and Flagstaff, and about \$150 was raised. With this amount, Dr. Miller undertook to repair the Castle, giving the work his personal supervision. A portion of the foundation of the building was replaced; long iron rods were run through its walls and anchored securely to the cliff; good and easily ascended approaches were erected; protection from erosion afforded by means of corrugated iron; and most of the rooms were cleaned. Within a year from the time the warning was first given, the work was accomplished and the ruin saved.

But this is only one ruin, and there are hundreds more in Arizona. So good a beginning should be followed up. Every citizen who appreciates the value of these remains (and any citizen who does not should be ashamed to own the fact) should lend immediate and persistent aid to the movement for the protection of our antiquities.



L. A Eng Co.

"MONTEZUMA'S CASTLE," REPAIRED.



18

THE UPPER STORY OF "MONTEZUMA'S CASTLE."

THE LAND WE LOVE

(AND HINTS OF WHY)



CHRISTMAS TIME IN CALIFORNIA.



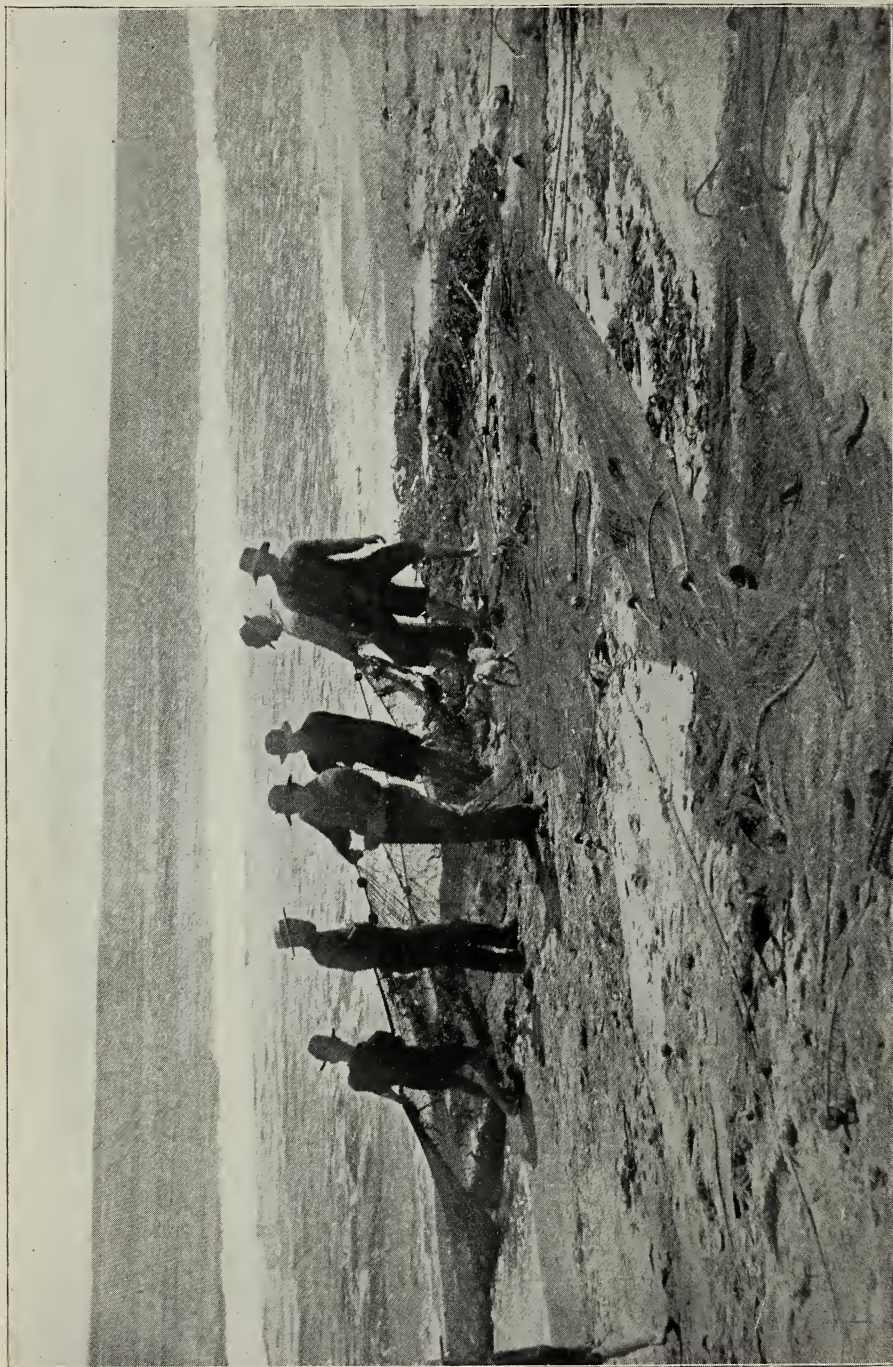
L. A. Eng. Co.

SUNSET OVER POINT LOMA.

Photo, by Geo. B. Coulter.









L. A. Eng. Co.

IN SANTA BARBARA COUNTY.

Photo by Miss Nina E. Soule







American Eng Co

Photo. by Pierce.

AN ALL-THE-YEAR GARDEN OF A LOS ANGELES HOME.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

A GLIMPSE INTO CAJON VALLEY.

(San Diego County)

"HOME, SWEET HOME"

"The pilasters seemed made . . . of
a glorified candy."

—Charles Lamb, *Essays of Elia*.

THERE'S no place like it, whatever its material, we all agree ; but when it is *made of candy* it doubly deserves the title of "home, sweet home." Here is such an establishment — all made out of candy, and the people in it just as sweet as their domicile.

The founders of this saccharine estate are the well known confectioners, Wells & Sons, whose ability has become proverbial. They can do anything in sweets ; and whatever they do is so well done that they have won a secure position in the very front rank. Wells's candies, Wells's ices, Wells's drinks, Wells's promptness and attentiveness, all are recognized as the very best.

It requires, of course, a business equipment of no commonplace type



Photo by Flower

MADE OUT OF CANDY.

American Eng. Co.

LAND OF SUNSHINE.



Photo by Graham

MADE OUT OF CANDY.

American Eng. Co

to win and keep such preëminence in a city where competition is so keen and where similar establishments are of so high a grade as they are in Los Angeles. A store so attractive that one finds genuine pleasure in patronizing it is naturally the first requirement; and the elegance of the Wells Candy Company's establishment with its appetizing displays, its \$5,000 fountain and attractive ice cream parlors, has been a considerable factor. But many fine confectioners' stores start out brilliantly and then cannot keep the trade which was attracted at first by curiosity. To make permanent success, a house must have the quality



Photo by Graham.

MADE OUT OF CANDY.

American Eng. Co.

When answering advertisements, please mention that you "saw it in the LAND OF SUNSHINE."

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

which wins customers because they find it more attractive than other houses; and holds customers because they find it more reliable.

Long experience is one of the foundation stones of the business methods of this firm. Mr. Lee W. Wells is a veteran confectioner, well known in Iowa for nearly a score of years, and ever since 1890 in business in Los Angeles. He and his sons E. L. and Leon Wells not only know their business thoroughly but give it their personal supervision. Their store is one in which the customer finds an attentive courtesy which is particularly agreeable in these days.

Another secret of success is the absolute purity of their goods. There are no adulterated candies here, nor mysterious creams. Everything is literally and absolutely pure. The firm manufactures its goods for its own retail trade; therefore it has not the temptation to adulterate that besets the wholesaler who works on narrow profits and whose wares are sold and eaten at a safe distance.

Because of all these things — because their goods are good to eat, because they are reliable, competent and progressive, and because they have the faculty not only of making friends but of keeping them — Wells Candy Company has made its name a synonym for satisfactory dealings. In fact their name is already a household word. Their establishment at 447 S. Spring street, Los Angeles, is a favorite resort of our home people and will prove worth visiting to tourists and newcomers.



Leon Wells.

Lee W. Wells.

E. L. Wells.

THE WELLS CANDY COMPANY.

THE YUCCA BREVIFOLIA.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

THE YUCCA-COVERED BOOKLET.

of Southern California, the *Yucca Brevifolia*, or yucca palm as it is commonly but incorrectly called, was, until 1892, of little more importance than many other plants which are still classed as weeds because their virtues have never been discovered. In November of that year a patent was secured, by Mr. E. Densmore, controlling the manufacture of yucca into splints for surgical use. It has proved exceedingly valuable for that purpose, for it is lighter than any other wood of sufficient strength, its porous character allows free circulation of air to the fractured part and the use of antiseptics without removal of the splint. Unlike felt, it does not lose its supporting qualities when wet, but it can nevertheless, in sheet form, be cut as easily as felt with scissors. While it is manufactured into firm splints, it is also

THE yucca-covered booklet recently issued by this magazine and entitled "Western Dollars and a Western Medium with which to get them," has aroused so much interest that it has grown expedient to give through these pages some general information concerning the material from which the covers of that booklet were made.

Aside from proving a novel sight to tourists crossing the arid plains



American Eng Co.

THE YUCCA TREE.

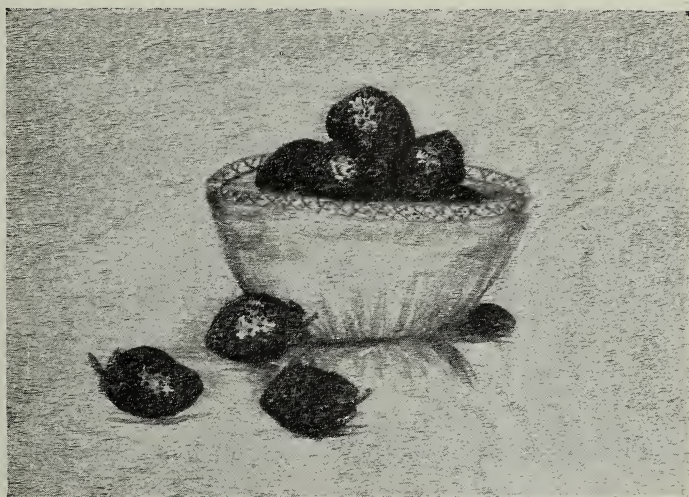
Photo. by Pierce.

THE YUCCA BREVIFOLIA.

placed upon the market in sheet form, at about twenty cents a surface foot, and needs only to be immersed in tepid water and bandaged to the limb, when it retains the form thus given it.

The supply of yucca is limited. Nine-tenths of it comes from the Hesperia district, but it is also found in such other Southern California localities as Lancaster and Palmdale, and is a unique feature of the Mojave desert.

The trees are cut into lengths of from 18 to 30 inches, peeled of the outer bark and shipped to the only yucca factory in existence, established in Los Angeles by Messrs. Densmore, Means & Fleming in 1893. Here the log is placed in a rotary veneer lathe and, while it revolves, a knife the length of the log cuts a continuous veneer or shaving until the log is reduced to the size of the four-inch dogs which hold it. When dry, for like the cactus family the yucca is very juicy, the sheets are carefully assorted. The blemished sheets are laid aside to be used



American Eng. Co.

THE YUCCA IN ART.

to protect trees from such pests as rabbits, while the finer pieces, after being put through a sandpapering process, are carefully packed for market.

The peculiarity of the wood is that it will not split, and its pliability and lightness admit of the sheets being rolled and sent through the mail. Its durability and uniqueness make it of exceptional value for covers of booklets, while its beautiful grain renders it very appropriate for art work in oil or water colors, pyrography, silk embroidery and for fancy work, such as photograph frames, glove and handkerchief boxes, screens, etc. The natural wood is in itself a handsome frame, while its creamy color blends beautifully with colors of flower and fruit designs.

The evolution, in the hands of the Yucca Manufacturing Company, of this once despised desert tree into so many useful and artistic purposes is eloquent of what ingenuity and enterprise may yet accomplish with other seemingly useless material in Nature's storehouse.



NE by one the lingering shadows of the dark ages are disappearing from the present century, and many customs which prejudice long rendered inviolable are being abandoned.

The full daylight of progress has taken possession of the court, the school and the pulpit, while even the undertaker no longer invites to somber, gruesome halls of death. Loving relatives and friends assemble instead in a place more befitting the last obsequies of the loved one whose spirit has passed to a lovely hereafter. Why should the last view ever be a reminder of what the loved one did not look like in life? Why leave reason to dread that last look when skillful hands can so easily transform the loved one into the semblance of one who is but sleeping?

Every reform or progressive idea nevertheless requires a leader, and fortunately at least one Los Angeles undertaking establishment has shown itself fully abreast of the non-progressive East by adding to the many advantages of their establishment a department which every reader will agree fills a great need.

It is certainly as consistent, and should be as compulsory, for every establishment to include in its personnel a lady embalmer and attendant as representatives of the opposite sex. When, therefore, an establishment is so far ahead of local progress that it furnishes the public not merely a female assistant, but a leader in that department, who is in every sense an artist and inventor, whose sympathetic instincts and ability render that department almost an innovation in the right direction, the fact becomes one of great public interest.

To Mrs. Madge Connell, who is not at all unknown in Los Angeles social circles as a charming and talented lady, and whose pride, courage, and cleverness have not since her husband's sickness and death kept her from being also favorably known in business circles, belongs the honor of a full conception of what such a department should and could be.

As the earnestness of her ideas and plans became apparent to her many friends and came to the attention of thinking and prominent people, the project assumed the form of a popular movement which perforce rendered her the fulfiller of her own prophecy.

The enterprising firm of Orr & Hines were quick to see the exceptional opportunity for meeting what they had also long felt was a great need in the profession, and in securing the services of Mrs. Connell as lady embalmer and attendant for their establishment they have rendered a service which every woman and respecter of woman must appreciate.

In their handsome and modern establishment, at 647 S. Broadway, Mrs. Connell will hereafter have entire charge of all ladies and children, while it will be safe to say that all cases will receive that tender care and sympathetic attention which only women can give.

The popular reception given the project is amply attested by the following expressions from some of the best known and most respected people:

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 1st, '98.

MRS. MADGE CONNELL:

DEAR FRIEND: It was with pleasure that I learned that you have decided to enter the undertaking business.

It seems to be eminently proper and desirable that women should prepare themselves to enter this line of business.

I am sure from my contact with people that women of your qualifications in such a position would be greatly appreciated by the public.

It would be a pleasure to me to recommend you to those of my friends who may be in need of service in this line. Very truly,

DR. E. R. BRADLEY, 416 W. Fourth St.

LOS ANGELES, Oct. 21st, 1898.

MY DEAR MRS. CONNELL:

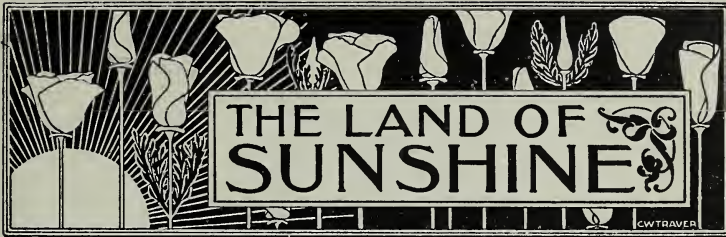
The work which you desire to undertake meets with my heartiest approval, for it is one which I think should be delegated to women alone. When we are done with these poor bodies of ours let them be given into the hands of those of our own sex to prepare them for their last, long rest. It is fitting that this should be done, and in keeping with the womanly instincts of our nature. In the desire which you have to see this reformation brought about I hope you may meet with abundant encouragement. Very respectfully yours,

ELIZA A. OTIS.





"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



Vol. 10, No. 2.

LOS ANGELES

JANUARY, 1899.

THE TREMBLING HEART.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

I lift my head and walk my ways,
Before the world, without a tear,
And bravely unto those I meet
I smile a message of good cheer;
I give my lips to jest and song,
And somehow get me thro' each day—
But oh, the tremble in my heart
Since she has gone away!

I am not sorry—I am glad;
I would not have her here again;
God gave her strength life's bitter cup
Unto the bitterest dreg to drain.
I will not have less strength than she;
I proudly tread my stony way—
But oh, the tremble in my heart
Since she has gone away!

New Whatcom, Wash.

IN THE PADRE'S GARDEN.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

A hurrying whir of eager sound—
And now a something throbs around
The flowers that watch the fountain. Look!
It touched the rose, the green leaves shook,
I think, and yet so lightly tost
That not a spark of dew was lost.

Tell me, O Rose, what thing it is
That now appears, now vanishes?
Surely it took its fire-green hue
From daybreaks that it glittered through;
Quick, for this sparkle of the dawn
Glints through the garden and is gone.

What was the message, Rose, what word;
Delight foretold, or hope deferred?

Oakland, Cal., Nov., 1898.

THE WOMEN BULL-FIGHTERS.

BY J. TORREY CONNOR.



IT is the day when the *toreras*, or female bull-fighters, make their first appearance before a Mexican audience—at the Bucareli ring, just outside the City of Mexico.

At the blast of a bugle the door opposite the judges' stand is thrown open, and there enters a procession with the chief *matador*, mounted, at the head. After this come the *señoritas toreras*, in *torero* costume—hats, knee-breeches and Andalusian jackets—the *banderilleros*, and the *picadores* mounted. The *matador* bows before the judges' stand, and requests that the *toreras* be allowed to open the entertainment. This form observed, the *matador* and the *picadores* retire, and the *toreras* and *banderilleros* take their places in the arena. The band strikes up a stirring air. A low door in the wall near the tribune, over which the word "*toros*" has been chalked, swings ajar, and with a frightened snort the animal issues forth; his pace accelerated by the sting of a barb planted in his shoulder by the man stationed at the door.

He halts for a moment in the middle of the ring, paws the earth and then, with an angry bellow, charges the nearest crimson cloak that is waved at him. Ah! It is a close shave for the man with the cloak! An inch to one side and the bull's horns would have rent the jaunty embroidered jacket.

He turns about, and the man, hard pressed, takes refuge behind one of the barricades erected about the ring, while a companion diverts the animal's attention by throwing a scarf over its horns.

Meanwhile the *toreras* have secured *banderillas*, and one, stepping directly in the path of the plunging bull, endeavors to drive the barbs into the animal's neck, on either side of the spine. Whether from nervousness or lack of skill she plants the *banderillas* insecurely; they merely pierce the thick skin, and soon fall to the ground, and are trampled and broken. The second and third attempts meet with no better success, and the *torera* retires amid a storm of hisses.

The baiting of the animal continues, and a slight diversion is caused by the antics of a nimble-footed *torera*, who, darting out, administers a box on the ear to the bewildered bull. Encouraged by the ovation which her daring act calls forth she seizes a pair of *banderillas*, and with these upraised awaits the charge of the bull. For an instant it seems that she cannot escape the trampling hoofs; but in that instant she has lodged the barbs scientifically, and springing to one side bows and kisses her hand to the audience. It is the signal for wild applause on the part of the spectators. Sombreros are thrown in air, handkerchiefs are waved, and "*Bravo, torera!*" sounds from the tribunes.

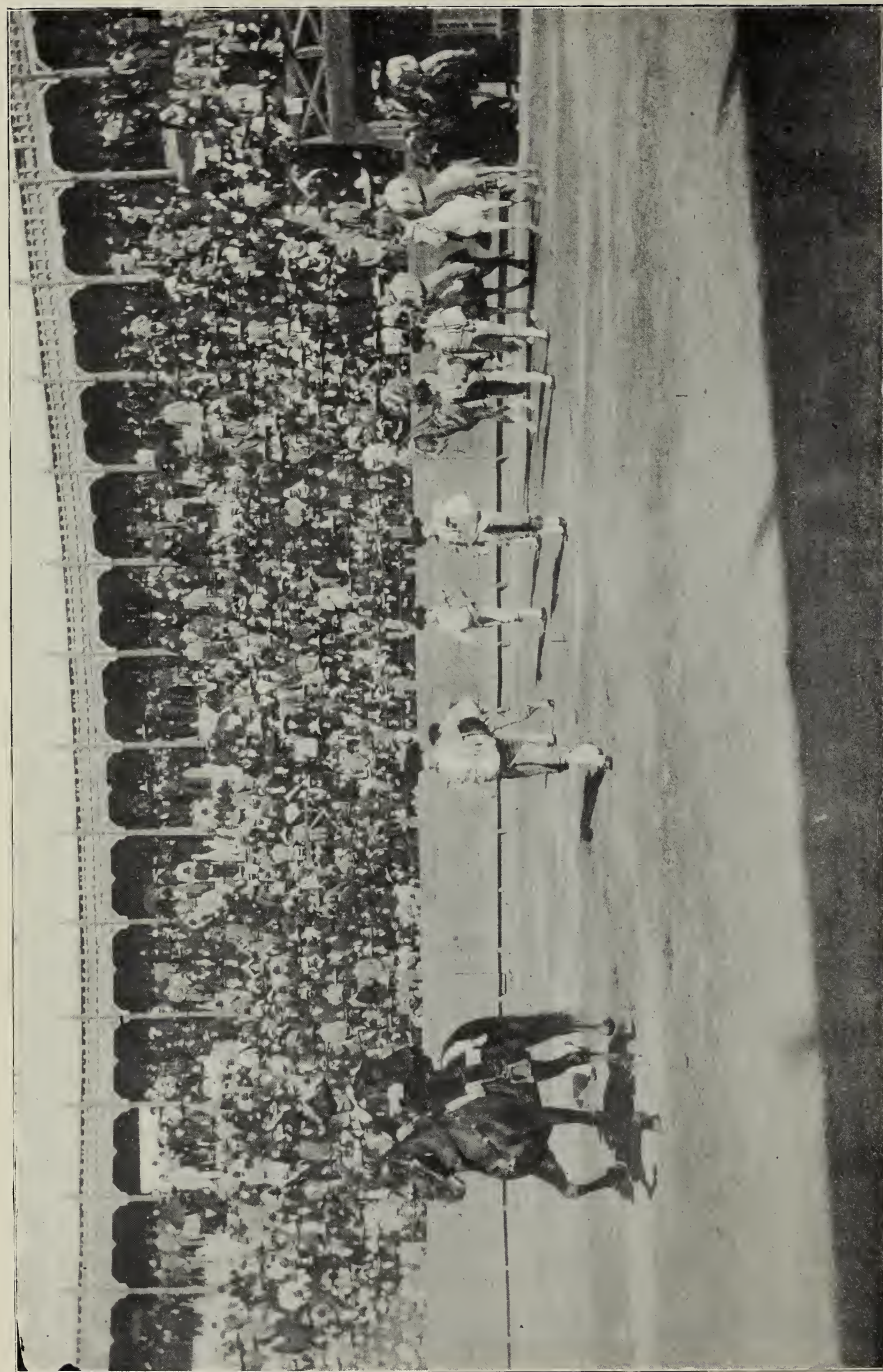
Again the bull-fighter steps out, grasping firmly a sword, on the point of which hangs her scarlet cape. The gleam of color catches the animal's eye. He charges—and for the sword, way to the hilt, life-blood, and the does the rest. The

mal's eye. to his death; buried half-lets out his *puntillero* gates swing

open, and with a bells four mules, ioned, trot into dragging a hurdle heels. The bull the blood-stained spaded clean, and is let in from the evident from the this fellow has no Barbs charged sives are launched and although he ance to protesting they sear his flesh, so much as lower meet the attacks mentors. The rise to their feet "*Otro toro! Otro* their cry. And so trained to the into the ring, and *toro* is hustled gate. When the

jingling of gaily caparthe arena, at their is carted off, ground is another bull pen. It is start that fight in him. with explo-at his back, gives utterbellows as he does not his head to of his tor-spectators *en masse*. *toro!*" is three steers work are let the rejected through the fourth bull





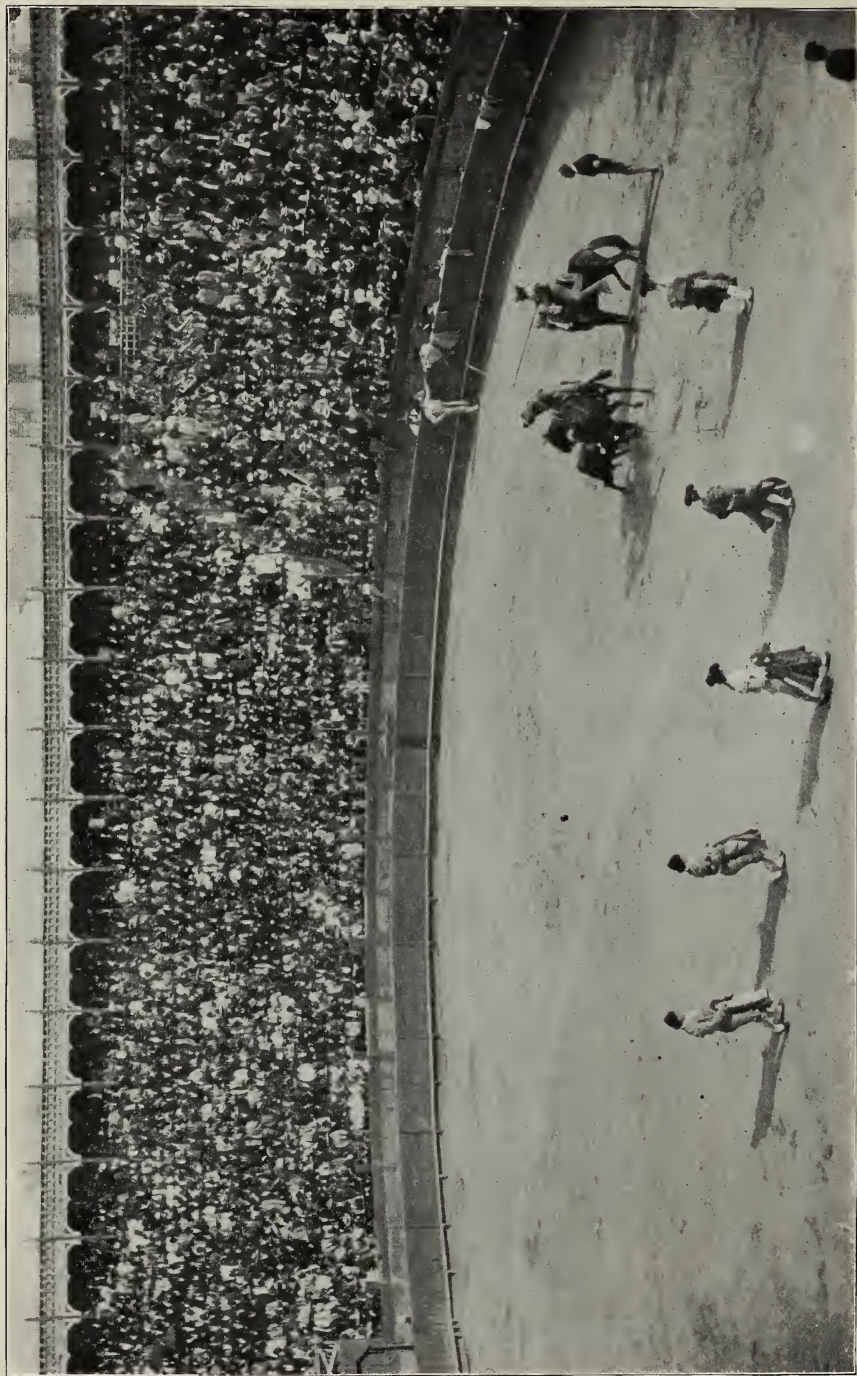
is finished, the *toreras*, greatly exhausted, leave the ring, making way for the *matador* and the *picadores*, for whom a particularly vicious bull has been reserved.

Hardly has the brute entered the ring when he makes a savage lunge at a horse ridden by one of the *picadores*, ripping an ugly gash in the shoulder, from which the blood flows in streams. The spectator viewing a bull-fight for the first time would pronounce the animal unfit for further use, and would confidently expect to see him led from the arena. Not so; a horse is ridden until he drops, no matter how badly gored. The horses ridden by the *picadores* are usually protected by aprons of leather, which cover the breast and left side; and the rider carries a lance with which to ward off the bull's attacks. The agility and surprising coolness of the *matador* and the horsemanship of the *picadores* are the features that strike the on-looker at a bull-fight. A vicious and agile bull will sometimes reach the unprotected side of the *picador's* horse, in which case the horse is lifted bodily with its rider and thrown to the ground. If the *picador* does not fall under the horse, he flies to a place of



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

LOLITA, THE FEMALE BULL-FIGHTER.



safety, leaving his mount to its fate. When two or three horses have been gored, a *banderillero* comes forward and plunges two long, sharp darts into the shoulders of the bull, just as the animal lowers his horns. These darts are variously and gorgeously ornamented, and cost as high as twenty dollars a pair. They are either sold after use to some one in the audience—and for a good price, there being spirited rivalry for the possession of these souvenirs of the bull-fight—or the *matador* presents them to the lady in the audience whom he adjudges the most beautiful of all.

The horsemen retire from the ring, and the space thus cleared is left to the *matador* and his assistant, who carries the long, straight sword, carefully greased at the point. A very high and mighty personage is the *matador*, and the salary of one skilled in the art equals that of the first tenor of the grand opera. He receives his sword, and the red mantle with which to attract the bull, and advances to the center of the arena.

If the onslaught of the bull is not favorable to attack, or, in other words, if the vulnerable spot in front of the animal's foreshoulder is not exposed as he advances, the *matador* turns swiftly on the point of his slippered foot and the bull rushes by. This is repeated until the opportune moment arrives, when the *matador* sinks the glittering blade into the bull's neck. Blood gushes from the animal's mouth and nose, his forelegs begin to spread apart, and a shudder runs through his body. With a quick movement the *matador* plucks the sword from the animal's neck. "Down, down, my brave!" he cries, tapping the earth with his sword. There is a final tremor of the limbs and the animal lurches over on his side. Once down he is quickly and finally dispatched by a thrust from a loaded point driven just back of the horns.

Exit *toreras* and *toreros*, the applause of the spectators ring-



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

MAZANTINI, THE FAVORITE MATADOR.



ing in their ears. Exit audience, in great good humor with the performance and performers. Exit poor *toro*, slaughtered to make a Mexican holiday.

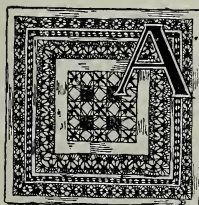


L. A. Eng Co.

EXIT TORO.

ONE OF CALIFORNIA'S DESERT ISLANDS.

BY RUTH TANGIER SMITH.

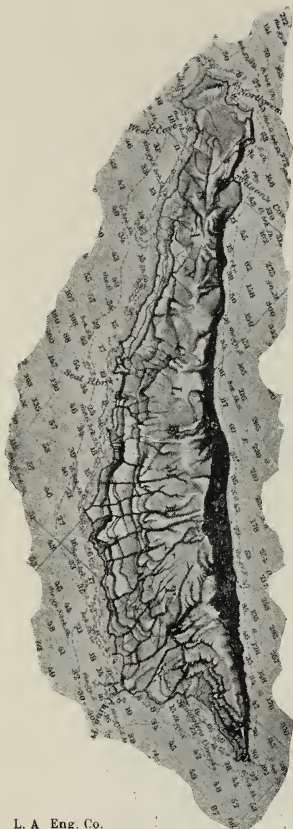


ABOUT fifty miles off the coast of California, nearly opposite San Diego, lies the barren, lonely and half-unknown island of San Clemente. Santa Catalina, only twenty-five miles to the north, is smiling and fair of face, and welcomes her innumerable visitors with every art of fascination, but her sister island is hard-featured and unattractive. Yet if one will bear with the roughness of the life,

there is much of genuine interest on San Clemente.

My acquaintance with the island was made on a geological expedition, which began with a most uncomfortable sail, in a pitching and tossing little boat, from Santa Catalina to Wilson's Cove, near the north-west end of Clemente. The trip is usually a rough one. But in summer time, at least, Wilson's Cove offers a comparatively safe harbor, and if one knows the locality well, it is not hard to land on the steep boulder-strewn beach. From the shore the bare hills rise abruptly on all sides, broken only by a little terracing. The first impression given by the island, and confirmed by a study of its structure as a whole, is that of a great block of the earth's crust, tipped up on the side toward Catalina, and very little altered by erosion.

Illustrated from photos. by the author.



L. A. Eng. Co.

MAP OF SAN CLEMENTE.
(From U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey.)

San Clemente forms a pasture for thousands of sheep and a smaller number of cattle, and Wilson's Cove is the headquarters of the sheepherders when they are on the island. That is chiefly in the spring and summer, for during the rainy season not only do the sheep need less care, but the island is often unapproachable on account of rough weather. At such seasons one old man, who had lived there for thirty years, used to have the island to himself, and might see no human face for three months at a time. His cabin stands just above the shore at Wilson's Cove, and near it are the few rough buildings used by the sheep-men. The place is usually known, from his name, as Gallagher's.

The only water supply here is rain caught during the winter season in tanks. The joys of living in this favored spot are further enhanced in summer time by strong winds which flow through a gap in the hills, bringing from the naked slopes clouds of dust.

From Wilson's Cove a well-worn trail leads up to the main ridge of the island and along the summit for several miles. The crest of the ridge (representing roughly the edge of the crust block) is so level that a horse and wagon could be driven along the trail for more than half the length of the island, if such a thing as a wagon were known there. From this plateau views of each coast may be had at favorable points. To the northward the slopes drop so precipitously to the water that only in a few places is it possible to reach the shore from the ridge. If the day is unusually clear the mainland may be seen dimly in the distance, and a

little nearer Catalina appears, every ridge and cañon visible, but all faint and blue with haze. The clouds always hover over her highest peaks, ready to drop at any moment and shut out all the scene.

The more level regions of the island remind one constantly of the desert. There are no trees except a very few in some of the larger canoñs. In the spring there are flowers, but they soon wither, and the summer aspect of the island seems its normal one. In some places there is grass, in others only cactus, or a little low underbrush, and two species of mesembryanthemum, which are called "salt grass" by the herders.

Scant as the vegetation is, however, its colors are often beautiful, even in the summer. The salt grass turns a fine, deep red, lighted up by its starry white blossoms. Here and there are patches of a little yellow composite flower, which dries to a soft olive brown; and the setting of it all is the dull brownish gray of the brush. In places there are small round plots of the salt grass, the red leaves and white flowers making it



L. A. Eng. Co.

THE SOUTHERN COAST, FROM ABOVE SEAL HARBOR.

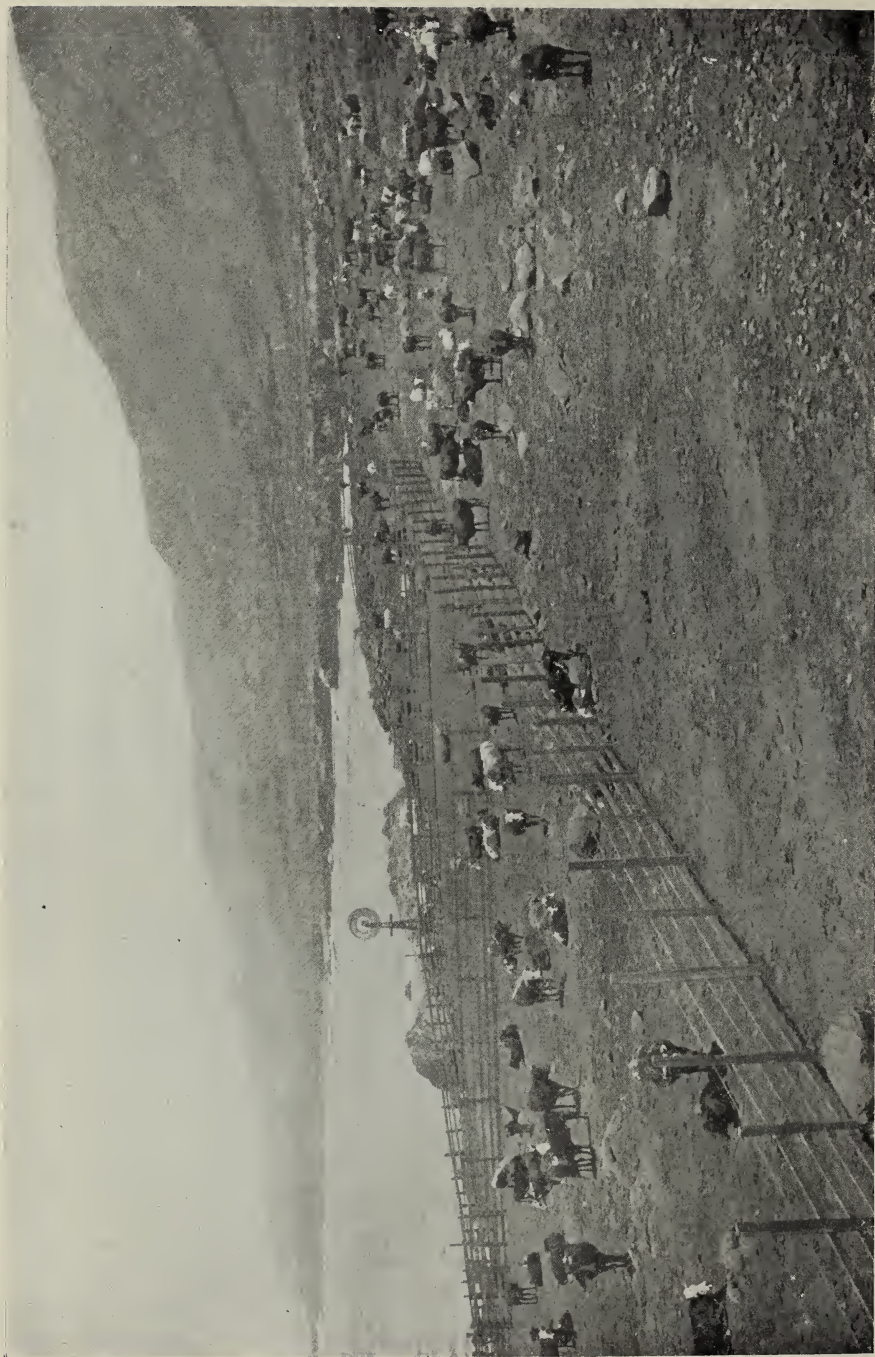
look like a little garden bed. So far as I was able to observe, these plots were all on the dark soil which marks a former Indian camp. Not only these camp sites, but stone implements and human bones remain in considerable numbers to testify to the former occupation of this island by Indians.

The desert-like character of the island is intensified by the almost absolute stillness. Birds of all sorts are much fewer than on Catalina. Except for a few crows—seldom heard—there seem to be none but the smaller birds, such as linnets and sparrows, which live principally in the cañons. There are no squirrels on the island. Snakes and frogs are also unknown here, but in their place are multitudes of silent, sun-loving lizards. In the cañons one may catch an occasional glimpse of a wary fox; but generally the only large animals to be seen are the herds of



L. A. Eng. Co.

THE 600-FOOT TERRACE, FROM THE SHORE.



wild goats, and the sheep and cattle, scarcely less wild, which are pastured here.

Winding down from the ridge to the southern coast we begin to cross the terraces which cut the whole southern slope of the island into a series of immense steps. The cliffs at front and rear of the terraces are steep and high (in one case nearly 600 feet) and the trail can pick a rough way down only at favorable points. Between the cliffs stretch the level floors of the terraces, from a few feet to a half a mile or more in width. These terraces represent the sea-cliffs and beaches of former geological times, and correspond very closely in character and outline with the features of the present shore. The most beautiful view on this trail, and one of the most characteristic, is obtained from the terraces above Seal Harbor. Looking toward the southeastern end of the island, the outlines of the coast can be seen for ten miles, with the foam break-



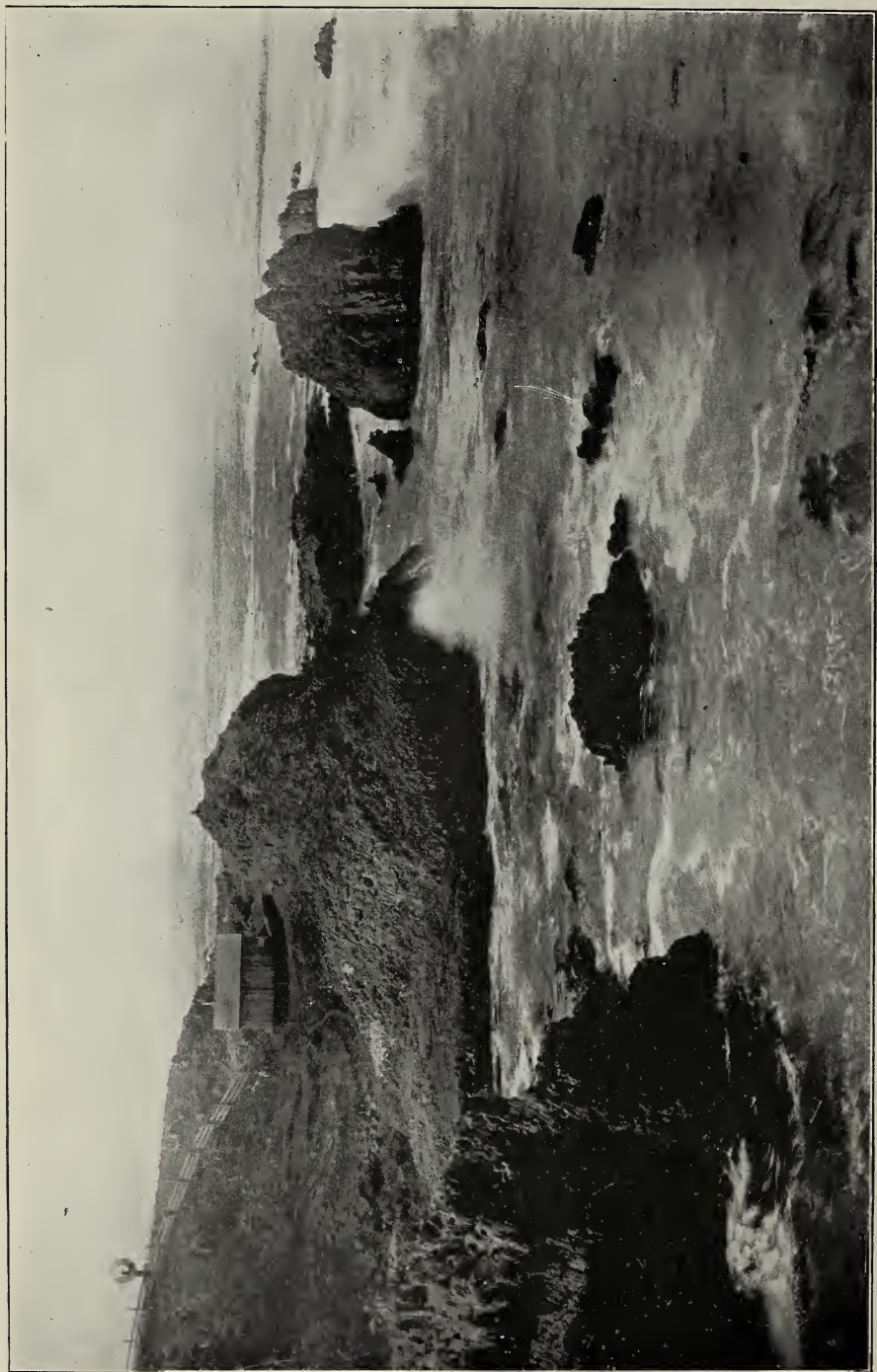
L. A. Eng Co.

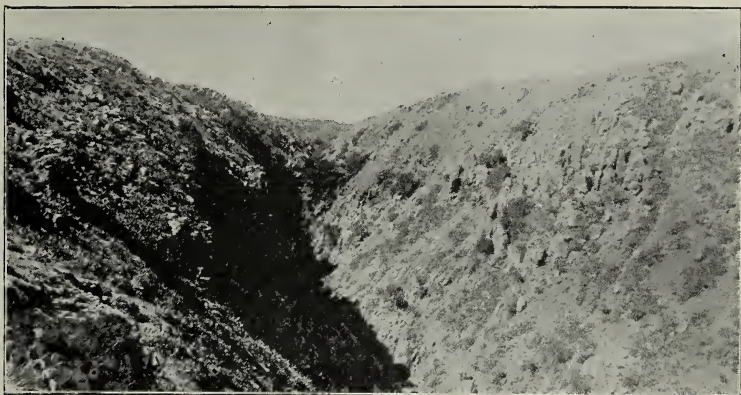
AT THE WATERING TROUGH.

ing against its precipitous cliffs and black, rocky headlands. From the shore the terraces rise one above another, in seemingly endless succession, till they melt away in the distance.

About midway of the southern shore is a tiny cabin, in the lee of a great cliff, which hides it from the water on one side. The sea makes around it on the adjoining side, and even reaches almost under it in a large cave. In the house one can hear the water, as it roars and rushes through the cave, and feel the vibration as it beats, apparently directly underneath. Near the house is a well with a windmill (usually run by horse power) which supplies most of the sheep and cattle with water in the dry season. The water is so brackish that it seems at first impossible to drink it, but the cattle make half a day's journey to get it.

The most striking features of the island's topography, next to the terraces themselves, are the cañons which cut across them. There are no





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A SAN CLEMENTE CAÑON, LOOKING UP.

gradual descents from ridge to cañon, but a chasm yawns without warning across the level plain of a terrace, its walls dropping almost vertically into depths which can only be guessed. To scale these walls is in most cases an utter impossibility. Even at the most favorable points, the path which winds down to the bed of the cañon and up again on the opposite side is so steep and rough that only a mountain-bred animal could follow it. The hard-riding Mexican herders will not trust themselves to their sure-footed horses, in crossing some of the cañons; and anyone acquainted with the class knows that a trail which will make a Mexican dismount must be bad indeed.

In the dry season not a stream is flowing anywhere on San Clemente. Only the great depth of the cañons cut in the solid rock, and the immense boulders which are scattered over their beds, can give any idea of the force of the torrents which foam and roar through the gorges in winter. Neither words nor pictures can do justice to the wildness and immensity of San Clemente's topography in general. The depth of the



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A SAN CLEMENTE CAÑON, LOOKING DOWN.

cañons, the broad expanse of the terraces, the height of their cliffs and the roughness of the coast are all belittled in any general view, and figures are powerless to measure grandeur.

We sailed out of the cove in the sunset, and this was our last view of San Clemente ; the waters around us silver blue, the rugged cliffs rising above them, black against the saffron sky, and nestled in the shadow of those beetling hills, the little cabin, pathetic in its loneliness, with the sturdy old man sitting on the porch, his dogs and fowls around him, watching the vessel out of sight.

Chico, Cal.

"AMBER."

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.



"YOU did not meet her? Then you have missed the chance of a lifetime!"

Harry Edwards, of the old California Theatre, stood in the Butterfly-Catacomb, which was the joy and pride of his airy cottage on the far slope of Telegraph Hill in San Francisco. He held in his hands a box of *Scarabeidae* that flashed and shone like Orient gems; but his eyes were bent upon the misty heights of Tamalpais across the water, for he was thinking of her and of her delight when she looked from those windows upon the ships that came and went under the shadow of the mountain—came and went with the tide through the Golden Gate.

"You have missed the chance of a lifetime," he repeated, as he turned from the window to replace his treasures in their allotted niche. He was speaking of "Amber," who, like "Fair Inez," had

"Gone into the West
To dazzle when the sun was down
And rob the world of rest."

I had not met her—more's the pity. She was scarce out of her glowing teens, heart-whole and fancy-free. She took life as gaily as some of those butterflies took the sunshine on their glorious wings. It was all sunshine or moonlight with her in those days, and life was hardly real, it was so jubilant.

She had come and gone like a flash. Her record was as brief as brilliant. Somehow we had missed each other, and when I heard she had returned to the East I felt that I had indeed missed the chance of a lifetime.

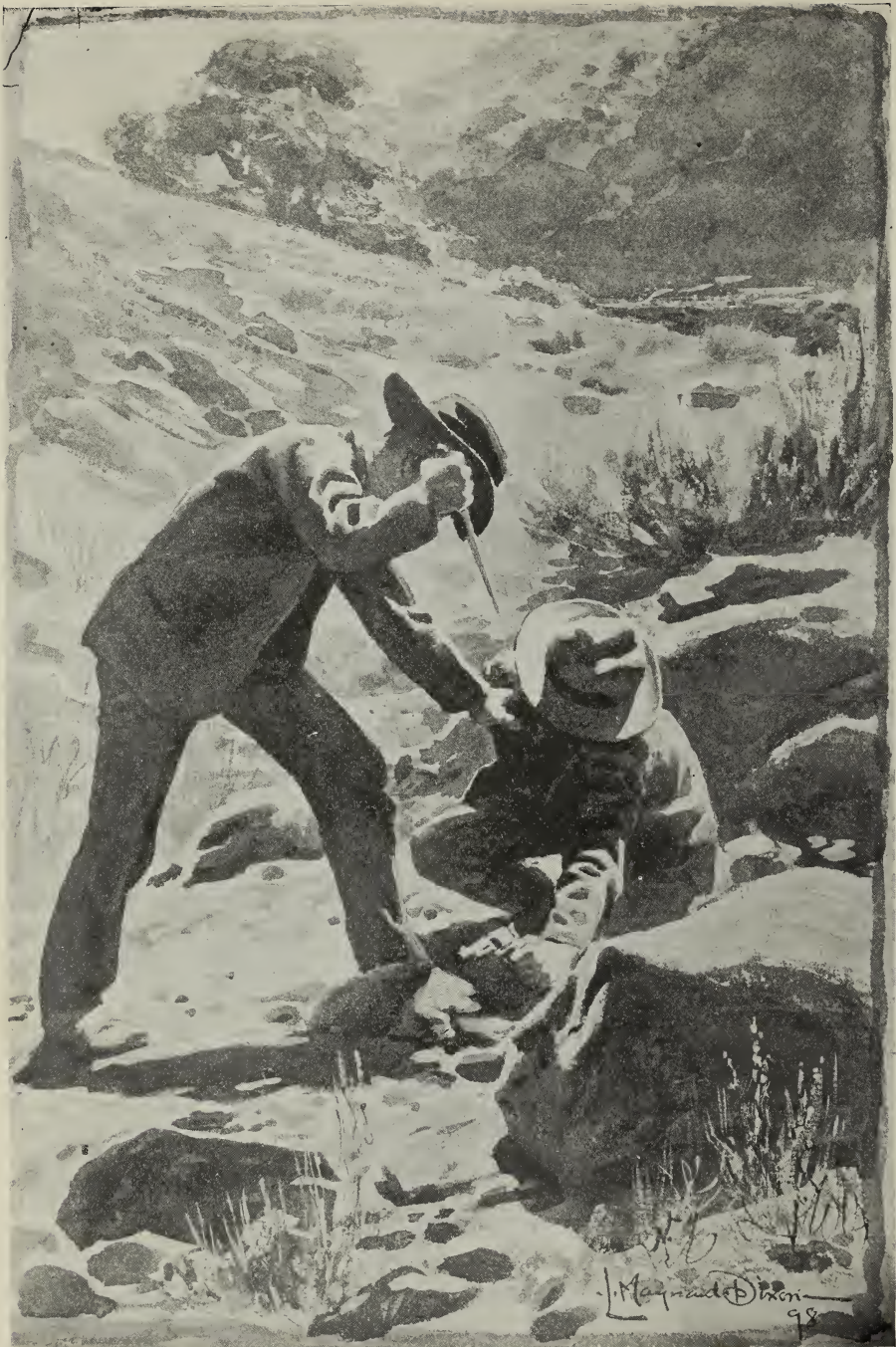
That was a world of chance, out yonder, in the long ago. San Francisco was unique; a place of marvelous possibilities—and the most striking of them all was "Amber."

Nobody ever fitted into that fleeting time, that unformed place, better than she did. She may have seemed improbable

to many ; I know that she did to some ; but there never was a greater possibility than she on all that wide sweeping coast. I learned this fact about a year after her first visit, when "Amber" reappeared suddenly and unexpectedly, married quite as suddenly and unexpectedly, and forthwith went to housekeeping



"AMBER."



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"FAIRFAX STRUCK HIS ENEMY IN THE NECK." Drawn by L. Maynard Dixon.
("A Soul in Bronze." See page 91.)

in a Bohemian bungalow on a solitary moor under the twin Mission Peaks that tower between San Francisco and the sea.

"Boffin's Bower" it was called; and if there had been fewer vines clambering vigorously about it, and never a dense or dusty cypress writhing in the rather raw wind at the gusty corners of the house, it could still by comparison be called a bower; for on the whole slope there was not another tree or shrub, and hardly a house within hailing distance.

The Bower, of the bungalow pattern, was fenced in; the front staring steadily upon the Twin Peaks to the west of it; its rear floating, as it were, in space, over the gentle down-slope of the hill, and commanding an extensive prospect—the frayed-out suburbs of the sandy city in the foreground, looking sallow and freckled; and far away to the east and south the Contra Costa and the Coast Range.

One might easily "drop into poetry" there, Wegg or no Wegg. The billets that were aimed at me from the portals of the Bower were very poems; they were wild and willful and witty, and never so welcome; sometimes a ray of honeymoon lights shot through them and filled them with a soft glow that made one envious; yet oftener they were redolent of the atmosphere of that undefined Bohemia that is so little appreciated because so little understood and so vulgarly imitated.

Under the stern of the bungalow was a cloisteral yard—a quadrangular columbarium alive with pigeons; these were the joy of "Amber's" heart; the delight and despair of the domestic board. In trumpet-tones the mistress of the Bower had cried to me, through the medium of the post, "Come, let us eat, drink and be merry, for the voice of the turtle is heard in the land. The columbarium resoundeth to the clamor of the squab. Dost like squab? Hasten, for the steaming pie awaits thee. What is life without squab? Verily it is a Blankety-blank-blank!"

Did I fly on the instant? I was younger then, and winged, and something other than the joys of juicy squab was nesting in that bower; it was a young heart filled and thrilled with love; a soul radiant with enthusiasm.

I have said they were the delight and despair of the domestic board—the bevvies of birds that belched from the columbarium at the sound of the dinner-bell. We were lined with the succulent squab and at the same moment walking-delegates—the pink-legged purplest pigeons that ever pirouetted or ducked their heads and cooed—paraded upon the Field of the Cloth of White; tapping inquisitively the lids of covered dishes and fixing a gem-like eye upon the sugar-bowl, or the flushed and fabulous strawberry.

Oh! but we feasted then, if we fasted afterward, for we were in the very heyday of bright Bohemianism.

California was uncommonly interesting in those days ; it had not yet lost its individuality ; one could not turn about without encountering a surprise. If ever a woman doted on a surprise her name was "Amber;" she often discovered one when others might have passed it by unheeded ; and she reveled in it and celebrated it in such glorious guise that one must needs rejoice with her.

California seven and twenty years ago was her Ophir ; she worked it jubilantly, singing the while she toiled ; she worked it down to bed-rock and then she turned from it to fresh woods and pastures new, for it was her destiny to delve even unto the very end.

In turning her brilliant and sympathetic pages, as I love to do, how they bring its past down to me—as they must to every reader who knew the California of those days. Those days ! She was never weary of recalling them. When the shadows thickened and joys were few ; when what little rest she got — she who was most in need of it — was stolen at odd moments and, God pity her, with a half-guilty conscience, it refreshed her to recall those first exploits in amateur house-keeping. How she and I have lived over them and laughed over them, and gloried in them, until the tears came, and the dear old Bower on the hillside, grown radiant in the after-glow, was swallowed up in a sea of blossoms and blessed memories, and all was at last hidden beyond an iris-tinted veil—the fluttering of innumerable wings.

Alas, and alas ! Now they are indeed gone, all gone, and "Amber" with them, into the Land of the Departed, into the Silent Land.

The Bungalow. Washington, D. C.

LIN JOHN.

BY SUI SIN FAH

IT WAS New Year's eve. Lin John mused over the brightly burning fire. Through the beams of the roof the stars shone ; far away in the deep night sky they shone down upon him, and he felt their beauty, though he had no words for it. The long braid which was wound around his head lazily uncoiled and fell down his back ; his smooth young face was placid and content. Lin John was at peace with the world. Within one of his blouse sleeves lay a small bag of gold, the accumulated earnings of three years ; and that gold was to release his only sister from a humiliating and secret bondage. A sense of duty done led him to dream of the To-Come. What a fortunate fellow he was to have been able to obtain profitable work, and within three years to have saved four hundred dollars ! In the next three years, he might be able to establish a little business and send his sister to their parents in China, to live like an honest woman. The sharp edges of his life were forgotten in the drowsy warmth and the world faded into dreamland.

The latch was softly lifted ; with stealthy step a woman approached the boy and knelt beside him. By the flickering gleam of the dying

fire she found that for which she searched, and hiding it in her breast swiftly and noiselessly withdrew.

Lin John arose. His spirits were light—and so were his sleeves. He reached for his bowl of rice, then set it down, and suddenly his chopsticks clattered on the floor. With hands thrust into his blouse he felt for what was not there. He uttered a low cry and his face became old and grey.

A large apartment richly carpeted, furniture of dark and valuable wood artistically carved, ceiling decorated with beautiful Chinese ornaments and gold incense-burners; walls hung from top to bottom with long bamboo panels covered with silk, on which were printed Chinese characters; tropical plants, on stands; heavy curtains draped over windows. This, in the heart of Chinatown. And in the midst of these surroundings, a girl dressed in a robe of dark blue silk worn over a full skirt richly embroidered. The sleeves fell over hands glittering with rings, and shoes of light silk were on her feet. Her hair was ornamented with flowers made of jewels; she wore three or four pair of bracelets; her earrings were over an inch long, enormous things of gold and three gaudy stones.

The girl was fair to see, in that her face was smooth and plump, eyes large and dark, mouth small and round, hair of jetty hue and figure petite and graceful.

Hanging over a chair by her side was a sealskin sacque, such as is worn by fashionable American ladies. The girl eyed it admiringly and every few minutes stroked the soft hair with caressing fingers.

"E-Sang," she called. A curtain was pushed aside and a short, heavy Chinese woman in blue cotton blouse and trousers stood revealed.

"Look," said the beauty. "I have a cloak like the American ladies. Is it not fine?"

E-Sang nodded. "I wonder at Moy Loy," said she. "He is not in favor with the Gambling Cash Tiger and is losing money."

"Moy Loy did not give it to me. I bought it myself."

"But from whom did you get the money?"

"If I let out a secret, will you lock it up?"

E-Sang smiled grimly and her companion sidling closer to her, said: "I took the money from my brother—it was my money; for years he has been working to make it for me, and last week he told me that he had saved four hundred dollars to pay it to Moy Loy, so that I might be free from him. Now, what do I want to be free for? To be poor; to have no one to buy me good dinners and pretty things—to be gay no more? Lin John meant well, but he knows little. As to me, I wanted a sealskin sacque like the fine American ladies. So two moons gone by I stole away to the country and found him asleep. I did not awaken him—and for the first day of the New Year I had this cloak. See?"

"Heaven frowns on me," said Lin John sadly, speaking to Moy Loy; "I made the money with which to redeem my sister and I have lost it. I grieve, and I would have you say to her that, for her sake, I will engage myself laboriously and conform to virtue till three more New Years have grown old, and that though I merit blame for my carelessness, yet I am faithful unto her."

And with his spade over his shoulder he shuffled away from a house, from an upper window of which a woman looked down and under her breath called "Fool!"

AN OLD GRIZZLY BEAR HUNT.



NE of the first bear hunts by Americans in the far West is described in the piquant journal (recently published by Dr. Elliott Coues) of that forgotten pioneer surveyor, hunter and wild spell, Jacob Fowler. It took place on the Purgatory river—the cowboys' "Picketwire"—77 years ago; and poor Lewis Dawson was probably the first American to find a grave in Colorado. In this quaint account, all Major Fowler's bronco spelling is retained, but some punctuation is added to make it easier reading.

"13th nove 1821 tuesday 1821.

. While Some Ware Hunting and others cooking, Some Picking grapes, a gun Was fyred off and the cry of a White Bare [grizzly] Was Raised. We Ware alf armed in an Instant and Each man Run His own cors to look for the desperet anemel—the Brush in Which We camped contained from 10 to 20 acres Into which the Bare Head (bear had) Run for Shelter, find (ing) Him Self Surrounded on all Sides threw this conl glann [Col. Glenn] With four others atemted to Run, But being in their way and lay close in the brush undiscovered till the Ware With in a few feet of it—When it Sprung up and caught Lewis doson [Dawson] and Pulled Him down in an Instent, conl glauns gun mised fyer or He Wold Have Releved the man. But a large Slut Which belongs to the Party atacted the Bare With such fury that it left the man and persued Her a few steps, in Which time the man got up and Run a few steps, but was overtaken by the Bare. When the conl maid a second attempt to shoot His (gun) mised fyer again and the Slut as before—Releved the man Who Run as before—but Was Son again in the grasp of the Bare Who Semed Intent on His distruction—the conl again Run close up and as before his gun Wold not go off the Slut makeing an other attact and Releveing the man—the conl now be come alarmed lest the Bare Wold pursue Him and Run up Stooping tree—and after him the Wounded man and Was followed by the Bare, and thus the Ware all three up one tree—but a tree standing in Rich (reach) the conl stepped on that and let tha man and Bare pas till the Bare caught Him (Dawson) by one leg and drew backwards down the tree. While this Was doing, the conl sharpened His flint, Primed His gun and shot the Bare down While pulling the man by the leg before any of the party arived to Releve him—but the Bare Soon Rose again but Was Shot by Several other (men) Who Head (who had) got up to the place of action—it Is to be Remarkd that the other three men With Him Run off—and the Brush Was so thick that those on the out Side War Some time geting threw—

I was my Self down the crick below the brush and Heard the dredfull screams of man in the clutches of the Bare—the yelping of the Slut and the Hallowing of the men to Run in Run in the man will be killed and noing the distance so grate that I cold not get there in time to save the man So that it Is much Easeer to Emagen my feelings than discribe them, but before I got to the place of action the Bare was killed and (I) met the Wounded man with Robert Fowler and one or two more assisting him to camp Where His Wounds ware Examined—it appears His Head Was In the Bares mouth at least twice—and that when the monster give the crush that was to mash the man's Head, it being two large for the Span of His mouth, the Head Sliped out, only the teeth cutting the Skin to the bone Ware Ever the tuched it—so that the skin of the Head Was cut from about the ears to the top in Several directions—all of Which Wounds Ware Sewed up as Well as could be done by men In

our Situation, Having no Surgen nor Surgical Instruments—the man Still Retained His under Standing but Said I am killed, that I Heard my Skull Brake—but We Ware Willing to beleve He was mistaken—as He Spoke cheerfully on the Subject till in the afternoon of the second day, When He begun to be Restless and Some What delereous—and on examining a Hole in the upper part of His Wright temple Which We believed only Skin deep We found the Brains Workeing out—We then Soposed that He did Hear His Scull Brake. He lived till a little before day on the third day after being Wounded—all Which time We lay at camp and Buried Him as Well as our meens Would admit. Emedetely after the fattal accident and Haveingdone all We cold for the Wounded man We turned our atention (to) the Bare and found Him a large fatt anemal. We Skined Him but found the Smell of a polecat so Strong that We cold not Eat the meat—on examening His mouth We found that three of His teeth Wase broken off near the gums Which We Sopose Was the caus of His not killing the man at the first bite—and the one not Broke to be the cause of the Hole in the Right (temple) Which killed the man at last.”

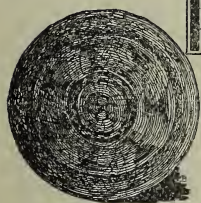
A SOUL IN BRONZE.

A NOVEL OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY CONSTANCE GODDARD DU BOIS.

Author of "The Shield of the Fleur-de-lis," "A Modern Pagan," "Columbus and Beatriz," "Martha Corey," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.



IT was two o'clock when Antonio rode up Johnson's grade in the dazzling moonlight, which, reflected from the white granite walls of the cañon, was like the glare of a calcium light, throwing dense black shadows beneath every tree and buttressed cliff. The stillness was intensified rather than broken by the occasional hoot of an owl and the wail of the coyote.

This was the theatre of the hold-up. Here for the first time Dorothea had spoken to him. He remembered her brave eyes and the pathetic pallor of her face. He recalled, too, the tumultuous emotion that had stirred his heart at the soft pressure of her unconscious head upon his shoulder. He had loved her at that moment; but how much more truly now that she had so often blessed him with her smiles and friendly words. His love was the breath of his life. He could not resist it nor reason against it, any more than he could resist the impulse that filled his lungs.

As he moved with uplifted head in the full consciousness of his manhood, he was ready to do and dare all that a man may. In the vast serenity of the wilderness the petty conventions of life shrank into nothingness. Circumstance and condition

were things within a man's shaping. The daring of his hopes had overleaped the chasm of race lines. Baring his soul to the glorious light of heaven he felt that he was worthy, and might be blessed.

It was not Dorothea's kindness which had suddenly transformed his thought; rather, it was the jealous apprehension which he had recognized in Burke's glance. It was not scorn alone that he had read there, but a certain terror of his influence. One is not feared without a cause. Antonio began to sing an old, half-forgotten Spanish love-song. Having reached the top of the grade he rode down the slope and over the level plain like an arrow shot from the bow.

The day was broad and bright when he entered the rancharia at Casa Blanca, but all was silence and desolation. No men were abroad in the fields. No smoke-wreaths rose above the chimneys. The place was empty of its inhabitants. An old gaunt dog, ownerless, and befriended only by Antonio, crawled out from his bed by a smouldering hearth-fire and licked the newcomer's feet.

It hurt him that the tribe should have so little confidence in the success of his mission. He had fancied that eager outposts would recognize him, and give the first report of his promised arrival.

Having fed and stabled his weary horse, he made his way to a well-like pool, where he stripped and plunged in the icy waters, out of which he rose refreshed. Making his toilet with what care he might, he breakfasted on the sandwiches which Dorothea's hands had prepared, then took his way to the village, looking for such stray bits of information as come unasked in a country neighborhood.

The first rusty-coated farmer whom he met fulfilled his expectations. "Hallo, Lachusa," he said. "We want you for the grape harvesting. I came down this morning to hire a lot of Indians, and find the hull lot of 'em off to Leona at a fiesta where that low-lived Marco has led them to set up a rebellion, I should call it. The bucks are dancing in their war paint, and they've bought a keg of whiskey at Jennings's store. They'll make a week of it and my grapes rotting on the vines. One hand hardly counts, but you're a good worker. Will you come? I'll give you a dollar and a half a day."

"I should be glad to, but I have business on hand," replied Antonio.

"Want a taste of that whiskey, I suppose. Well, one don't count, no way. I'll go over Hilton way and hire."

He whipped up his nag and was soon out of sight. Antonio stood irresolute. He walked past the school-house, a spot beloved for its associations with Dorothea, and mused awhile in the shadow of the fig-tree where he had first met Mrs.

Leigh. Retracing his steps, he paused in surprise, observing that the school-house door stood ajar. He ascended the steps and looked within.

A low table at one side of the small living-room was spread with Dorothea's silver toilet articles, combs, brushes, mirrors, boxes, and manicure-sets. Antonio knew by sight the photographs which stood among them. The most conspicuous was that of an elderly man, with a handsome face bearing traces of dissipation, yet preserving a certain inborn grace. This was Dorothea's father, whom she had enshrined in a heavy silver frame. She talked constantly of her father and Antonio knew that she adored him. He now saw to his surprise a stranger, dust-stained and weary, seated in Dorothea's chair; and recognized with even greater surprise that he was the original of the silver-framed portrait.

Antonio pushed the door and the stranger sprang to his feet, a look of expectation, almost of fear, in his eyes.

"Are you employed by Mrs. Aguilar?" he asked. "I came to see her and Miss Fairfax."

"They are making a short visit at Magnolia ranch, fifty miles from here," replied Antonio, eager to be of service to Dorothea's father.

"I came in, since no one answered my knock. The neighborhood seems deserted. I met no one on the way. I planned my coming as a surprise, but I might be regarded as an intruder. I do not care to give my name. If you are here to guard the premises you may fancy I am planning to fill my pockets with these nick-nacks. One degenerates into a tramp after a long drive over these dusty roads."

As he spoke he pointed to the silver ornaments upon the table, then paused and blushed, recognizing his own portrait among them, and observing that the Indian had also become cognizant of the likeness. He continued, "If I cannot see the ladies I will attend to a matter of business. Can you tell me where I can find a man called Samuel K. Jennings?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

ANTONIO'S look darkened, "Mr. Jennings is postmaster," he answered, "and he keeps the store and saloon."

"Yes, that is the man. Is he in the store, I wonder?"

"He is often away, but you can easily find out. It is half a mile over yonder. Anyone will show you the way."

"I should prefer to meet Mr. Jennings elsewhere than at the store," said Fairfax. "Can you do me the favor of inquiring if he is there? Give him this card, if you please."

He took a card from his pocket, wrote a few words on it, placed it in an envelope which he sealed and handed to Antonio. "I will wait here till your return," he said.

Antonio never willingly set foot in Jennings's store, but he would have sacrificed much for Dorothea's father, and he went quickly on his errand. It was unsuccessful. Mr. Jennings had gone to Hilton, and was not expected to return until evening.

Fairfax heard this discontentedly. He seemed consumed with impatience.

"You say the ladies will not return today; no one else, I suppose, will come. Well, I will spend the day here. I may say that I have a right to Mrs. Aguilar's hospitality. You see she has my photograph there." Antonio nodded his comprehension.

"I shall sleep all day, no doubt," continued Fairfax. "I have traveled far, and have had little rest. Can I depend on you to find out the exact hour of Mr. Jennings's return, to deliver that envelope to him at the first possible moment, and then to come back and show me the way to the Bonanza mine, where I have asked him to meet me? It is near here, I believe."

Antonio nodded again. "A mile to the east over the hill," he answered.

"I wish to keep my presence here a secret, at least till I have seen Jennings," continued Fairfax. "Can I depend on you?"

"Most assuredly," replied Antonio. "I will watch for his coming, and deliver the note. Then I will come back and be at your command."

"I will pay you well for your trouble," said Fairfax.

The light came into Antonio's eyes. "It is a pleasure to me to serve you," he answered. "A friend of Miss Fairfax is my friend."

Fairfax looked at him keenly. It occurred to him that Dorothea had spoken with enthusiasm of some of her protégés. He vaguely remembered that a certain name had occurred frequently in her letters. Was it possible that his daughter, the treasure of his soul, had allowed a native Indian to call himself her friend?

"There is some mistake here," said Fairfax haughtily. "I know Miss Fairfax well. I believe she has no friends with whom I am not acquainted. I understood that you served Mrs. Aguilar in the capacity of servant or care-taker or something of the sort."

"I am not paid for the service," said Antonio. "It is freely given. I am likewise most happy to oblige you."

Left alone, Fairfax flung himself upon a couch and tried to sleep, but miserable thoughts kept him waking. So this was the home-coming that he had pictured in lively colors! He

came unannounced and in fear, meaning to see Dorothea secretly and win her consent to a European journey on the plea of a sudden business engagement. He was sure she would make the departure as hurried as he chose. He would sell the gold mine, and give up all his plans, anything rather than live in a neighborhood made hateful by the presence of Samuel K. Jennings.

Guilty fear had tortured him when he read that well-remembered name upon the page of Dolly's letter. He had placed his dearest hostage, all unwittingly, in the very camp of the enemy. He might still have found a way of escape, but his affairs were in order, his ticket was bought, the surprise for her was planned before her letter came; and a certain manly shrinking from the acknowledgement of defeat, made him unwilling to confess, even to himself, the weakness of his position.

It was still possible to avoid the meeting with his enemy, or to carry it off with a high hand. Jennings's reputation was of a sort to discredit any statements that he could make; and as for actual evidence, what had he now that he could not have used any time in the last twenty years? What that would not equally implicate himself?

"I have given the creature cause to hate me," he confessed. "But that is no reason why I should fear him. He is a coward himself at heart."

It was, however, with a desperate consciousness of an approaching crisis that Fairfax entrusted to Antonio the note which asked a meeting of the man whom he had spent the ingenuity of years in avoiding. It was an act already regretted. Why had he not left Casa Blanca as secretly as he had come, joining his daughter and making his way to the harbor where the ocean offered him a wide refuge? It was not yet too late to do this. He could not recall his note, but Jennings might visit the goldmine on a fruitless quest. More than once he placed his hand upon the door-knob, but something held him back. It was, in fact, the latent instinct of the man of honor who cannot turn his back upon a foe. Fairfax had long since lost the finer qualities of the soul. But some premonition told him that he stood in the last ditch. He must conquer or yield to ignominy. He wished to face the worst from very impatience of the threat of it. And he hoped against hope that he should once more prove himself more fertile in resource than the lesser mind that had opposed him.

He often consulted his watch. The hours dragged heavily. He found some bread and cheese and ate it, sitting in Dolly's chair, and fancying her his vis-a-vis. How he loved her! How every wish and purpose in life was bound up with her! How he prayed day and night for the chance to live and die

unsullied in her thought of him! He did not fear God's judgment. It is the saint, not the sinner, who realizes the sharp smiting of the sword of divine wrath. Fairfax shrank only from that judgment day when Dorothea should know him as he was.

At last he fell asleep, and dreamed of long-forgotten days and scenes known in childhood; and thought that he felt his mother's kiss upon his forehead.

CHAPTER XIX.

ANTONIO had much to do before he could think of rest. He must cross the mountains to Leona, he must confront Marco, win the election, and be back in time to keep his promise to Mr. Fairfax. The fiesta grounds at Leona were well chosen on a grassy plateau, and for the temporary accommodation of the revellers the men had built a village of those idyllic sylvan huts which an Indian can construct almost as readily as the Arab pitches his tent. The uprights are firm and strong. The walls and roofs are of green wattled boughs. The sunshine falls through the interstices with a subdued light as if it came through stained-glass windows. A few boards make table and chairs; blankets furnish a bed; and in such a hut, beneath such a sky, the world-worn pessimist might forget his cares and learn new joy in living.

Since it was not yet noon, and the night's potations had been heavy, most of the men were within doors sleeping. The women were abroad washing garments in the brook, carrying water and chopping fire-wood for the preparation of the noon-day meal. Marta met Antonio with a cry of delight.

"Good news," he said. "The bonds have been raised, and we shall have a new hearing."

Marta carried the tidings from hut to hut. Several of the younger men roused themselves and followed her to learn from Antonio the details of his success.

"I suppose you are counting on our promise to you," said Felipe, who buttoned up his coat to conceal the loss of his watch and chain which flaunted openly on the red blouse of Manuel.

"Yes," said Antonio, "and I had counted on your promise not to gamble. You have been playing peon."

"And what if we did," retorted Felipe, with the pugnacity born of the after-effects of bad whiskey. "You are not the one who will stop us. And Diego said that if you had been here you would not have wanted us to dance the catamount dance. You are a white man at heart, that is what is the matter with you! You are a white man, and you are in love with a white girl. I have heard from those who ought to know."

Fire flamed in Antonio's eyes. "What did you hear?" he asked in a voice that awed Felipe in spite of himself.

"It was Marco who heard it at Jennings's saloon," he said in a surly tone. "Miss Bessie Wilson was talking to Jennings in the store. She was angry because Mr. Burke rode like mad after the stage you went in, and Jennings, who hates Burke, would not believe her when she said that he was in love with Miss Fairfax. 'Oh, no,' says Jennings, 'she has a red man for a lover, that precious sneak Lachusa, who is trying to fool the Indians by playing white man and red man both. She's no better than she should be, and he's good enough for her.'"

The world spun around before Antonio's vision. The blood sang in his ears. It was well for Samuel Jennings that he was thirty miles away.

Felipe shrank aside affrighted. "It was not I who said it," he exclaimed. "You told me to tell you of it."

Antonio bit his lip till the blood came. "Yes, I told you to tell me," he repeated. "I did not guess that I must hear that reptile's lies. Well, Felipe, ask Diego to sound the call for voting."

"There are two other candidates," said Felipe. "Marco has put up a man, since he cannot run himself—Diego's son Carlos."

"A half-witted drunkard; no one will vote for him," remarked Antonio. "Who is the other?"

Felipe hesitated. "I never break a promise, and I will vote for you," he said. "I could not prevent it that others put up my name."

Antonio laughed. "Really, Felipe," he said, "I could almost believe that you had studied politics among the white men!"

Felipe went off with a lowering brow. When Diego brought out the flat stave of seasoned wood, attached to a twisted thong, which by rapid whirling in a practiced hand produces a dull resonant vibration, unlike any other sound in nature or art, sleepy men tumbled forth into the sunshine. Marco, wide-awake and alert as ever, came with Carlos, his dummy, who was in his usual state of silent inebriety.

"He is a safe man," Marco declared. "He knows more drunk than half the others sober. He will never interfere with your right as free men to gamble if you choose."

This argument was well thought of, nothing being so dear to the heart as the favorite game of peon. But Felipe's adherents suggested that he also had no prejudices, and yet was a more decent man to serve as head of the tribe.

Antonio realized the situation at a glance, but he did not allow himself to be disturbed by it. He began his speech by reminding those of his hearers who lived upon the reservation at Casa Blanca of the jeopardy in which they stood, and of his

successful efforts to secure a new trial. He told the inhabitants of Leona and of more distant places that the eviction of their friends might be followed by their own, if occasion should arise to make their land of value to the avaricious white men.

"We must stand together, shoulder to shoulder," he declared. "Let us avoid above everything dissension among ourselves."

He then reviewed the circumstances of his history, and alluded to the unjust charge that he was disloyal and a white man's sympathizer. Had he not returned and cast his lot with theirs, asking nothing but the privilege of serving them in the highest office within their gift? Education was a good thing, although it might be put to evil uses. "We all long for something better and higher," he continued. "One man tells the teacher that he never will be content until he has a five-room house with a sitting-room and lace curtains at the windows. Will you say that such ambitions are disloyal to the poor old men who dare hope for nothing more than six feet of quiet turf in land owned by their fathers? No! The old must go their ways. We bare our heads and listen to their advice. But the world is young, and every new day brings a new hope."

He watched his audience closely and saw that general truths were not the sort to move them. He descended to the particular, explaining his intended methods for the exploitation of the borax mine, for the employment of labor, for the share of profits. He enlarged on the need of education, and spoke of the possibility of a higher private school to supplement the Government work. He disclosed his plans for its management, offering to be its head and to give his services free. He must first have absolute power, subject to correction by the casting of each annual vote. It might be worth their while to give him a year's trial.

Here pausing as if to recover his breath, he beckoned to a young man standing near and whispered in his ear. The young man responded with an immovable countenance, and on a motion from Antonio resumed his place. What Antonio had said to him was this: "Have you become decided in your mind, Samuel, since I have been speaking?"

"I have not rightly decided," was the answer, "but I think on the whole I favor Felipe."

Antonio had made Samuel, one of the most intelligent of the younger men, the type of the tribe, and he accepted his answer as conclusive.

Upon this the speaker changed his tone. "Who is this Marco," he exclaimed, "that he should dictate our nominations? And what captain does he propose for us? A drunken reprobate who will be his tool. We want a young, intelligent man, a strong man, a brave man, one who never betrays his friends. And since there is nothing I dread for us so much as

division and strife, I withdraw in favor of Felipe, and I ask that the vote be made unanimous."

At last he had carried his audience off their feet. The younger men cheered, the older men nodded approval. Marco tried to speak, but was dragged and hustled from the field. Carlos followed him, offering consolation from the inevitable bottle. A circle was formed, the votes were cast, and without a dissenting voice Felipe was chosen Captain of the tribe.

Antonio entered his cousin Manuel's *ramada*, stretched himself in a corner, and pulled his hat over his eyes.

"He has not slept for two days and nights," explained Marta, and she came and sat beside him, and insisted on his eating a savory stew, redolent of garlic, before she would leave him to repose. When she had gone Felipe entered, and crouching upon his heels near Antonio, shook him into consciousness. "What did you do it for?" he asked in a low voice, "Are you angry with me? Do you believe me to be a traitor?"

"No, you are a good fellow and will make a good captain. I did it to defeat Marco and unite the tribe. It was the only way."

Felipe held out his hand. "I am your friend," he said. "You know more than any of us. You have a brain. So have I; but yours is like a wrestler's muscles; mine is rusty and slow. If you will help me with your advice, Antonio, I will do my best to carry out your plans. And I came to tell you that if you will be judge I will nominate you and you can be elected."

"I had thought of that," answered Antonio, smiling brightly, "but I would rather take no office till I can gain unanimous support. I can afford to wait."

Antonio slept in the midst of the noisy gayety of the fiesta, in a hut where men and women, children and dogs had free ingress, while the noon-day meal was cooked and served.

Marta who had promised to wake him at an appointed hour bent over him reluctant to break his heavy slumber. A neighbor's daughter stood beside her at Antonio's side. "Is he not *muy hermoso*!" she exclaimed. "He is the handsomest man in the tribe, and still unmarried. I wonder, Marta, if he will dance with me tonight?"

Marta flung her a sidelong look of scorn. "You are not the only girl who is sighing for Antonio," she exclaimed, "but all may sigh in vain. Some day he will be Captain. He has a great future before him."

"Who will he marry?" asked the girl.

"Why should he marry any one?" said Marta. "Some men are great enough not to care for women."

"But that is a pity," sighed her companion. "A man with such a mouth and eyes, a straight nose like a white man, and strong as a lion,"—

"Oh, begone!" cried Marta. "You would sicken him, if he could hear you. Go make up to Carlos. He has no wife. I am going to wake my brother now, and he is not going to stay for the dance. He has pressing business at home."

CHAPTER XX.

ANTONIO reached the store just as Jennings descended from his carriage.

"What do you want?" asked the postmaster in a loud, surly voice, which interested the loungers on the steps.

"Here is a note I was asked to hand you," replied Antonio presenting the missive.

Jennings took it with a swaggering air, tore it open and read the words on the card. His face changed quickly from apprehension to vindictive delight.

"All right, I'll be there. Was that what you were to tell him? Where is he?"

Antonio gave no sign of comprehension. "I was told to give you the note," he said.

"Well, curse you, you have done it. If he's hiding about here, tell him I'm ready for him anywhere or any time." He smiled, showing the pointed edges of his teeth, and going to his desk, took from it a couple of folded papers and a pair of revolvers, depositing these in the inner and outer pockets of his coat. Antonio saw the action, but turned in time to avoid betraying the fact, and went at his swiftest stride to the school-house where Fairfax was watching for him in a fever of impatience.

"Mr. Jennings is back, and will immediately meet you at the mine," said Antonio. "Perhaps it would be better to let me keep near you. Mr. Jennings is a dangerous man. He is sheriff. Perhaps that is why he always carries a revolver."

Fairfax blanched. "Sheriff!" he exclaimed. "Set a thief to catch a thief!—Show me the way as quickly as you can. There is a bill for you. Then keep out of the way till I have done with him."

"I wish no money," said Antonio. "I am glad to do anything I can to assist you."

"Well, make haste! I'd like to get there first."

"I will take you by a short cut," replied Antonio, and with the elder man pushing breathlessly after him, he descended the slope of the cañon to the gold-mine; then at Fairfax's repeated command he left him alone.

Fairfax approached the entrance to an abandoned stamp-mill whose door hung on one hinge, while dust and rust in-

vaded the motionless machinery within. He walked across and looked down the shaft, which was half full of water. He picked up a piece of ore which lay at his feet, and examined it with the eye of a connoisseur.

"It is not exactly like the samples which were sent me," he said, smiling grimly. "Jennings is on top this time."

As he turned, he came face to face with the postmaster, who swaggered up to him, his hands deep in the pockets of his coat.

"Well, Teddy, we meet again!" he said. "Have you come to examine your new property? I hope you find it in good shape."

"Quite as good as I should have expected if I had known that you were in the sale."

"Oh, I have laid low," said Jennings with a loud guffaw. "I am a sleeping partner here. I've taken to legitimate business, and married a rich man's daughter. But how goes it with you, Teddy? You paid up well for the mine."

"Drop that!" said Fairfax. "The mine is sold, and so am I."

Jennings laughed until the tears stood in his eyes.

"You can see the beauty of it," he said. "You have so often done the thing yourself. The biter is bit, with a vengeance. Well, to business. What are your intentions?"

"I am waiting to hear yours," replied Fairfax.

"Then we may as well come at once to the point," said Jennings, pressing closer to him. Fairfax had his hand upon the butt of the revolver in his belt, but his companion had not appeared to notice it. Now, he continued, in a drawling voice, "I wish to remark, Teddy, that I've got the drop on you. I have a revolver in each outside coat pocket. My finger is on the trigger, and the muzzle is against your side. Stand perfectly still, please, and oblige me by throwing that pretty little gun of yours down on the grass there where it will be out of reach. Is that all you have about you?"

"Yes," said Fairfax, with a gasp of angry desperation. "I don't go doubly armed as cowards must."

"I have to, you know," said Jennings, confidentially. "It is in the way of business. I am sheriff here, Teddy. Perhaps you did not know what a great man I am. My father-in-law got me the place. It is convenient in my dealings with the Indians, and it gives me some variety. After an active life a man can't settle down and rust. We have some lively times here, and I must confess when I tried for the place, I was thinking a little of you. I don't forget old pals, even when they have betrayed me."

"For God's sake, stop your talk and tell me what you want! You are holding me up for something, I suppose."

"We are coming to that. Don't be in a hurry. If my hands were not occupied, I could show you a document I have had ready ever since I had reason to expect you at Casa Blanca. It is on an old count, but it is not yet out of date. I have seen to that. It is a warrant for your arrest on the charge of murder."

Fairfax had trembled like a leaf, but he now recovered himself.

"That is absurd," he said, "I cannot be held for that."

"There are other charges, forgery, conspiracy, and the like, which I could have used as well," said Jennings, "but there is more red tape about them, and they can be brought up if this fails; but you can't get off, I tell you. The old book-keeper, you know, was found gagged and half strangled, and he died of the injuries a week after the bank was robbed. I proved my innocence of that, but you fastened the robbery on me, you know, and got off through your father's connivance, while I was put behind the bars. I owe you something for that; and I have waited until I could pay the debt. Now I think I can do it handsomely. It took me several years to recover a letter you wrote the day of the robbery. You knew the letter never reached me, and you thought my sister had destroyed it for your sake. She did a good many things for your sake—but she kept that for mine. You remember what it said. You asked me to go early to the bank and unbind the old man. You had to hit him harder than you meant. You had always liked him and did not mean to injure him. Oh, it is all there in black and white, proving that you struck the fatal blow, proving that your testimony against me was perjury. There is mighty little that precious letter does not prove. I would not part with it for the price you paid for the Bonanza mine twice over."

Fairfax reeled like a drunken man.

"Now, all I ask is this," continued Jennings. "Walk quietly up to the store and get in the carriage I have ready for you. My men will drive you to the station and tomorrow you will be comfortably lodged in town at the expense of the State till we can bring your affairs to the attention of the authorities in New York. I won't make a scene if you won't. I won't even clap the handcuffs on you, as I have a right to."

Fairfax groaned like a baited bull. He suddenly remembered Dorothea, and desperation shook his soul. He cringed to his enemy. "Let me off this time, Jennings!" he said with a half sob. "I'll pay you well. You've earned all you care to ask. You're a clever fellow, but you can't make much out of this thing, unless you want a ransom. I'll pay you all I have."

"That's handsome, but it won't go down." replied Jen-

nings. "I want exactly what I've got, the chance for revenge. Do you think that a man is a log of wood, to spend years in a state prison on a false charge without being willing to sell his soul for revenge?"

"You know you were not an innocent man," said Fairfax. "You contrived the robbery and I executed it, that was all. I was your tool."

"And now you are my prisoner," said Jennings drily. "I'm getting tired of this. Please walk along in the direction of the store. It is necessary that I should keep the drop on you; but I don't want to be obliged to hurry your steps."

Fairfax obeyed, and the two men proceeded at a leisurely pace down the uneven, rocky road, long disused and washed into deep gullies by the winter storms. Fairfax felt the tortures of the damned. It was not fear of the extremest penalty of the law which daunted him, but fear of the look which he must meet in Dorothea's eyes.

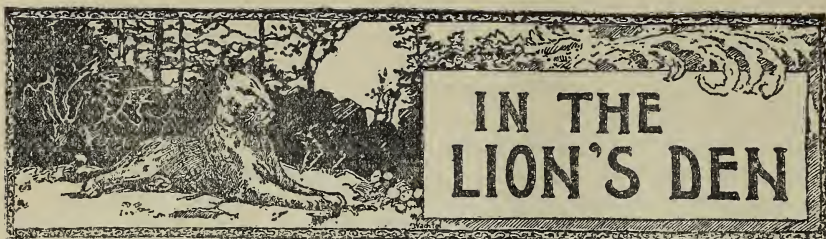
Jennings held his right hand still in his pocket. He had drawn the other revolver, but he kept a constant watch upon his prisoner, seeming to fear him even when disarmed. Fairfax walked along as if oblivious to outward circumstances, but in reality he was keenly alive to the slightest detail of his position. He observed that as the difficulties of the path increased, Jennings found it impossible to preserve his attitude. Covering his prisoner with the weapon held in his left hand, he attempted to disengage the other from his pocket. At the same time a jagged boulder caught his foot and caused him to stumble forward.

It was the moment Fairfax had awaited. With the rapidity of a tiger that leaps upon its prey, he drew a slender Spanish stiletto from the sheath which hung unobserved on his right side beneath his coat, and, bending, struck his enemy in the neck. Jennings fell face downward on the dusty ground. The useless weapon dropped from his nerveless hand. Fairfax bent over him and stirred him with his foot, taunting him; but no muscle quivered.

Jennings was dead, with wide-open eyes, and lips parted as if to speak. He had died so suddenly that his face was not distorted with a look of pain. In an instant from a breathing man he had become a lifeless image of clay.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





"Lo the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds and hears Him in the wind."

Much more enlightened is our modern caper—
We see and hear Him in the daily paper.

President McKinley is said to be greatly annoyed by the word "Imperialism." There are Americans who do not so much mind what you call it; they are concerned about the Thing. A nation was never yet extinguished by a noun; but the fact which a noun defines has snuffed out many an empire.

ALGER'S

LONG

SUIT.

The conventional "commission" appointed for that purpose will find that Secretary Alger acted in self-defense in killing off two thousand American soldiers. Or findings to that effect. His machine acquittal was forecast from the first—and serves everyone right but him. When a man with Mr. Alger's former record can be set in one of the highest places of the government, what business have we to complain that he remains the same Alger? Even a presidential appointment cannot change the leopard's spots.

But the funny thing amid this shame is that a politician cannot see past his own nose. No whitewash ever "stuck" in history. A President may "vindicate" one of his cabinet, if he deems it the intelligent thing to do. But what then? Is anyone deceived? Is Truth whipped into line with the administration?

The verdict will suffice, in this easy land, to save a Secretary of War from dismissal. He will be "vindicated" now, and politely smuggled out by the back door a little later—for the party dare not carry him into another presidential campaign—with his "Spanish honor" intact.

But there are longer measurements than Washington red tape; and Mr. Alger's enduring suit has been fitted. From now on, so long as there shall be history, those who know of Russell A. Alger will know of him as the person whose incompetency slew six times as many American soldiers as the enemy did; the only disgraceful Secretary of War the United States ever had in its first century and a quarter of life.

"SEEK

CONSTANCY

IN WIND."

Day before yesterday, as it were, we were telling naughty children in our politics that if they didn't behave old England would come and eat them right up. A great many of our statesmen acquired what muscle they have by assiduous twisting of the Lion's Tail. A national policy could have no stronger argument in its favor than that it was the particular policy England didn't want us to adopt. A measure was as good as damned if its opponents could make us believe England would like to see us pass such a measure. The logic was strong enough to unseat a President of the United States — when a rather sorry creature got and divulged a quasi-official letter indicating that England would be pleased with that President's re-election.

Today, the strongest reason (next to the "hand of God") why we should go on to conquest, is that dear England wants us to, and blood is thicker than water. And we call the French a volatile people.

Evidently there is something behind the vindictive attacks on one express company with reference to the war-revenue stamp. The banks make us put the stamp on our checks and notes. The tradesman quietly adds five cents to the price-mark, instead of bothering us about stamps. Every industry that is taxed gets even—and we “pay the freight.” But we never think of murmuring except at the wicked express company. There are no suits to coerce the banks, nor to enjoin merchants from marking up goods.

This magazine neither hates nor loves corporations as corporations. Like men, they are to be judged each by its individual fruits. Everyone knows, who knows the West intimately, that if there is anywhere a corporation with a soul; a corporation that is “straight business,” free from corrupt politics and Trust methods, it is the pioneer Wells Fargo Express. Its president, John J. Valentine, is one of the most valuable citizens California ever had; and its policy has been steadfastly clean and enlightened. It is a living lesson in what a corporation can be made by brains with conscience.

The Lion does not know, nor much care, what may be the motive of the crusade against Wells Fargo for doing what everyone else does unchallenged; but that it is a patriotic or high moral motive, is not in his jaws to swallow.

There is still time for any American to protest who will. We have a President who likes to know “the will of the people.” He has somewhat imagined that the folks who have time to go down to the station and see the train go by (in the small geography between Washington and Omaha) are The People. This, however, is a mistake. They are not—probably not even in numbers, certainly not in weight. For in this country the thoughtful minority generally rules in the long run. Even now, if every citizen who understands and reveres the Constitution; who would not have his country abandon the moral principle upon which it was founded, of human rights, nor the business sense by which it has grown rich in minding its own business—if every such one will put himself on record, the chances are for winning. There are strong Anti-Imperialist Leagues; and any man who believes with them has a right to be enrolled. Names can be sent to Erving Winslow, Secretary A.-I. L., Washington.

The California winter is upon us. These are simple enough words; yet worse than Greek to all that have not been so overtaken as was Saul of Tarsus by a personal proof. To seventy per cent. of the people of the United States, “winter” means disgust, discomfort, danger; a term of shipwrecks upon an iron-bound coast, of blizzards that freeze humans and brutes to death, of rigors that imprison fifty million people for a third or a fourth of the year almost as stringently as if they were in Sing-Sing, and that threaten them with mortal peril whenever they evade the turnkey. It is the season which slays more Americans with pneumonia alone in three months than were killed in our late war; and plants the seeds of consumption in a hundred times as many. The cold which rends iron and stone, and paves swift rivers, is not exactly kind to man, whom it stiffens if it gets a fair chance at him; but it is far less fatal than the hibernation to which it drives him. He does not go out much; and when he does he is armed against the cold like a knight in mail. But he cannot escape his house and office; sealed against God’s air, superheated until all vitality is gone from the atmosphere, and poisoned with humanity. Not one per cent. of the air the Easterner takes into his lungs in the winter is decent to be breathed by a cleanly being. A California winter is another story. Our windows are open (if we have common sense), and our lungs are swelled with the free air of heaven. We sleep under heavy blankets in a ventilated room—and go out in the morning to pick orange blossoms or roses or the wild

flowers that carpet uncounted leagues. The air is brisk as champagne, the sky such a transparent glory as was never dreamed in the East, the birds and butterflies are all about, and our babies play bareheaded (and maybe barefooted) outside the door. And imminent upon the sky-line, cowed in snow, the California mountains—nearly twice as tall as the highest peak east of Kansas, and many times as noble—bend motherly above the flowery land that is suckled at their white breasts.

That is winter as we know it, and as heaven meant it for man. The East (where nearly all of us were born and bred) was doubtless intended only for those who would spoil if not kept in cold storage.

IN
MANY
KEYS.

That Truth is a lady who has not acquired the bicycle habit is patent not only from her costume but because she comes over all sorts of roads. She comes from Bishop Potter: "It is not a question what shall we do with the Philippines, but what will they do with us." And from Philosopher Dooley just as straight: "We have got the Philippines. We have got them the way Casey got the bull-dog—by the teeth."

BY TOTE
OF THE
PEOPLE.

There is a curious sensation in facing what is to us as a people perhaps the most significant feature of 1898—as it is certainly the least discussed. It is impossible to deny that in the last few months this republic has precisely reversed its world-policy. The most inflamed imperialist does not deny it, but finds sonorous, pious and tempting excuses.

If we are ready to proclaim that other people have no right to self-government, have we adopted the new principle for ourselves also? A change of national policy greater, deeper and farther reaching than all the changes put together that American congresses and Presidents have devised and the American people decided, in more than a century, has been made—or at least so far made that it is calculated we cannot back out—without one word of discussion in congress, without the casting of one ballot. All by the sweep of one hand.

In this republic the destinies of a dog-pound are not decided without a vote. Are the destinies of the nation to be? If a majority of the citizens of the United States wish to turn this from a republic into a colonial empire, well and good. But unless we are suddenly become a national Trust let us at least have the chance to say yes or no.

SAVE IT
FROM
ITS FRIENDS.

The New England Anti-Vivisection Society might probably win more converts to a good cause—and the protest against the brutalities of vivisection is a good cause—by being a somewhat less numerous assortment of grandams. There are people whose deepest religious motive it is not to be vaccinated; and others who thank God daily that they are as Col. Sellers in their ability to subsist on turnips. But when the magazine of the N. E. A. V. S. puts vaccination, vivisection and the eating of meat on a par in the category of crime, as it does, it shuts the door upon its own coat-tails of usefulness. It is as much an insult to humanity to be a fool as to be a brute.

It is encouraging to know that Pomona College is \$100,000 better off than it was last year. It is an institution of which California has a right to be proud—a sincere, working college, not a pinchbeck counterfeit of a university.

The death of Dr. William Pepper, of the University of Pennsylvania, is a personal loss to every man who cares for American scholarship.



THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

The market is flooded with "timely" books—and almost barren of books that will endure even a little time. The right book is always timely; the book which is nothing but timely is never good for anything. Our newspapers have lowered every other standard; and now their influence is felt in literature. The war and its corollaries, for instance, have brought forth a host of books which are not books but merely bound newspapers; in possible size and on decent paper, but of the basic character of the daily—made in a hurry, to be read in a hurry and in a hurry forgotten.

Another of the admirable series of "Stories from American History" is *Tales of the Enchanted Islands of the Atlantic*, by THE ENCHANTED ISLES. that rare old type of gentleman and scholar Thomas Wentworth Higginson. It is well to have at last in popular form so graceful conservation of those numerous and poetic myths which pointed toward, or possibly sometimes touched, pre-Columbian America. Some legends so familiar as those of Arthur and Merlin reappear here; but nearly all of the twenty numbers will be entirely new to most readers. All are written with Col. Higginson's well-known charm and with his characteristic scholarship. It is hardly exact, indeed, to say that "the first explorers of New Mexico thought that the pueblos were the Seven Cities;" nor to quote "Cabeza da (de) Vaca's strange voyage" as is done; but the book has few even of these trivial slips, and is highly entertaining from cover to cover. The Macmillan Co., N. Y. \$1.50.

Charles Frederick Holder's well-known gift for putting plump FIVE and personable flesh upon the dry bones of scientific fact is MILES again proved in *The Treasure Divers*, "a boy's adventures in the depth of the sea." While books of its sort nowadays cannot be DEEP. judged just as if there had never been a Jules Verne, and while hardly another has ever matched the Frenchman's peculiar legerdemain in making impossibility possible, Prof. Holder's story will find no captious critics among the boys and girls for whom it was written. They will follow the gallop of its adventure and care little whether the *Dolphin* could stand the pressure of five miles deep in salt water. It's enough that she "got there" and had "great larks." And they will be unable to keep from learning a good deal about the curious animal life at the surface and in the abysses of the sea. Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y. \$1.25.

A Golden Sorrow, by the late Maria Louise Pool, is an enter- LOVE taining if somewhat perplexing novel of New England tourists IN in Florida. A very intelligible Yankee hero, a rich, riotous but ST. AUGUSTINE. not altogether unredeemed Spaniard, a poodle-dog with long hair and the dramatic instinct, and a heroine who is more kinds of a riddle than even a woman need be—these are the chief actors in a plot much more unexpected and exciting than Miss Pool's usual plots. There are other characters less prominent, but drawn with enough vitality to enable us to share the author's dislike of them; there are humor and tragedy both, and enough local color to be flavorful and not wearying. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

AND DIDN'T UNDO HIM. *Mr. DeLacy's Double*, by Francis Eugene Storke, is a curious story which will appeal to many by the very qualities wherein it makes the judicious grieve. Written in stark journalese, and without a smell of literature anywhere about it, with a clumsy and undigested plot, it has nevertheless a certain earnestness. Its *motif* is spiritualistic and absurd, but of a line along which many minds wobble—the actual presence with us of our loved dead. Telepathy, spirit photography and various other “physhic” imbecilities are here in dead earnest, and with some vitality, despite their absurdity. The Continental Publishing Co., N. Y. \$1.25.

THE CURSE OF GOLD. A rather stirring story of Chicago speculation is Will Payne's *The Money Captain*. The unintermittent fever of it, the folly, the corruption and yet the fascination of it are projected with considerable strength; and the characters—or several of them—have a good deal of vitality. “Dexter” himself, the Duke of Gas, is much the strongest drawing in the book, and one would almost say the most admirable character. Mr. Payne has an excellent feeling for the balance of good and evil in the same personality; and gives humanity to the powerful, immutable, kind-hearted corruptionist; to “Leggett,” the newspaper mixture of man and rascal; to “Nidstrom,” the well-meaning and weak putative hero. The book is comfortable reading for easy hours. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.25.

MONKEYS WHILE YOU WAIT. When the *Review of Reviews* thinks with its scissors it is entertaining and of some worth—as any tolerable digest of the views of many periodicals must be. But when it tries cerebration on its own sole account, it too seldom fails to make a spectacle. Its latest distinction is to print the silliest and most mendacious article the whole war has engendered, and from the pen of its most despicable scavenger, the unutterable Creelman. Either Dr. Shaw is monumentally unteachable about America, or his mental processes are of the sort that should not try to soar above clippings.

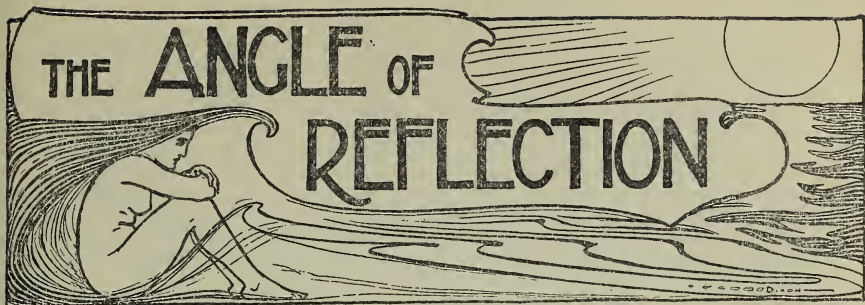
HANDSOME CALIFORNIA CALENDARS. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, publishes a very handsome and effective *Stanford Calendar* for 1899, which all friends of the eye-opening university will prize. The college cardinal encarnadines the paper; and the graceful, if Gibsonesque, drawings by Blanche Letcher (a Stanford girl) are characteristic and interesting. Another issue by Robertson is *The Boys of '98*. This has nothing to do with the Irish Rebellion as the title might imply, but is a calendar for 1899 with drawings, by Gordon Ross, of our volunteers in camp in San Francisco. Each calendar sells at \$1.

We cannot have too much Gelett Burgess at his best; and at his best are two new issues from the Sign of the Lark—a more attractive edition of *The Purple Cow*, and a *Lark Almanack* for 1899. Doxey, San Francisco. 50c each.

A new and competent journal of American archaeology is to be started in Washington this month, with F. W. Hodge (of the SUNSHINE staff) as managing editor.

In the December *Atlantic Monthly* Prest. David Starr Jordan has a deep and adequate article on “California and the Californians.”

The *Arena* denies that it is dead. It has acquired new owners and new managers, and means to go on living. *Stet.*



BY MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM.

Now that Christmas is over and each one of us has sent his conscience out as a committee of one to draft resolutions for the New Year, it is an excellent thing for the mental man, and an imperative necessity for the physical woman, to sit down and rest a bit beside the dying Yule-fire. And while one is resting, there can be no great harm in thinking a little—at least until conscience brings in its report and lashes one away from such unprofitable employment. "One man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found" who is entirely satisfied with her Christmas giving. What she honestly intended to be a spontaneous expression of regard, came to be a matter of book-keeping. She "remembered her friends" by writing their names in lists and checking them off; and in her anxiety not to forget those whom she loved well enough to fear they would "expect something," she neglected many of those who loved her too well to expect anything. Sitting in the twilight she is constrained to take some of the ashes of the Yule-log and sprinkle them upon her head as she remembers how often in the whirl and hurry and anxiety of holiday generosity she has forgotten that "peace on earth" is quite as important as "good will to men."

BY THE EMBERS
OF THE YULE LOG

At the end of this festival season many of us feel as if we, like our country, had just emerged from a war of benevolence, and although unlike her, we have shed no blood in our efforts to prove the kindness of our hearts, it is nor unlikely that in our nervous anxiety to promote happiness we have made those nearest and dearest to us feel our good deeds very keenly at times. No doubt the near and dear ones are willing to be sacrificed for our better aspirations, else they were not so dear even though near, and the aspirations are good, no matter how imperfectly we may work them out.

CHRISTMAS
SHORTCOMINGS.

Most of our generosity originates in good thinking and feeling, even when it ends in injustice, and good thoughts and feelings, which are assuredly very prevalent in our day, are not to be underestimated as factors in social progress since they furnish the power that moves the world. There is vast room for improvement in the machinery, but very elaborate machinery may stand idle for lack of power—a lack which no observant thinker can complain of just now. When we have learned to turn our good will to men to account in promoting peace on earth the

social problem will be solved. The happiness of mankind has shifted from a question of intent to one of ways and means. Unselfishness is in the air. If we have not good motives for our acts, individual or national, we are constrained to feign them. If we adopt a child from the street it must be to save it from evil, not to gratify our vanity and support us in our old age; if we "acquire" the Philippines it must be for their mental and moral advancement, not for our temporal gain. There is, therefore, a lesson to be learned from hypocrisy, since men do not generally pretend until society has made known its exactions. And it is a good thing, however bad it may seem to us at times, that everything, even to the anomaly of war, must find its excuse in altruism to day.

THE WILL

AND THE DEED.

There may be a ray of comfort in all this for those of us who have betaken ourselves to the ashes of the Yule-log, to repent of our Christmas short-comings. Perchance the good intent of our holiday giving may have added infinitesimally to the uplifting of society even though its poor performance but swelled the list of blunders. Of a certainty those who want to do right may learn how if they be so minded, while God alone knows whether those who want to do wrong may help themselves or be helped by anybody. Next year, being wiser by a twelvemonth, we shall do better whether that better be more or less.

Women who are tired in every nerve and fibre from the season's demands if they do better another year will assuredly do less.

THE PENALTY OF

INGENUITY.

Americans perpetually pay the penalty of their own invention. Ideas are not allowed to crystallize into customs with us, but are shoved out of the way annually to make way for something new. Even the stupid people who are without originality and if left to themselves would of necessity repeat themselves, have learned to expect a new spectacle at every turn. No merchant dares to decorate his window as he did a year ago, and the Christmas tree must bear a dazzling succession of new and marvellous fruits for every midwinter harvest.

Transplanted intelligence coping with the rigor of not over-fertile New England farms, developed an ingenuity which made the Yankee one of the wonders of the world; and the child of those conditions who had to do—or do without—is the real inventor of the mechanical toy which your small son watches for a little and then turns from discontentedly to beg for some new diversion.

THE SPRING

GONE DRY.

The extinction of the small farm in America, with its countless demands for originality and invention, its long winter nights of study and its long summer days of experiment, will be felt more as years go on.

The children who invented their own playthings, made different men and women from those who are so surfeited with the invention of others that even curiosity is dulled.

THE DEW

OF CHILDHOOD.

And yet these children of the kindergarten, the Sloyd, and the manual-training school will not of necessity be worse because they are different. More restless they will be no doubt, with a tendency to feverishness from crowding, and consequent friction, and because of this it is well for us to keep a jealous watch over the simplicity of their little lives. To give them more earth and sun and air, that they may grow stronger and taller spiritually and a trifle nearer the blue sky than their parents.

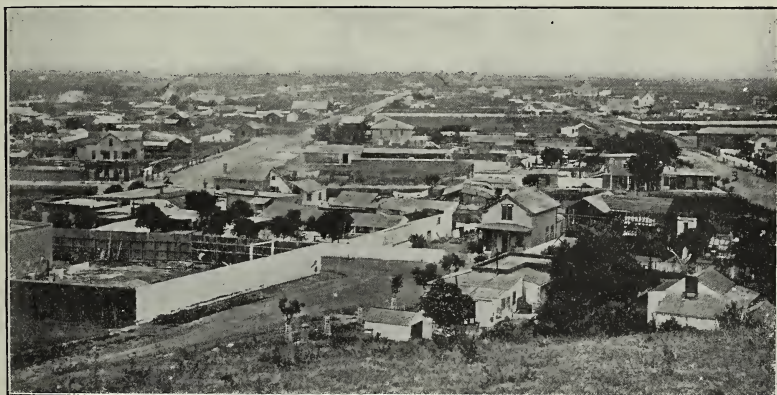
If Christmas is in reality the children's festival, as we all are so fond of saying, let us make haste to simplify it, for it is we and not they who have made it a burden. He who makes it hard for children to be happy, by giving them more than they can assimilate or enjoy, brushes the dew from their lives and sprinkles them with dust.

A MAGIC GROWTH.



NEARLY every American city grows; but no other American city has ever grown at such a gallop as Los Angeles. No other has multiplied its population by ten in twenty years. Not even the two great metropolises of the New World, New York and Chicago, have ever matched that astounding gait. Two decades ago a sleepy little adobe hamlet, mostly of Spanish-speaking people, with a few American pioneers and a total population of 10,000 to 11,000; today a beautiful city, American in its language, its culture, its commerce and its homes, and a population of 110,000—that is the record of Los Angeles, the chief city of a semi-tropic realm which has been growing in like measure.

For more than a century the site of the City of the Angels has been appreciated by Caucasians as one of the loveliest on earth. Its founders and early settlers preferred it to the fairest spots of sunny Spain and the



LOOKING SOUTH IN 1878. FROM THE PRESENT COURTHOUSE SITE.

richest valleys of Mexico—and as travelers know, that is the highest praise. For more than half a century such of our own people as saw it have been quick to recognize it as the loveliest spot in America. Frémont, Bayard Taylor, and all the other educated men, who were among our first visitors to the Pacific Coast, were struck eloquent by its charms. From their day to this, those who best know the other chosen spots of earth have been most fascinated here.

The swift impulse of growth befell the little town only a dozen years ago, when the beginning of railroad competition and a war in rates suddenly made it easy for thousands of Easterners to see for themselves the California which had been so long to them—and to all the world—a name of enchantment. As the fare to Northern California was \$100 or so and to Southern California, at various stages of the rate war, from \$5 to \$25, the tide of visitation instantly and unchangeably set towards Los Angeles. The dozen years since have not availed to deflect the current. It is another case in which the northern end of the State has small cause to be grateful for railroad mercies. It has seen an unparalleled flood of migration pouring, all these years, into neighboring counties, and has been unable to secure more than the overflow.

For a tremendous proportion of the curious tourists who came out,

when low fares tempted, to "see what California was like" found it like what they desired. Thousands remained off-hand, severing the home strings as best they might. Thousands went back East only for long enough to "sell out and to get out"—to dispose of their property, pack their trunks, and come to make their home in "God's country."

It was, in cold fact, the most extraordinary transference of population in the history of the world. It exceeded in numbers even the unprecedented gold-rush of '49; and in character it was unlike any other migration in human story. It was not a rush of pioneers, nor of adventurers; it was not a shifting of population by the block. It was a movement of educated, law-abiding, well-to-do people to get better homes. California was so visibly and so vastly superior to any home they had ever known before, that even the conservative habit of dying where you were born could not stand against it. It was the first enormous migration of conservatives. The shiftless, the pauper, the criminal, could not afford to jump 3000 miles and found a home anew; and broadly speaking the only class that came was of those intelligent enough to be able to follow the course they think best.

From the first inrush of that remarkable flood, the progress of South-



L. A. Eng. Co.

Photo. by Maude.

LOOKING SOUTH, DEC., 1898, FROM THE COURTHOUSE TOWER.

ern California has never halted. The growth has been swift and sure in every direction. The arid slopes have turned to green farms, sheep-pastures and bare hills have become beautiful cities; the sleepy "Land of the Afternoon" has suddenly become a world-wide synonym for enterprise and development.

The Los Angeles of today is confessedly one of the most beautiful cities in America—and it grows more beautiful every day. Its public buildings and its business blocks, its street transit, lighting and other urban advantages would do credit to any metropolis; and no metropolis can match its lovely homes. A city where nearly every man owns the house he lives in; where nearly every house has its lawn and flowers, which flourish the whole year round; where life is kinder to children and women and old folks, and pleasanter to the strong, than in any other State in the Union; a city well arranged and well governed; a city well cultured and alert at once, and with a local pride that is so strong as to be incomprehensible in cities that have less to be proud of; a city whose destiny, judged soberly by its record, is of the most brilliant—that is Los Angeles in the beginning of the year of grace 1899.



American Eng. Co.

From photo by courtesy of H. C. Lichtenberger.

THE PRESENT COUNTY COURTHOUSE SITE AS IT WAS IN 1884.



American Eng. Co.

Photo. by Pierce.

THE LOS ANGELES COUNTY COURTHOUSE, 1899.

THE LAND WE LOVE

(AND HINTS OF WHY)



Mausard Collier Eng. Co. A CHRISTMAS DAY IN CALIFORNIA.



Mausard Collier Eng. Co.

THE IMP ORANGE.

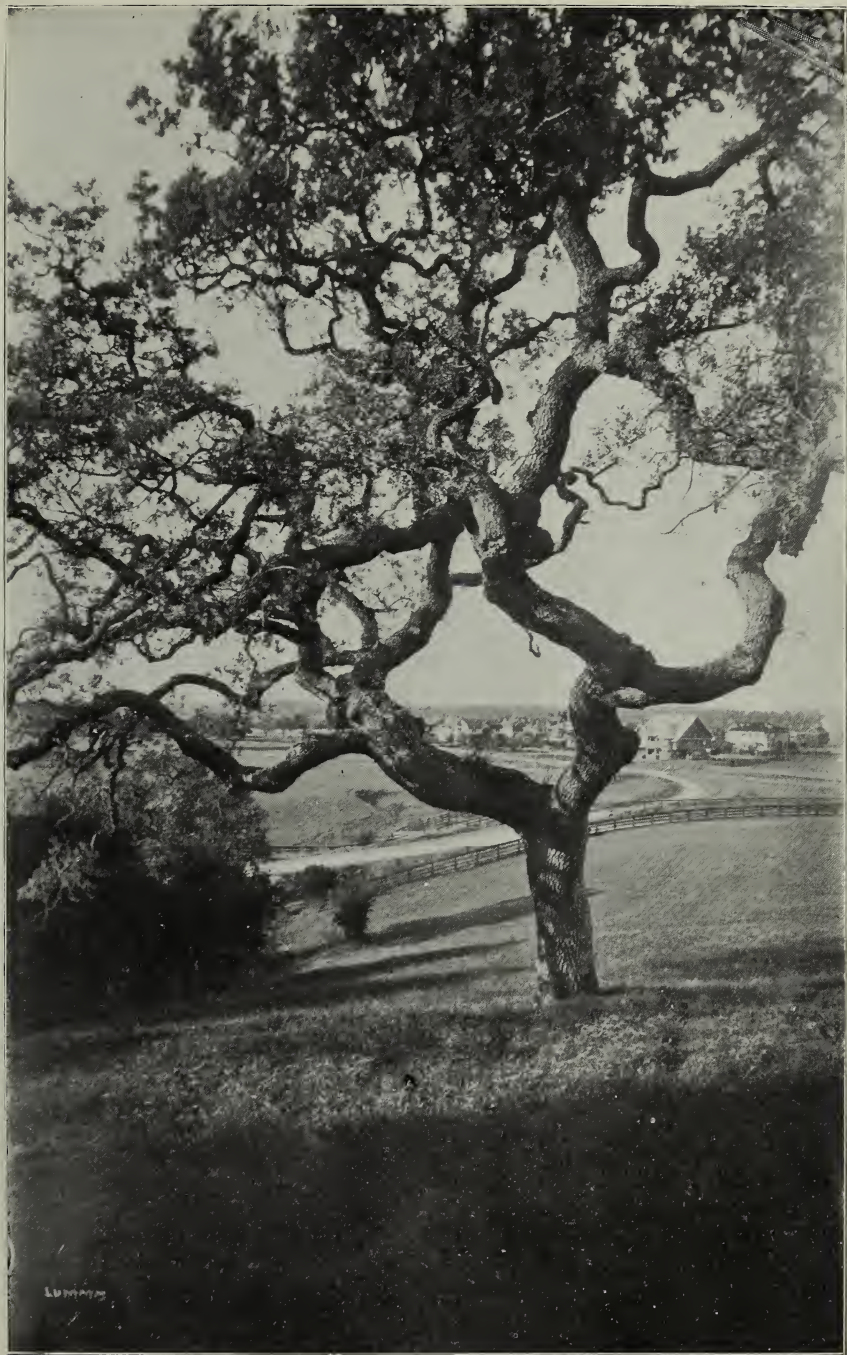
Photo. by E. E. Malory.

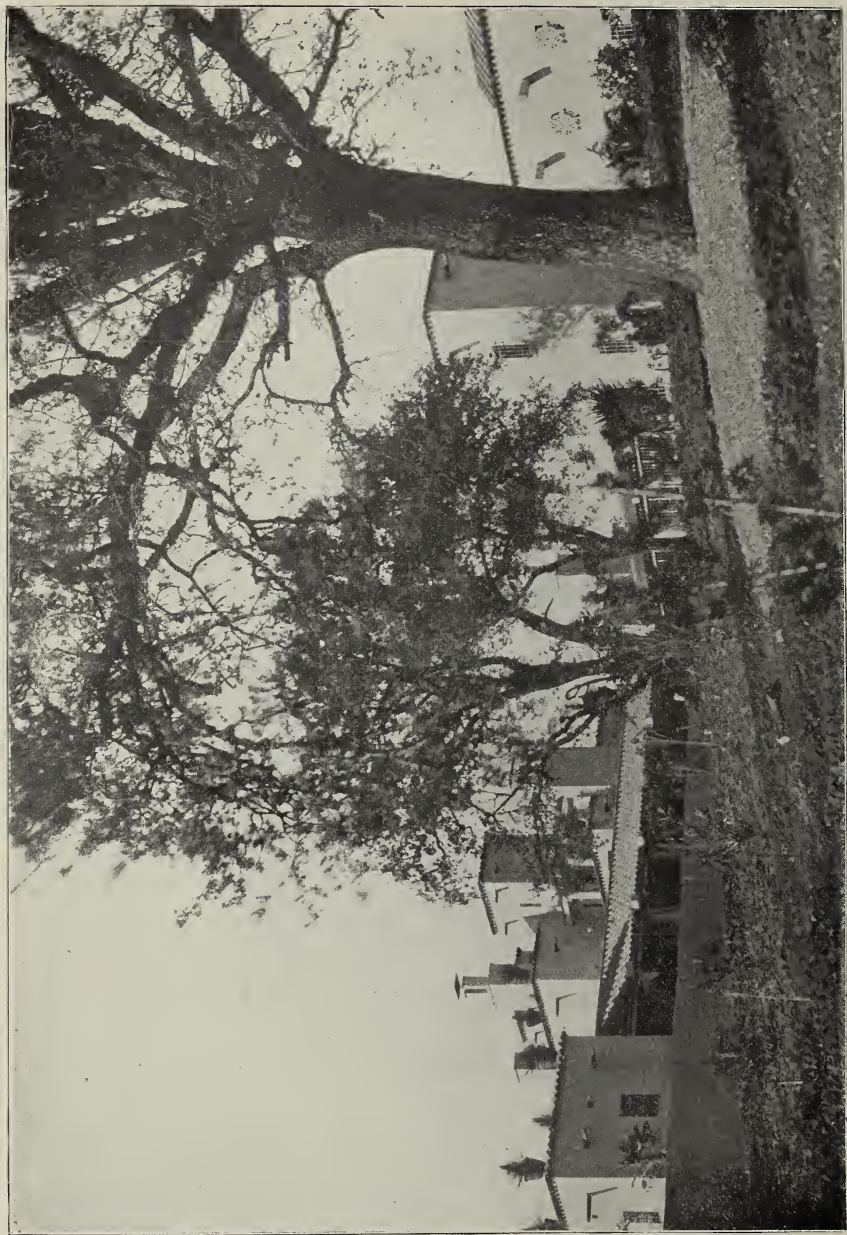




L. A. Eng Co.

A PUZZLE PICTURE—MIRROR LAKE.





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MRS. PHOEBE A. HEARST'S "RANCHO DEL POZO DE VERONA."

Photo. by C. F. L.

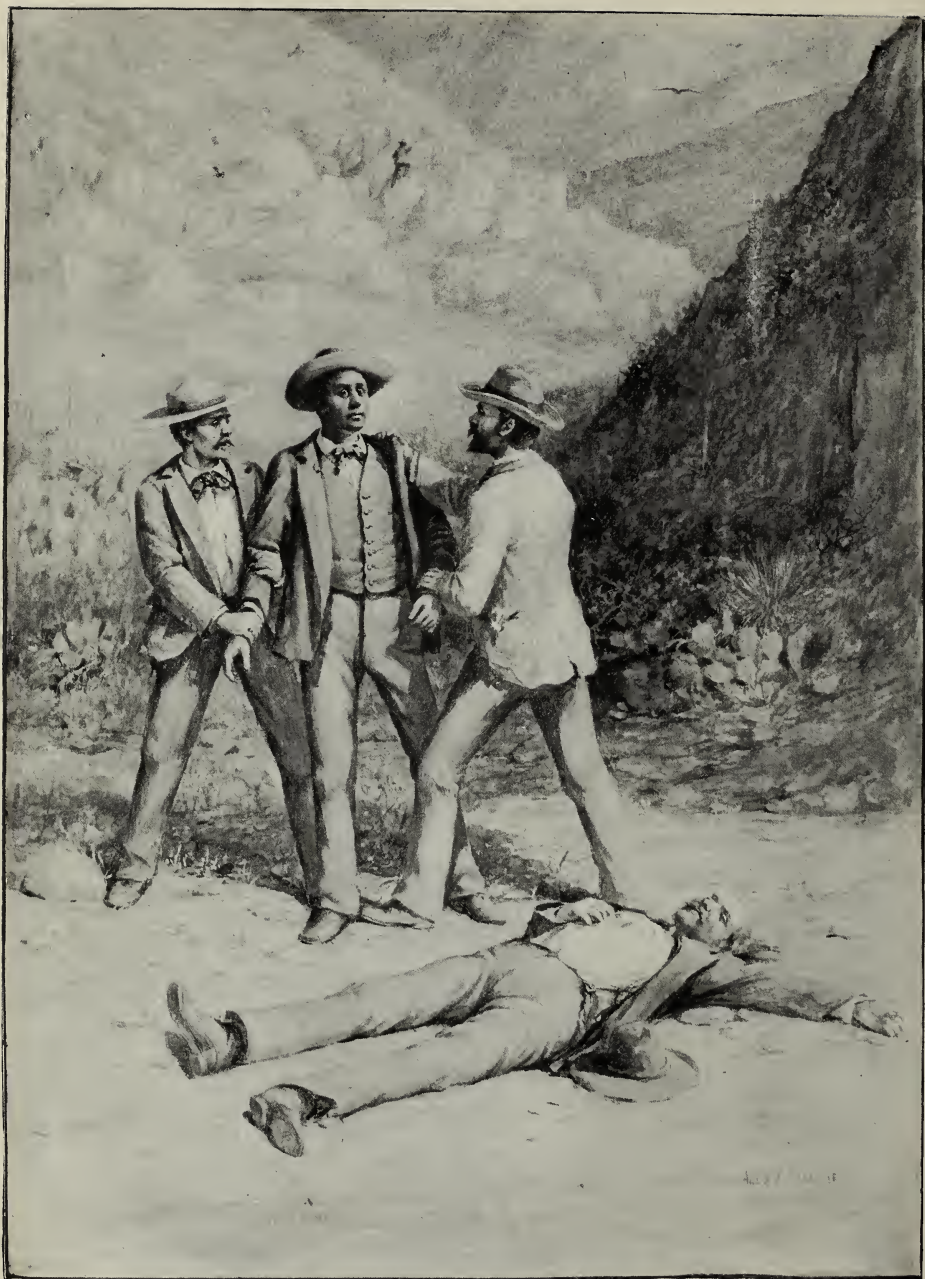




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HOLLENBECK PARK.

Photo. by Mande.



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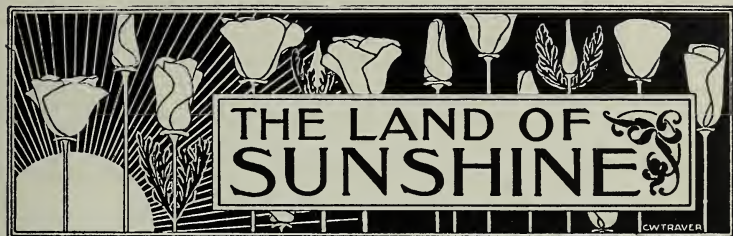
THE ARREST OF ANTONIO.

Drawn by Alex. F. Harmer.

(See "A Soul in Bronze," p. 134.)



"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 10, No. 3

LOS ANGELES

FEBRUARY, 1899.

THE WAY OF WOMAN.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

The Red Folk of Los Angeles town
Believe all things from heel to crown
Were made by two good brother-gods.
The last touch put to clouds and clods,
And all between 'em—well he might—
The older brother slipt from sight.
The younger now left quite alone,
Contrived some comrades of his own,
The sort to find and count on when
In trouble ; they—of course—were men.
He had just finished off a friend,
And set him nicely up on end,
When who appeared, chemised in white,
But she The Lady of the Night,
The fair, much-travelled Mistress Moon !
She came, perhaps, a bit too soon ;
The god felt twingeings in his pate,
But she was meek, at any rate,
And maybe she would help him love
His friends. She proved a very dove
For meekness ; sweet and, oh, so white
When she stood looking in the door,
Guarding the wigwams in the night,
It was all silver on the floor,
And over and over fairy gleams
Went dancing through the sleepers' dreams.
The men-folk flourished—red or white,
We thrive when everything is bright—
Until the gleams forgot to play,
And all the shining died away.
What ailed their darling foster-mother ?

They didn't fly into a passion,
But kept their eyes out, Indian fashion ;
They watched her and the younger brother.
One night—the clouds had come and gone—
They found out what was going on :
The two were loving one another !
'Twas habit, now, to look around,
And soon they something further found—
The dearest little creature, either
Moonshine or Indian ; no, 'twas neither.
They guessed and guessed till, by and by,
One with a patient, gracious eye—
A poet, seer, prophet, may be—
Declared 'twas some sort of a baby ;
Declared, too, while the afflatus tarried,
That Papa and Miss Moon had long been married.
The little shining, sweet half-sister,
The poet blest her, almost kissed her,
Then softly gave her to their arms,
A bunch of graces and of charms,
Ere long so like her fickle mother
They could not tell the one from t'other.
Long, long they waited at the door,
Foster-Mamma came nevermore ;
And own Papa no more came he :
Why had they gone, where could they be !
The truth was slow in leaking out,
But now we know beyond a doubt.
Papa took wings, flew up and on,
Beyond the wigwam of the dawn ;
And that she might be ever nigh,
Ensconced his sweetheart in the sky,
Where now she is, and aye shall be,
For all the envious world to see.
Your paleface mystery may not down
The Red Folk of Los Angeles town.
'Tis plain, they say, while love will change,
Plain why the woman's heart will range,
One place today, another tomorrow,
Swinging the world 'twixt joy and sorrow.
Baby, the first of womankind,
Had her mother's beauty and her mind,
Had all her loveliness, her art
To play upon the human heart :
Woman, moon-born, love's heaven must range,
As the moon changes she must change.

SEEKING THE LOST ADAM.

BY DR. WASHINGTON MATTHEWS, U. S. A.



BLACK HORSE.

IF YOU stand on the northern brow of the Carrizo mountains, about seven miles west of the boundary line between New Mexico and Arizona, you will behold an extensive panorama; to the west you will see the red deserts of Arizona; to the northwest, some dark, pine-clad summits in Utah; to the northeast, the great white peaks of Colorado, clad in eternal snow; and to the east, the tawny valley of the Chaco, the dry mesas and plains of New Mexico. Between you and the Colorado mountains lies a dreary, sage-covered land. In its lowest level, some 15 miles away, you can, with your field glass, discern the cottonwood groves which mark the course of the San Juan, as it flows on its way to the Colorado of the West. The view is grand but desolate. The sides of the Carrizo mountains are dark with pine and spruce; the comparatively level summit is nearly destitute of timber, but is green with a short and not very luxuriant growth of grass. You stand not on a range of mountains but on a somewhat circular mountain mass, not more than 12 miles in diameter in any direction.

Pastora peak, 9420 feet above sea level, is the highest point. He who stands upon it and gazes on the lesser eminences that immediately surround it, will recognize the propriety of the Navajo name for this group — Dsilnaodsil, Mountain Surrounded by Mountains. Carrizo is Spanish for reed (*Phragmites communis*), and was applied by the Mexicans to these mountains probably by mistake. The Reed mountain of the Navajos is the Lókachokai, the mountainous plateau which lies immediately south of the Carrizo. Lókachokai signifies great white arrow-grass, and is the equivalent of the Spanish carrizo.

In May, beautiful clear streams pour down the sides of the Carrizo, but a few weeks later the rocky beds are bare. Again, during the brief summer rains, the water flows at times to be absorbed by the sands at the base of the mountains; but when autumn comes all is again dry. During the season when the plains and mesas below afford scanty food for the Navajo's sheep some flocks are driven to the mountain pastures, and this pasturage is about the only economic use of the mountains. Game is scarce there. When you have ridden over them in every direction you will probably conclude that, as a financial speculation, you would not take the whole tract as a gift and pay the taxes on it.

But to the hungry eyes of men who gazed at these mountains, across the San Juan valley from the heights of Colorado,



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CROSSING THE CREEK AT WHEATLANDS.

(The Tuincha Mountains)

they seemed a paradise and a land of wealth. They were on an Indian reservation—that was enough, in itself, to make them coveted; but in addition to this there had been for years



CAMP ON EASTERN SLOPE OF THE LOKACHOKAIS.



L. A. Eng. Co.

THE "HAYSTACKS."

a legend circulating among the mining camps of Colorado of a great mine in the Carrizo mountains called the Lost Adam. The legend said that miners had gone prospecting there and had found great wealth ; but after they had built a cabin and started to dig they were set on by the Navajos who "massacred" them all except the one that escaped to Colorado and



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OUR CAMP ON THE TSEHILEE.

(Looking toward the Black Mesa)



L. A. Eng. Co.

GENERAL, MC COOK.



L. A. Eng. Co.

SANDSTONE FORMATIONS.

(Between Carrizo and Lokachokai Mountains.)

told the tale. For years after this legend was invented, parties of prospectors continued to intrude into the mountains and cause trouble with the Indians. Men on the borders of the reservation sought to stir up a war, on paper at least, and the newspapers had often occasion to make announcements of



L. A. Eng. Co.

NAVAJO WEAVERS AND WOOL-CARDER.



L. A. Eng. Co.

CAÑON DE CHELLY.

Photo. by Wittiek.

"Atrocities by Red Devils," of "Settlers Fleeing for Their Lives," and other items of the same sort.

To put an end if possible to these troubles, and settle forever the question of the value of the Carrizo mountains as a mining region, Gen. A. McD. McCook, while in command of the military Department of Arizona, with headquarters at Los Angeles, determined to make an official exploration of the country. If mines of value were found, it was proposed to purchase the land from the Indians at a fair price. If no mineral wealth were discovered, the sooner prospectors knew it, the better.

Three commissioners were appointed, viz, Gen. McCook, Ex-Gov. John L. Barstow of Vermont and Prof. J. G. Allyn of New Mexico. A troop of the 2nd Cavalry under command of Capt. E. J. McClernand and a detachment of Indian soldiers formed the escort.

The writer went along as medical officer. Prof. Allyn was a mining expert and assayer; but in addition we had two other mineralogists and assayers and an experienced Western prospector to perform the special work of investigation. Mr. Cecil Baring and Mr. Robert McCook accompanied the party as lookers-on. No newspaper reporters were allowed to go with us to the Carrizo mountains; but Capt. Jack Crawford, the Poet Scout, came as a correspondent as far as our first camp on the Tse-hilee, and there he left us.



L. A. Eng Co

MANUELITO, THE FAMOUS NAVAJO CHIEF.



L. A. Eng. Co.

COLUMN OF RED, HOMOGENEOUS SANDSTONE,
NEAR CARRIZO MOUNTAINS.

We left Fort Wingate, New Mexico, on the 12th of May, 1892, and were gone just 29 days, 14 days of which time were spent in the Carrizo mountains. The expedition was perfectly organized from beginning to end and we encountered no hardships. I presume all who participated in the journey look back to it as a pleasure excursion. The scenery along our route was for the most part picturesque, and although much of it might have surprised one unused to the strange freaks of nature in the Arid Region, to old dwellers in the Southwest it possessed but little of novelty. The accompanying views

show the more interesting scenes along our route.

We were able to take our wagons as far as our camp on the Tsehilee at the western foot of the Lókachokai mountains. From here to the Carrizo mountains we had to use our pack-train. We crossed the Lókachokai mountains from Tsehilee in one day and camped on the 17th in a spot of rare beauty. This was a verdant bench on the eastern slope of the Lókachokai. Around us the aspen, the birch and the oak were beginning to put forth their spring buds. These were overshadowed by the tall tops of the pines. Behind us—to the west—rose a high rocky pinnacle on which the snows of winter still lingered, while before and below us the barren mesas and plains spread out to the distant base of the La Plata mountains. To the north, our goal, the Carrizo mountains, bounded the view.



L. A. Eng. Co.

LOKACHOKAI MOUNTAINS, FROM THE CARRIZO FOOTHILLS.

Capt. Hughes, who wrote the account of Doniphan's famous Expedition in 1846, says of these mountains, or of the neighboring and similar groups of Chuska and Tuincha, that they consist of granite piled upon granite into the region of eternal snow. Our train led us over one of the highest points in the range. We saw only a few small drifts of soft, fast-thawing snow, and our Indian companions told us that within another month not a trace of it would be left. The Lókachokai mountains are covered with thick forests of pine (*pinus ponderosa*) and spruce (*Pseudotsuga taxifolia*.) They seem an excellent place for game, and no doubt game once abounded here. A few deer, wild turkey and dusky grouse may still be found, it is said.



L. A. Eng. Co.

SOME VISITING NAVAJOS.

Our party killed one black bear, one grouse and one deer on the whole trip, but saw nothing else to shoot except the beautiful little Abert's squirrel which abounds among the pines. Our Indian soldiers made great havoc of these, and on the morning after we crossed the mountains every one of the dusky hunters wore a bushy tail in his hat band.

As soon as our party arrived in the Carrizo mountains our experts began to explore in every direction with great energy. Plenty of mineral was found, beautiful to behold but worthless. The monuments and landmarks of former prospectors were discovered in abundance also. Fearing that we might have overlooked something of value, Gen. McCook sent word to some persons who were known to have prospected the mountains and located claims in them, asking them to come and show their discoveries, assuring them of protection in their rights if the claims had any value. Several of these gentlemen came promptly to our camp and showed us where they had staked out the Boggy Snoggy, the Lucky Bill and other felicitously named mines; but they showed us nothing that our experts had not already discovered.

One of our visiting prospectors assured us that he had struck very rich ore. Being asked who assayed it, he mentioned the name of a firm of dealers in general merchandise at Las Vegas. This reminds one of Gov. Peck's famous Nebuchadnezzar Mineral Spring, whose water had been analyzed by the chemist of a livery stable.

But the prospectors were not our only visitors, while in camp at the mountains. Many Indians came to see us, some of whom were invited to counsel with the commissioners about the sale of the mountains. One of these was Manuelito, a noted warrior and chief of the Navajos, since deceased. He and General McCook had known one another many years ago when the General served as a young officer in New Mexico. Their warm regard was mutual, their meeting cordial; but all this did not make Manuelito willing to part with his land. "How much will you take for the mountains in case the white men wish to buy them?" the chief was asked. "A pile of silver as big as the mountain," he replied. Another chief who came to the council was Black Horse, a man of great local influence in the neighborhood of the Carrizo mountains.

On the morning of June 1st we left the Carrizo mountains, and at night camped once more on our verdant bench on the eastern slope of the Lókachokai. We crossed the Lókachokai and reached our old camp on Tshílee creek on the following day. Here the wagons were sent back to Fort Defiance to await us there, while the mounted party, with the pack train, proceeded to explore that paradise of the antiquarian, the Cañon de Chelly. Chelly is but a Spanish spelling of the

Navajo name. The Indians apply the name to all branches of the cañon; but of late years the United States Geological Survey has applied to the important north branch of this high-walled valley the name of Cañon del Muerto, because members of the survey exhumed a few corpses from one of the ruined cliff-dwellings there. As this name is now displayed on all government maps of the region, I suppose we will have to accept it. It was, then, into the Cañon del Muerto that we descended, by means of a horse-trail, skillfully constructed along the precipitous cliffs, by the Navajo Indians. We examined some of the more accessible ruins and remained two nights in the cañon. But many of the ruins were not to be reached. The field glass brought them to view hundreds of feet from both top and bottom of perpendicular cliffs. "Birds were like men in the old days" say the Navajo story-tellers, "and it was Bird People who dwelt in these houses. If they had not wings, how could they have entered them?"

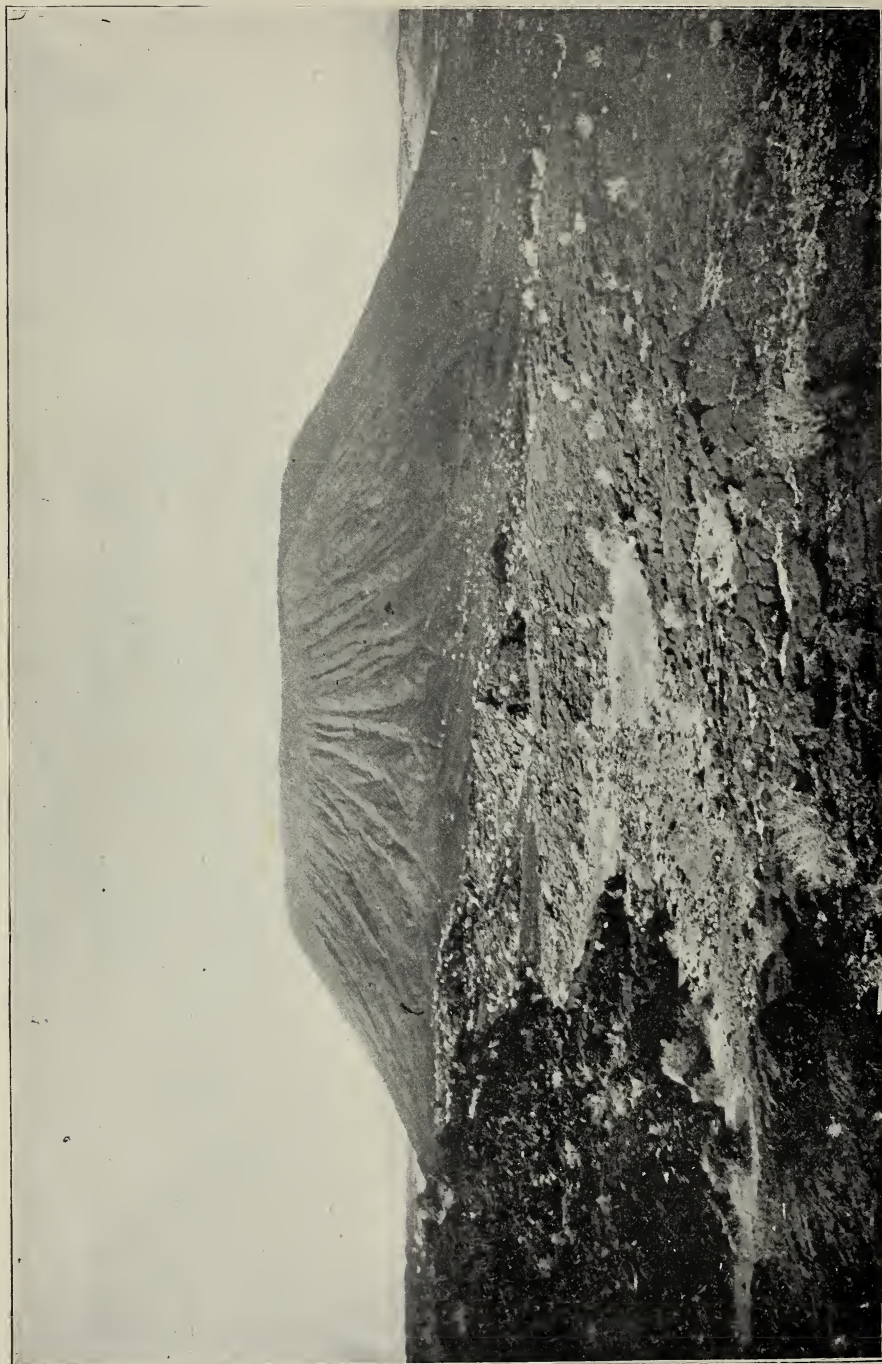
Our second camp in the cañon was at the mouth of Monument Creek, close to those oft-pictured landmarks, the Monuments, or captains, as they are variously called. From this camp, on June 8th, we clambered out of the cañon, by another break-neck trail (not so skillfully constructed as that by which we had entered, yet not presenting such difficulties to the aboriginal engineer) and soon after entered the piny shades of the Navajo Forest.

Our return to Fort Defiance—a military post in the old days, an Indian agency now—was not by the way we left it. We took it in the rear, as it were, coming down the Cañoncito Bonito from the west.

At Defiance we found ambulances awaiting us, and were glad to quit our saddles and take spring seats for a change. When we left Defiance we had intended to camp at Rock Springs, where we passed a night on our way out, but a high wind and sand storm prevailed and we pushed on to Fort Wingate, where we arrived in the evening after a day's drive of over forty miles.

The commissioners, though placing reliance on the hasty assays made in the field, did not rest their conclusions on these. Specimens from all the mines were sent to different renowned laboratories before the final reports were made; but all pronounced the ores to be those of base metals.

Yet this experience did not altogether quench the hopes of prospectors. I heard later, that within a month after we left the Carrizo mountains, a prominent citizen of Gallup, New Mexico, well known to the Indians, went in there to look for mineral. He was armed with a subpoena or some other big legal document with the bird of liberty emblazoned on it. This



he presented to all Indians whom he met as his authority from the Great Father to explore their land.

But the excitement seems at last to have died out. It is a long time since I have seen in the papers accounts of Indian "atrocities" in those parts, and in the meantime the Navajo shepherd tends his flocks every summer, in peace, on the top of the Carrizo Mountains.

Washington, D. C.

ON THE MOJAVE DESERT.

BY H. N. RUST.



THE average traveler looks forward with something like dread to the few hours it will take his train to traverse the Mojave desert; and in the passage pulls down window and blind that he may not see that grey, desolate land at all. It sometimes seems as if many travelers were really afraid they might learn something. And there is a great deal to be learned in the desert, and a great deal of interest to be had from it.

I shall not dwell on the remarkable landscapes and atmospheric effects, the wonderful lucidity of the distances, the strangely beautiful mirages, the rivers upside down, the parti-colored mountain ranges, the valleys far below sea-level, the curious vegetation, the scant but characteristic animal life. Nor on the half-pathetic human interest with which the gaunt, stubborn prospector has invested this forbidding land; he has braved the dangers and hardships of the desert, and forced it to tolerate him and even pay him with gold or silver or borax from the painted peaks or glaring valleys. His lonely trails lead away from the railroad to the unknown. His 20-mule wagons, heaped with borax from 20 miles away, stand by the track at Daggett; and to Danby a monstrous steam traction wagon trundles 35 tons of salt at a trip from a dead lake 30 southeast.

But I meant to speak briefly of a creature of other ages—a very interesting and accessible volcanic crater five miles east of Bagdad, a lunch station on the Santa Fé Route.

To enable me to examine this unusually fine specimen, the conductor stopped the train in front of the cone, and I walked over to it across its lava flows. It is about three miles from the track, and the rim of the crater is about 250 to 300 feet above its base. The railroad passes to the north of the volcano. On the south side the crater is broken down about half way, by its latest flow of lava—whose broad, black reach is glossy as if it had cooled but yesterday, instead of a thousand years ago.

We can follow the flow up into the very crater, which is filled to the level of the gap with scoriæ and other products of old fires, and covered with a white ash which looks like clay. The inside of the crater is so steep that it is difficult to climb to the rim, about 150 feet above us; but we are repaid for the toil. From the rim the view is broad and interesting, across the wierd desert reaches. Away to the west may be seen another crater, very similar to this one.

We will circle the whole rim, which in places is not more than two feet thick. At one point on the western rim is a little monument of lava fragments, and in it is deposited a record-book containing the names of a few visitors, a majority of whom, I believe, have been from other countries.

Passing down and out the gap, and following around the eastward side of the cone, we find a basin about 300 feet wide and 600 feet long, lined with lava. On this side the outer walls of the crater are nearly perpendicular.

There are many curious aspects in the lava flows. Some are visibly superposed on more ancient ones. In places the flow is almost smooth as glass; in others it is split by yawning fissures; and again the whole surface is infinitely splintered—the result of explosions of gas during the cooling. Here and there, too, are little nodules of obsidian, quarter of an inch to an inch in diameter.

All about this black desolation—even into its very crannies and crevices—the winter rains bring life and beauty in startling contrast. They carpet the desert wastes with innumerable delicate flowers. But it is not for long. The forgetful rains go their ways; and the fierce sun shrivels them to the soft monotone of the desert.

South Pasadena, Cal.

THE FIRST MARTYR.

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF SAN DIEGO.*

BY FRANK DE THOMA.



EA SURELY well-peopled was the country around San Diego, when Father Junípero Serra established there, on July 16, 1769, the first mission in Upper California; for in a circumference of about thirty miles were more than twenty native settlements, called by the Spaniards "rancherías." Their denizens did not enjoy the best reputation; an old Franciscan chronicler describes them as insolent, arrogant and thievish. It seems that the good friar did not exaggerate, for hardly had the commander, Portolá, departed with the main body of his small force, in search of an overland route to the port of Monterey, when (August 15, 1769), the natives attacked the small garrison. A few shots fired among the nude mob—four dead and three wounded—taught the Indians a lesson.

* See page 154.

Six years passed in peace. The friars, following their policy of keeping soldiers and converts apart, in the latter part of 1773 moved the mission nine miles inland from the presidio, to a locality better adapted to growing Indian corn and wheat, their two staples. The Fathers' zeal and labor were not lost, for in that year the new mission had already a settlement of seventy-six Indians; nor had its material interest been neglected, as the live stock then in existence demonstrates: 40 cattle, 64 sheep, 55 goats, 19 hogs, 2 jacks, 2 she burros, 17 mares, 3 foals, 9 horses, 4 riding and 18 pack-mules, 233 animals altogether.

At that time the greatest event in the California calendar was the 4th of October, the feast of St. Francis of Assis, founder of the mendicant religious orders. The mission of San Diego de Alcalá was not behind in doing honor, in 1775, to the "Seraphic Father." Fray Luis Jayme and Fray Vicente Fuster were kept busy with the vesper (Oct. 3), administering baptism to sixty new converts; and on the feast day proper there was great rejoicing. Castilians and Indians assisted at the solemn mass and procession, and later intermingled in sport and play. Horse and foot-races were run, the Spaniard displayed his agility in the graceful art of fencing, and the Californian his sure eye and hand with bow and arrow. Mirth and harmony ruled supreme, and neither soldier nor friar thought that within exactly a month this peaceful scene would be transformed into one of savage bloodshed. The true causes of the revolt which broke out early in November are unknown. Doubtless the largest factor was that which causes revolts in schools—a chafing under restraint. The more unruly scholars of the missionaries did not like to be taught.

At any rate, a few days after the feast, two of the Indians baptized on October 3 fled from the mission to the mountains, where they wandered from rancheria to rancheria, inciting the Indians to revolt. A few rancherias refused to take part in the conspiracy, but among the rest a day was finally agreed upon for a massacre of the friars and soldiers.

Vague rumors of the impending danger reached the garrison and mission, but no heed was paid; the soldier despised the nude native, and the Franciscan trusted too much in the docility of his new converts.

It was near midnight of Nov. 4, 1775, when eight hundred savages, armed with bows and clubs, stealthily stole upon the unsuspecting sleepers in the doomed mission of San Diego de Alcalá. A short distance from the stockade, the horde divided; and one party set out to destroy the presidio, nine miles distant. It had been agreed to give the latter party sufficient time to reach the post, and to delay until then the assault on the mission. The firing of the mission was to be the signal for the attack upon the garrison. So blind was the confidence of the Spaniards that even the most ordinary precautions had been neglected. In the fort not a single sentry was on guard.

It was one o'clock in the morning when the Indians crept within the shade of the mission walls. Some surrounded the huts of the converts, compelling them, under threat of instant death, to remain quiet; others invaded the vestry, broke open the chests and stole the church ornaments. None of the inmates had been awakened, yet, and the Indians moved cautiously to the part of the building used by the four soldiers. In front of the guardhouse a campfire was still burning. The Indians snatched firebrands and applied them to the building, which was quickly enveloped in flames, whereupon the savages sent forth their horrible war cry.

The shouts, heat, smoke and glare finally awoke the two fathers and the four soldiers, also two children, the son and the nephew of Don José Francisco de Ortega, lieutenant in command of the troops. Everything was now confusion and consternation. Father Vicente Fuster and the two boys rushed safely from their rooms to the guardhouse, whence the soldiers were already firing upon the savages. The black-



L. A. Eng. Co

THE MAID OF MITLA.

Photo. by Scott, Guanajuato.

smith ran in the same direction, but was killed by the Indians. One of the two carpenters, after shooting one of the Indians who had broken into the shop, joined the soldiers; but his companion, Ursulino, confined by rheumatism to his bed, died the next day from the cruel treatment inflicted upon him by the mob. This poor man, after an arrow had pierced his breast, exclaimed, "Oh, Indian, thou who hast killed me, may God pardon thee!" In his testament, made the next morning, he left to the Mission Indians all his little savings and few earthly belongings.

The noble Father Luis Jayme, instead of taking refuge with the soldiers, walked straight towards the nearest group of Indians, to whom he extended the customary greeting, "Children, love God!" In the same instant, the furious band dragged him away to the bank of the creek, where his habit was torn from him and his nude body cruelly beaten with clubs and pierced by arrows until life became extinct.

While some of the Indians tortured their innocent victim, others continued the assault on the guardroom, which by this time was all aflame.

The brave defenders, six men and two children, amid a hail of arrows, clubs and stones showered upon them by four hundred demons, fought like true heroes. One of the soldiers, who, in the hurry and excitement had neglected to put on his leather cuirass, was already disabled; the other three and the carpenter kept up a steady fire, the boys and the missionary loading the muskets.

The smoke and heat were becoming insufferable and the Castilians had to choose between being roasted alive, and seeking another shelter. Adjoining the guardhouse was a temporary kitchen; it only had three walls hardly higher than a man's body. The fourth side was open, and the roof consisted of a few bushes to keep out the sun's rays. To this miserable bulwark the besieged retired, and from there kept up the unequal combat. The Indians hurled arrows, clubs and firebrands through the open side at these modern Spartans. To improve their weak shelter, some of the defenders brought from the adjoining store-room boxes, sacks and chests and barricaded the open side.

Only the two soldiers were now left, the corporal and a private, besides the missionary, to carry on the fight—all the others had been disabled. A joyful shout went up from the Indians. They had been joined by the party sent out to surprise the presidio, who had returned without accomplishing their purpose, owing to the haste of firing the mission. While still at a distance from the post, they had seen the flames arise, and being afraid that this spectacle might alarm the garrison, had returned to join their brethren.

The end seemed to be fast approaching. Only a few rounds of powder were left the Spaniards. At this supreme moment Father Vicente remembered that one of the chests forming the breastwork contained powder and lead. A glance at the barricade and he detected the box—its sides already burning. As by a miracle the fire had not reached the canisters containing the black grains, more precious now to Castile's sons than all the gold of El Dorado.

With this new supply, the most imminent danger vanished and fresh hope awoke. The besieged kept their enemies at bay until daybreak, when the Indians, gathering their wounded and dead, gave up the fight and departed toward the mountains. Eight Caucasians had withstood, during four hours, the assault of eight hundred Indians.

The enemy had hardly disappeared, when the converts came in search of the missionary, and sobbing and crying informed him that they had been kept close prisoners in their huts, unable to render any assistance. The first thing Fray Vicente did was to send one of the Indians to the presidio, and others to look for his companion, Luis, of whose fate he was yet ignorant. The searching party soon returned with the lifeless body of the martyr, covered with bruises, pierced by arrows, his

skull crushed in, and his features a mass of lacerated flesh. So disfigured was the corpse, that only the whiteness of the skin identified it as Father Luis Jayme.

The Indian sent by the survivors brought the first news of the horrible tragedy to the garrison of the presidio. Owing to the absence of the commander, Lieutenant Ortega, who, in company with the friars Fermin Francisco Lassuen and Gregorio Amurrio, had gone north in the latter part of October, to establish the Mission of San Juan Capistrano, discipline had become so lax that not a sentry was on guard during the night. This is the only explanation for the strange conduct of the soldiers, who alleged absolute ignorance, and insisted that they had neither heard the continual discharge of musketry during the night, nor perceived the flames of the burning building. Immediately after receiving the sad news, the garrison set out for the mission and from there escorted the survivors back to the presidio, carrying also the bodies of Fray Luis Jayme, the blacksmith José Romero, and the carpenter Ursulino, whose remains today rest in the graveyard of San Diego "old town."

Messengers were sent to the lieutenant, at San Juan Capistrano and to the commander of California, Don Fernando de Rivera, at Monterey. Ortega arrived a few days afterwards in San Diego, and at once began active investigations, imprisoning and punishing many Indians. But his activity was stopped by the commander. Rivera received the news in the evening of December 13, 1775, in Monterey. Three days afterwards he started with thirteen soldiers, and on January 4th, 1776, was joined by the forces under the command of the Lieutenant Colonel Don Juan Bautista Anza, who had come with settlers from Sonora. Arrived at San Diego, Rivera took the command. Between the Governor and Anza existed great rivalry, and owing to this circumstance, though the force now numbered about sixty soldiers and remained for twenty days in San Diego, no active measures were taken by Rivera to investigate the revolt and mete out justice. So most of the conspirators escaped; and thus ended the first Indian uprising in California.

Albuquerque, N. M.

TO A ZAPOTEC GIRL.*

BY OWEN WALLACE.

Of light import to thee, I trow,
Whether within thy joyous veins
The blood of Indian kings doth flow—
Or nomads of the plains.

Whose hands have reared these crumbling walls—
What people came to kneel and pray?
Of musing vain, there never falls
One shadow o'er thy day.

Yet of the place thou seem'st a part,
Thou radiant, free, unconscious one—
Like yonder crimson flower, whose heart
Is opening to the sun.

Unknown its source, unguessed its fate,
It presses to the light above.
Thy dreams are of a dusky mate—
Thou knowest well to love.

With him shalt thou full harvest reap,
Of toil, of joy, and woe. At last
Thou, too, shalt sink in dreamless sleep,
Like that which shrouds the past.

City of Mexico

* See illustration, p. 128.

THE DOLL OF THE WHITE DEVILS.

BY MARY T. VAN DENBURGH.



HOY SUEY lived in a little garret in Chinatown. Her father was porter and drudge at the drug store on the street below, and worked from early morning until late at night, so Choy Suey seldom saw him. He would have been glad of a son; the little girl he regarded only as an expense and a misfortune. But Ging loved her baby.

When Choy Suey woke in the morning her mother was at the sewing-machine, with a big pile of work at her left side. The machine rattled away most of the day, with short intervals of rest when Ging prepared the food that was necessary for their existence. As each piece of work was finished, it was transferred to her right, and this pile grew larger and the other smaller as the day wore away; but Choy Suey never saw the pile at the left entirely disposed of, for this happened long after she had lain down on some old bedding in the corner and gone to sleep.

So, little petting and few amusements fell to the lot of Choy Suey. The neighboring roofs shut off the view from the window. She was not permitted to go out of the bare room, whose only ornament was the "Joss." This was a doll-like figure of a god, in a box with a glass front. It stood on a shelf at one end of the room, and before it were some incense holders; occasionally a stick of incense smouldered there and added to the closeness of the garret. Choy Suey often longed to have the Joss to play with.

She particularly wanted a plaything one warm afternoon, when the sun shone on the roof and turned the garret into an oven. Ging's bundle of sewing was unusually large; so large that as she sat at the machine she could not see the door, which she had been obliged to open for air. Choy Suey wandered to the opening. The sound of shuffling footsteps and sing-song voices coming up the long stairway from the street fascinated the lonely child. She darted out of the door, and sat down on the top stair. The rumble of the cable cars and the clang of the bells as they neared the street crossing added to her desire to see what was going on in the strange, outside world. She put her feet on the third step, and moved her seat to the second. In this way she descended the long flight, and found herself at the street door. She crouched at the foot of the stairs and peered out at the wonderful sights.

Soon her attention was attracted by a little bundle lying on the sidewalk in front of her. Watching a chance when no one was passing, she went slowly and hesitatingly out of the door,

seized the package, and hurried in again as fast as she could. She sat on the stairs, and took off the string and paper, revealing an object of marvelous beauty. It was only a cheap little doll, lost by some careless child, but Choy Suey thought it far handsomer than Joss; for it had lovely red cheeks, charming blue eyes, and long, soft hair. Then its clothing was so fine! Choy Suey laid it down to examine the shoes and stockings, and oh, wonder! the eyes closed and the doll was asleep! Choy Suey lifted the strange creature, and it awoke immediately. This was repeated again and again; the child was oblivious to all but the doll. She forgot the people in the street; forgot the garret room and Ging at her sewing machine; for her the world consisted of a door-step and a little doll.

The afternoon slipped away, the fog rolled in from the ocean, the draft up the stairway was cold and damp, and Choy Suey was thinly dressed. At dusk she fell asleep, and the passers did not notice the small, shivering heap.

At the usual time for the evening meal, Ging rose wearily and looked around for the little girl. To her amazement she was not there. Ging went down stairs, found the baby, carried her up, and laid her in a corner. Then she hastily ate some food, and resumed her sewing.

After a couple of hours Choy Suey began to toss and moan, and soon her choking, gasping breath made itself heard above the noise of the machine. Ging went to her, took her in her arms and tried to quiet her; but the choking grew worse and Ging was alarmed. She went down to the drug store, where she bought some dried lizards, a sure remedy for sore throat. Even this did not help Choy Suey. As she lifted the child from one arm to the other, the mother felt a hard lump under the little calico apron. She drew it out, and found it was a doll, dressed in foreign clothing. She snatched it away in horror. Some "white devil" had given the child this thing to make her ill and perhaps kill her.

She placed the doll on the shelf before the Joss, hoping by his influence to counteract the evil, but she grew more and more anxious, for Choy Suey was breathing with so much difficulty that it seemed as if her strength must soon be exhausted.

Ging began to carry her up and down the room, for she appeared a trifle more comfortable when she walked with her. A few steps took her the length of the room; then she turned, and continued her march back and forth. At one of the turns, before the Joss, Choy Suey, unseen by her mother reached out her hand and took the doll. Then she rolled over and nestled her head against her mother; presently her breathing became easier, and she fell asleep. When Ging, after carefully arranging the old blanket, placed the baby on it, she saw the doll in the wide sleeve, where it had caught when the little hand re-

laxed in sleep. Here was a wonderful thing! What did it mean?

It was evident that the god was not angry, for he had cured the child. But how did it happen that the doll that Ging had offered for him to wreak his vengeance on was now in the loving embrace of Choy Suey? And as she worked far into the morning hours, to make up for lost time, it seemed to Ging that the clattering machine took up the question, and asked of her, of Joss, of all within hearing, "What does it mean? What does it mean?"

The question was never answered, and Choy Suey is looked upon with awe by the mothers of the Chinese Quarter, as the child for whom Joss worked a miracle.

Los Gatos, Cal.

"CALIFORNIA AND THE CALIFORNIANS."

NOTHING so apt has been written in so few words upon this significant text as David Starr Jordan's judicial article in the December *Atlantic Monthly*. From that expert and eloquent study, these brief excerpts are made; but the entire article should be read not only by all Californians but by all Westerners.

The Californian [says Dr. Jordan] loves his State because his State loves him, and he returns her love with a fierce affection that men of other regions are slow to understand. Hence he is impatient of outside criticism. Those who do not love California cannot understand her, and, to his mind, their shafts, however aimed, fly wide of the mark. * * * It is said in the Alps that "not all the vulgar people who come to Chamounix can ever make Chamounix vulgar." For similar reasons, not all the sordid people who drift overland can ever vulgarize California. Her fascination endures, whatever the accidents of population. The charm of California has, in the main, three sources,—scenery, climate, and freedom of life.

To know the glory of California scenery, one must live close to it through changing years. From Siskiyou to San Diego, from Mendocino to Mariposa, Tahoe to the Farralones, lake, crag, or chasm, forest, mountain, valley, or island, river, bay, or jutting headland, every one bears the stamp of its own peculiar beauty; a singular blending of richness, wildness and warmth. * * * * As there is from end to end of California scarcely one commonplace mile, so from one end of the year to the other there is hardly a tedious day. Two seasons only has California, but two are enough if each in its way be perfect. Some have called the climate "monotonous," but so, no doubt, is good health. In terms of Eastern experience, the seasons may be defined as late in the summer and early in the fall.

So far as man is concerned, the one essential fact is that he is never the climate's slave; he is never beleaguered by the powers of the air. Winter and summer alike call him out of doors. In summer he is not languid, for the air is never sultry. In most regions he is seldom hot, for in the shade or after nightfall the dry air is always cool.

When it rains, the air may be chilly, indoors or out, but it is never cold enough to make the remorseless base-burner a welcome alternative. The habit of roasting one's self all winter long is unknown in California.

The climate of California is especially kind to childhood and old age. Men live longer there, and, if unwasted by dissipation, strength of body is better conserved. To children the conditions of life are particularly favorable. The children of California, other things being equal, are

larger, stronger, and better formed than their Eastern cousins of the same age. This advantage of development lasts, unless cigarettes, late hours, or grosser forms of dissipation come in to destroy it. A wholesome, sober, out-of-door life in California invariably means a vigorous maturity.

A third element of charm in California is that of personal freedom. The dominant note in the social development of the State is individualism, with all that this implies of good or evil. Man is man, in California: he exists for his own sake, not as a part of a social organism.

The Californian is a man from somewhere or anywhere in America or Europe, typically from New England, perhaps, who has learned a thing or two he did not know in the East, and perhaps has forgotten some things it would have been as well to remember.

In an old civilization men grow like trees in a close-set forest. Individual growth and symmetry give way to the necessity of crowding. There is no room for spreading branches, and the characteristic qualities and fruitage develop only at the top. On the frontier men grow as the California live oak, which, in the open field, sends its branches far and wide.

With plenty of elbow-room, the Californian works out his own inborn character. If he is greedy, malicious, intemperate by nature, his bad qualities rise to the second degree in California, and sometimes to the third. The whole responsibility rests on himself.

In like manner the virtues become intensified in freedom. Nowhere in the world can one find men and women more hospitable, more refined, more charming, than in the homes of prosperous California. And these homes, whether in the pine forests of the Sierras, in the orange groves of the South, in the peach orchards of the Coast Range, or on the great stock ranches, are the delight of all visitors who enter their open doors.

The typical Californian has largely outgrown provincialism. He has seen much of the world, and he knows the varied worth of varied lands. He travels more widely than the man of any other state, and has the education which travel gives. * * * A knowledge of his own country is a matter of course. He has no sympathy 'with the essential provinciality of the mind which knows the Eastern seaboard, and has some measure of acquaintance with countries and cities, and with men from Ireland or Italy, but which is densely ignorant of our own vast domain, and thinks that all that lies beyond Philadelphia belongs to the West.'

* * * Contact with the facts of nature has taught the Californian something in itself. To have elbow-room is to touch nature at more angles; and whenever she is touched, she is an insistent teacher. Whatever is to be done the typical Californian knows how to do it, and how to do it well. He is equal to every occasion. He can cinch his own saddle, harness his own team, bud his own grape-vines, cook his own breakfast, paint his own house; and because he cannot go to the market for every little service, prefers to serve himself.

In dealing with college students in California, one is impressed by their boundless ingenuity. If anything needs doing some student can do it for you. Is it to sketch a water-fall, to engrave a portrait, to write a sonnet, to mend a saddle, to sing a song, to build an engine, or to "bust a bronco," there is someone at hand who can do it, and do it artistically. * * * With all this, the social life is, in its essentials, that of the rest of the United States, for the same blood flows in the veins of those whose influence dominates it. Under all its deviations lies the old Puritan conscience, which is still the backbone of the civilization of the republic. Life there is a little fresher, a little freer, a good deal richer in its physical aspects, but for these reasons, possibly, more intensely and characteristically American. * * * It is the most cosmopolitan of all the States of the Union, and such it will remain. Whatever the fates may bring, the people will be tolerant, hopeful, and adequate, sure of themselves, masters of the present, fearless of the future.

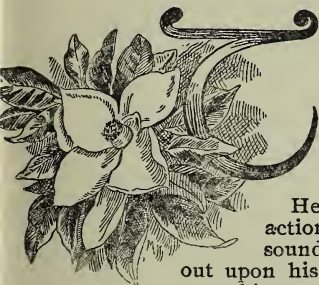
A SOUL IN BRONZE.

A NOVEL OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY CONSTANCE GODDARD DU BOIS.

Author of "*The Shield of the Fleur-de-lis*," "*A Modern Pagan*," "*Columbus and Beatriz*," "*Martha Corey*," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.



HE murderer was cool and stolid in the moment of his great escape. He fumbled in the pockets of the corpse until he found the warrant and the letter, at the sight of which he exclaimed in triumph, "Yes, it was the hand of God! He did not will that my innocent child should suffer." He tore the papers into tiny fragments and trampled them into the dust as if he feared that the wind might carry them abroad.

He threw himself heart and soul into trifling details of action, to avoid the lurking threat of fate; but at the sound of an approaching footstep the cold sweat broke out upon his brow. At that instant the mark of Cain was set upon him, and he knew himself to be a murderer. He looked about him and saw no ready means of escape. The rough road ended at the gold-mine. The cañon was a cul-de-sac in the mountains. The slopes were steep and rocky. To scale the open rise of ground was to make himself a target for observation. He thought of taking refuge in a tunnel of the mine, but as he turned and stood hesitating the newcomer was upon him. It was the Indian who had done his errand.

Fairfax drew a breath of relief. An impulse more evil than that which had guided his dagger slid into his mind. The Indian was alone and without witnesses. Who could prove that he was not the murderer?

Fairfax faced the horrified look in Antonio's eyes with an evil smile. He pointed to the pistols upon the grass. "This man attempted my life," he said. "In self-defense I struck him, and this is the result."

Antonio bent over the form of his enemy. He had an inborn respect for the dead and he closed the glassy eyes and straightened the distorted limbs. Then he looked up at Fairfax with a quick appreciation of his danger. "Will you give yourself up?" he inquired.

"Shall I put my head in a lion's jaws? Do you mean to betray me?"

He had become a man to be shunned and dreaded; but Antonio remembered only that he was Dorothea's father.

"You wish, then, to make your escape?" he said. "The main road runs north and south at the foot of the cañon. To avoid that you must climb the hill to the west, where you see that dry water-course, and by following it upward you will reach the higher mountains. By still continuing westward you strike the stage road over beyond Leona." He gave these directions with averted head. It was as if he were making a compact with evil. Fairfax made no further delay. He fled as if already pursued, and Antonio was left alone with the dead.

The sky of a sudden had become overcast, and the fitful wind now came from the desert, with the breath of a furnace and the tension of imprisoned electricities. This desert wind, like the föhn wind of the Swiss mountains, shrivels the herbage, sends the wild beast panting to his lair, and makes the heart of man weary as he lags at work. Antonio thought of Dorothea with a keen pang of apprehension. His beloved must suffer a sorrow worse than death. The shadow of sin must fall

upon her innocent head. A murderer's child, the daughter of a felon, she would be an outcast from that world which was her lawful place. She would know, as Antonio's people did, what it is to stand outside the gates of happy humanity, to see honors, dignity and the applause of men placed out of reach behind barriers impalpable as air yet strong as steel. A hundred shafts of scorn would fall upon her heart, not hardened like Antonio's to suffer them in patience.

A flash of thought revealed to him, for the first time, the practical aspects of life allied upon the side of his love and hope. He believed that he might win Dorothea's heart; now it seemed possible that he might honor rather than dishonor her by offering her protection as his wife. He was sure that Burke, the ambitious lawyer, proud of his family, hating the unconventional, would never love so blindly as to wed even the remote implication of disgrace.

Antonio sprang to his feet and stretched his arms into the air, a blissful smile upon his lips. Is not that life complete which can count one fair and radiant moment, even though it cannot bid it stay?

Two men came hurrying up the cañon. Antonio recognized them as Jennings's clerks. They saw him, and they saw the body of the murdered man, and Antonio read his future in the look that leaped into their eyes.

The first impulse of a tremendous emotion with men of a certain class is towards blasphemy. Both swore in a breath as they bent above the motionless form lying in its blood. Both by a common purpose threw themselves upon the unresisting Indian, overwhelming him with curses. There was still time for Antonio to declare the murderer and point to his detection, for Fairfax's unpracticed feet were slipping on the loose boulders of the difficult ascent. An agile pursuit would easily have overtaken him. The weapon which remained wedged in the joint where it had dealt the fatal blow would have sufficed for his conviction, since he wore the sheath which fitted it. Antonio's quick wit realized this and more. But he could not betray Dorothea's father.

The men, surprised at his immobility, found their task easier than they had hoped. The young Samson of his tribe could easily have broken the improvised bonds they bound him with. But in the next moment each man had possessed himself of a revolver, and strong in bravado urged the prisoner brutally forward.

It was only a mile to the village, and in this distance ill news, which flies fast, had drawn from the apparent emptiness of a country neighborhood an ever-increasing mob. They followed at Antonio's heels like snapping curs. It was forgotten that the dead man had few friends. His vices were forgiven him in view of the fact that he had been murdered by an Indian. Of a sudden he had become a hero, a focus for that sentiment which is the mockery of patriotism yet sometimes confounded with it, the surging tide of race hatred, latent in some breasts yet existing in all, and answerable for some of the cruelest tragedies of history.

It was suggested that the prisoner be strung up without trial to the nearest oak tree; but lynch law is less popular when the regular courts give satisfaction—and when had an Indian ever been acquitted in court?

Popular opinion was satisfied when handcuffs were produced and placed upon Antonio and he was thrown into a jolting cart for quick conveyance to Hiltou, the nearest place where a justice could be summoned to hold a preliminary hearing.

CHAPTER XXII.

D OROTHERA sat upon the eastern portico of the vine-sheltered cottage at Magnolia ranch. The night air was so still and breathless that a pin-fall could have been heard. Her pulses beat quickly from some inner excitement caused by the electric tension in the air. The stars shone overhead through rents in fleecy vapor; and the ocean

was silvered by a late lingering glow in a pallid sky; but over the mountains, fifty miles distant, great piles of clouds of inky blackness rose and mounted ever higher towards the zenith, obscuring the stars. Mr. and Mrs. Hereford had been called to town on a matter of business. Mrs. Aguilar had taken to her bed directly after supper with a nervous headache which was the consequence with her of a desert wind. She was the less unwilling to leave Dorothea alone as she was assured that Burke was to call that evening. All her animosity had vanished, and was replaced by a fervent wish that he might prosper in his wooing. She could foresee no happier future for her niece than that which he offered her.

Dorothea blushed and started at the sound of his footstep on the porch. It seemed unmaidenly that she should thus wait for him alone. She feared that he might think it pre-arranged, and she was shy and distant in her greeting. Burke did not notice this. He was weary and absent-minded, and he sank into a chair with hardly a glance at her face.

"They are having a tremendous storm at Casa Blanca," he said, "an electric storm which affects the telegraph wires. They tried to telephone me just now from Hilton; but I could not make out what they said. I am almost sure I did not understand it rightly. At any rate I am quite willing to wait until tomorrow for the message."

"Did it concern any of our friends?" asked Dorothea.

"Burke looked at her quickly. 'Yes, and no,' he said. 'But as I say I really could not hear the words connectedly.'"

The darkness grew inky of a sudden. The clouds had swept the stars out of sight. A sudden flash of zigzag lightning rent the heavens—but in silence, for there was no thunder peal.

"The storm is too distant for us to hear the thunder," said Burke. "It is fifty miles away, yet the lightning is instantaneous. Look how it flashes and quivers, an illumination of celestial fireworks contrived for our benefit. Do you not enjoy watching it?"

"I do not know," replied Dorothea uneasily. "The storm makes me very nervous. I believe it is the silence of it. It is so unnatural. Not a leaf quivers on the loquat tree there. It is as if the night were holding its breath."

Burke sighed. "I believe it has that effect on me," he said. "We are only children of nature, after all, and she frightens us with her ill tempers. How helpless we are in the storms of life!"

Dorothea caught her breath with a laugh. "How blue you are," she said. "As for myself I feel as if I wanted to cry. I feel like a child in the dark, who wants some one's hand to hold."

"Hold mine, dear," said Burke offering it.

"How can you?" she exclaimed with an angry blush. "I thought you knew we were to be only friends. If I must be constantly on my guard against your presumption it will be best that we do not meet at all."

"You are too hard on me," said Burke. "I am sure I do as well as I can, but it is a hard task you have set me; to be with you and not to tell you how I love you; or to live in lonely misery without the chance to see you. Has not every man the right, Dorothea, to speak for himself, to woo the woman he loves, if perchance she will some day relent and give him what he asks? A girl of your age hardly knows her own heart. She sometimes says no, and spends a lifetime in regretting it."

"Oh, how vain you are to imagine that that could be! She may find some one she loves much better, some one who is the very ideal of her soul and without whom all her life would have been lonely if she had said yes to the first man."

Burke bent to look in her eyes by the shifting light of the thunderbolts.

"Is there such another, Dorothea?" he asked.

She panted in alarm. "I did not mean it of myself," she answered.

"I think you did," said Burke, growing pale and speaking slowly. "No woman ever yet dealt in generalities. All her philosophy is taken out of her own heart. You owe it to me to answer me. I ask you as your friend, do you love, *could* you love Antonio Lachusa?"

Dorothea gave a little cry of defiance. "You ask me two questions in one," she said, "and you have no right, no shadow of right to ask either; but I will tell you that I could love such a man. I do not say I do."

Burke's face changed quickly. "God help you!" he said.

"I suppose you think me lost to all decency by the admission," said Dorothea, with burning cheeks. "But since you love me, as you say, I ought to show you all the depths of blackness in my nature and disgust you with the sight. I speak from your point of view," she continued. "To me there is no wrong in it. I can never let him know, never give the slightest sign of it; and yet in spite of myself I cannot feel when he is near me that he is an outcast simply because he is of another race. I cannot shut my eyes to the beauty of his nature, the finest, most unselfish nature I have ever known. I cannot fail to read all that his eyes tell me, and to realize that he gives me a love for which I might thank God on my knees if it were given by another man—yet no other man could be capable of it. I shall carefully obey the conventions which men have made, do not be uneasy about that. I should do this for my father's sake, for every reason except the innermost voice of my nature, which I must not heed. But in my heart I despise and defy these narrow rules. A great soul like Antonio's might make its own conventions."

Burke's immovable attitude vexed her almost to tears.

"I felt that I owed it to you to let you see the truth," she said. Tell me you hate me if you choose. Anything is better than silent contempt."

"I cannot hate you, though you wound me cruelly," he replied. "I cannot even think of my own pain in view of the misery you may suffer before you awake from a dream and realize the nature of it. Be patient with me when I tell you that your fancy will not last. It is founded upon pity, and the very pathos of it, its unusual conditions, are necessary to its existence. It is a hot-house plant. It will not bear the rude breath of reality, and when it has perished in the frosty air of certain disillusionment, you may turn to me as to one who has always been your friend. Remember that whatever happens I have this claim upon you. I shall never relinquish my right to repeat my offer until you are promised to another. I shall still be your suitor, and some day you will give your hand to me and be my wife."

Dorothea's eyes were wet. "You are better to me than I deserve," she said. "I feel that I may trust you, and I am grateful for that."

"God knows you may trust my love," he answered. "Life is hard. Its storms rend our illusions. If there are storms ahead for you, remember that my arms are always ready for your refuge. 'My plaidie to the angry airt I'd shelter thee.'"

He rose to take leave and held out his hand.

"You are going," she said, "and oh, I am so afraid of the storm. Stay only a little longer. It is not late. I feel as if I should choke with terror sitting here and watching the lightning alone, and yet I could not sleep. Auntie has a headache and must not be spoken to. The servants are not about. I am in a panic all of a sudden as if some fearful thing had happened or was about to happen."

Burke resumed his seat. "Take my hand, dear," he said again. "It is the hand of a friend."

Dorothea now accepted it, and sat with pallid cheeks watching the lightning, until the touch of the strong hand quieted her fears, and Mr.

and Mrs. Hereford returning found the two seated together in quiet confidence which they interpreted as meaning all that they hoped for both. The cheer of their lively presence restored Dorothea to herself. Burke rode back to town through the night, feeling some stray, gusty eddies of the storm which was dying into silence and darkness over the mountains.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BURKE started at early dawn for Hilton. The telephone message had been repeated to him and he found that he had heard aright. Samuel K. Jennings had been found murdered in an unfrequented spot. Antonio Lachusa was accused of the crime.

Mr. Hereford read the morning paper at the breakfast table, and handed it in silence to his wife, who in turn gave it to Mrs. Aguilar. The latter, however, had not the self-control of the lawyer and his wife. She exclaimed in indignant horror, "As well accuse me! Oh, it is shameful, horrible!" And she burst into tears.

It was her niece who comforted her. The sudden blow of fate was a challenge to Dorothea's courage. No doubt by the time they reached Hilton, Antonio would be free and the real murderer discovered. They must go at once. All her hopes were centered upon Burke's skill as a lawyer and fidelity as a friend. She must see him immediately and engage him in Antonio's defense.

The prisoner had been kept closely guarded in the station-house at Hilton, and he slept, manacled as he was, while his guards watched and the hurricane raged without.

"An Indian has no more feeling than a dog," said one of the men. "He can murder a man in cold blood, and then lie down and sleep like that."

The possibility of the innocence of the accused occurred to no one. The case had been tried and sentence passed, in the popular opinion, before the phlegmatic little justice who was to conduct the preliminary hearing had finished his dinner.

The court-room was well filled with the witnesses and the court officials. The prisoner was brought into court, and the weapon with which the crime had been committed, a long slender dagger of Ferrara steel, with a chased silver handle, was laid on the desk of the prosecuting attorney, Judson Bradford, a young man with an enviable record of swift success in criminal cases.

Burke who was present as spectator looked at this weapon with curious interest.

Antonio as he entered cast a hasty glance about the room as if searching for a friend. He saw only Burke, who sat with downcast eyes playing absently-mindedly with a paper-cutter. The young lawyer was determined not to betray the interest he took in the case, and he listened with an air of unconcern which struck Antonio as the refinement of cynicism.

The clerk read the charge of murder in the first degree, and Antonio pleaded in a clear voice "Not guilty."

The coroner, whose presence in the neighborhood has made it possible to grant the popular demand for an immediate hearing, was the first witness. He described the appearance of the body, which had been as little as possible disturbed. The stiletto was still wedged tightly into the joint between the vertebra and the skull, a vulnerable spot difficult of attainment by any but a practiced hand. Chance, of course, might have favored the direction of the blow. Death had been instantaneous.

John Evans and Henry Brown, employed as clerks in the store and post-office, followed as witnesses. They described the finding of the body of their late employer in the cañon near the gold mine, where the prisoner stood close by as if gloating over his deed.

They told how Jennings had been decoyed to the spot half an hour before by the prisoner, who had called more than once at the store to inquire for him, and had been present at the very moment of Jennings's return from Hilton. He had given the postmaster a sealed note which had evidently contained a forged letter appointing a meeting with some friend unexpected at the time, for Jennings had shown surprise and apprehension, and, as if suspecting foul play, had armed himself with two revolvers; and had said to his clerks when he started, "Boys, if I am not back in half an hour come after me. I may have business on hand that will need your help. I am going down to the gold-mine to meet a friend."

Several other witnesses had seen Antonio hanging about the store, and had witnessed his giving the sealed envelope to Jennings. Some of them averred that it contained a card with penciled words upon it.

Others deposed that Antonio had more than once shown hatred of the postmaster. Nothing would induce him to make purchases at the store. He rode or walked the ten miles to Hilton, in preference. The cause of this hatred was well known. The dead man was universally regarded as the father of Marta Lachusa's child.

The prisoner was asked if he wished to testify in his own behalf. Antonio looked around among the unsympathetic spectators, glanced at Burke's averted face, and slightly shook his head.

"I have said all I care to say," he answered. "I am not guilty of the murder of this man."

To some other questioning he refused response; and Bradford confronted the judge with an impatient frown as if to protest against delay. The hearing was forthwith concluded, the court holding the prisoner for the December term of the superior court without bail.

Antonio, handcuffed and surrounded by a hooting mob, was led to the stage that was waiting for passengers bound for the town. He was hustled into a seat between two guards. Just as the stage was about to start a number of Indians in a loaded farm-wagon drove into the village.

Antonio recognized his sister, and leaning forward called to her by name. Marta rushed to the side of the stage waving her hands distractedly. She tried to reach her brother; she tried to clamber upon the steps; but the coach starting at the moment, she would have fallen beneath the wheels if a by-stander had not caught her arm and dragged her out of danger. Antonio called a comforting message as he passed, but the guard struck him roughly on the mouth. "Hold your gab, murderer," he said, with an oath.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BURKE was seated in his office at Hilton. His desk was piled with accumulated correspondence, but he had not begun his work. He was sunk in a moody reverie; and started when after a tap on the door Dorothea stood before him. He sprang to his feet, and looked at her with keen solicitude. Her face showed that she had heard the news. He offered her a chair in silence and waited for her to speak. Her voice was choked with tears, but she endeavored to steady it as she began: "I came to see you on business. I want to engage you in this case to defend Antonio Lachusa. Will you do it for my sake?"

Burke hesitated.

"Do not refuse," she pleaded. "I will give you all I can, all you ask, if you will save his life."

"You mean—" began Burke.

"I mean that I will marry you if you still wish it—anything—anything to save him."

His lips curled in a bitter smile. "I am infinitely sorry for you, Dorothea," he said, "or I might be hurt that you put it like that. When we

talked together last night I half knew what was coming, and what I told you then was sincerely meant. I hoped against hope that some day you would learn to love me. But I can accept no sacrifice from you. When you give me your hand your heart must go with it."

"Oh, I will love you if you save him," she cried wildly. "It is the one thing I ask of you. He must not die that fearful death."

She stood beside Burke and put her hand upon his shoulder. He trembled at her touch. "For my sake!" she pleaded.

Burke looked at her with anguish in his heart.

"As a matter of business," he said, "you have the right to engage me to defend your friend. But can it be possible that he is still your friend?"

Dorothea started in horror.

"Is it possible you believe him guilty?" she cried.

"I believe that he is Jennings's murderer," said Burke. "I believe that he had great provocation; but at the same time the murder was coolly and deliberately planned. I do not think it is possible to save his life."

Dorothea's heart grew cold. "Would you undertake to defend him believing him to be guilty?" she asked.

"Yes, that might be my duty," he replied. "I will yield to your wishes, and do my best in the case."

His tone seemed cold and indifferent. Dorothea felt with a pang that he was accounting her fidelity to an accused murderer, an Indian despised as a felon, to be a thing unworthy and unwomanly. Her eyes shone through angry tears.

"I have money in the bank," she said. "I do not know what is customary. Please settle with Mr. Hereford who is my legal adviser as to what your retaining fee shall be."

She looked so helpless in her grief, she seemed so defenseless in the storm of sorrow that had broken upon her, that Burke was roused from thoughts of self to a sudden realization of her position. Let the world but once suspect the enthusiasm of her interest in the Indian, and the cruelty of its judgment would not spare her. To a woman the world's condemnation is social death. In a lightning flash Burke saw Dorothea's future revealed, and his own duty as clearly defined. He must save her from her own misguided judgment in spite of the refinement of his scruples, in spite of the pain it must cost him.

He put his arm about her and drawing her towards him he kissed her passive lips. "That is my retaining fee," he said. "I will accept all that you will grant me. I believe Lachusa guilty and there is only one thing that can give me courage to throw myself heart and soul into the case. You have guessed what that is. I hesitated, for I feared to take advantage of what might be with you a momentary feeling, something you might regret. If you are really sure of yourself, Dorothea, I will do my best to save Lachusa's life on condition that you will allow me today to announce our engagement."

Dorothea was shaken by contradictory emotions. "Must it be announced?" she asked, then fearing that he would suspect her of unfairness, she added quickly, "Yes, yes, anything you please! I am quite determined. I will marry you when you wish!"

The absence of personal feeling in her tone, the chill remoteness of her grief, gave Burke another pang, but he repressed it manfully, and declared, "I see Mrs. Aguilar outside. May I call her in, and tell her our news?"

Dorothea assented. "She was to urge you to help us if you would not listen to me," she explained.

Mrs. Aguilar entered clamorous with sorrow. "What can be done, Harry, oh, what can be done?" she cried. "Everyone is against him. They say there is not a break in the testimony, not a loophole for escape."

"We shall see," answered Burke. "I must have time to work it up. I am engaged to conduct the case, and I do it to please Dorothea who has promised to be my wife. Please tell our friends of our happiness."

Mrs. Aguilar embraced her niece with congratulations mingled with tears. This was no time for joy, but the bright and dark are strangely mingled in life.

"If I could see Antonio," said Dorothea, "I think I could make him speak in his own defence. They say he would not open his mouth. I feel sure that he is concealing the truth for some good and generous motive. It would be like him to suffer for the sake of saving another. I wonder if it could be possible that Marta'—"

"Dolly, how can you?" exclaimed Mrs. Aguilar. "Marta has been patient for so long. How could she do a deed like that?"

"Oh, I do not know what to think," said Dorothea. "Whoever did it must have had some motive of anger or revenge."

"It is hardly possible that you should see Lachusa," said Burke, "but I will go at once to town, and make preparations for the defence. I will see him, and see what I can get out of him, and I will tell you how I prosper."

"I will go back to Casa Blanca, and I will find some clue," said Dorothea earnestly. "There must be a clue if we follow it before it is too late. I will give my whole heart to finding it. You shall see what a detective I will make, Mr. Burke. Together we will work up a strong case for our client."

Her eyes shone for the first time with the light of hope.

Burke detained her to whisper in her ear, "When we are with others remember that we are betrothed. When we are alone, I will exact no more than your heart gives me."

"It gives you gratitude," she answered. "Oh, how fervently I feel it! I will try so hard to do my duty to you."

When the door was shut behind her, Burke seated himself again at his desk, laid his head upon his arms, and murmured, "God help me to be content with that! I am too old to cherish illusions. Do I not know that fortune never gives us more than half of our wish? The hopes and dreams of youth mock a man of my age. Courage, patience and duty—that is all there is to life after all!"

CHAPTER XXV.

A WEEK later, Burke met Judson Bradford on the street in town. "Oh, I say, Burke," exclaimed the prosecuting attorney, "I should like to have two words with you, if you have the time. About that criminal prosecution, you have not a ghost of a case, you know. Now I have more evidence than I need. But tell me if what I hear is true. Are you engaged to Miss Dorothea Fairfax?"

"It is true," Burke replied, paling a little, in expectation of he knew not what.

"Oh, that is all right. I congratulate you," said Bradford. "That is all I wanted to know."

"Tell me what you mean."

"Only that I will not call a certain witness, that is all. I can get on very well without him. My case is already made up from beginning to end."

"I must insist that you explain," persisted Burke.

"No use—waste of time—hurt your feelings. But if you insist. I've been making inquiry among the Indians; have every moment of prisoner's time accounted for on day of murder. He went over to the fiesta at Leona and tried to win the election as Captain; did not succeed. Madly ambitious, always in hot water. Quarreled with Marco, quarreled with Felipe, a friend of his, on account of an injurious slander

he had referred to. Jennings, had made derogatory allusion to Miss Dorothea Fairfax. He declared in his saloon that she had encouraged an Indian lover, 'the sneak Lachusa,' as he said."

Burke took a step forward, fury in his eyes.

"Just so Lachusa sprang upon Felipe, with murder in his look," continued Bradford, "then recollecting that it was by his own fault that he had heard the tale, as you must, he spared the life of his friend, and went straight back to Casa Blanca, where he murdered Samuel Jennings, the slanderer. This story was told to me by that smooth-tongued Marco, the first retailer of it. It was he who heard Jennings make the remark. He also overheard Lachusa's conversation with Felipe on the subject. But I will take pains not to call Marco as a witness, for your sake, Burke."

It was impossible for Burke to forget this conversation. He pondered it painfully during the day, and lay awake at night recalling it. He was now absolutely convinced of Lachusa's guilt. He was also conscious that in his inmost heart he justified and applauded the deed.

The next day's mail brought him a letter from Dorothea.

"Dear Mr. Burke," she wrote. "I have a very important clue. A stranger was at Casa Blanca on the day of the murder. He came and went in a mysterious manner, evidently desiring to avoid recognition. Mr. Beverly's hired man saw him driving alone in a light wagon between Hilton and Casa Blanca, and gave him some information about the distance to Casa Blanca. He was dressed in a rough outing suit and wore a soft hat pulled down well over his face. He was a middle-aged man and looked like a foreigner.

"When he reached Casa Blanca he left his wagon, tying the horse under the shed near the blacksmith's shop. The shop was shut up, the blacksmith being away. The horse was left untended there all day.

"When the storm came on, the horse, becoming terrified by the lightning, broke his bridle and ran down the road, demolishing the carriage and finally taking refuge in an open barn half way to Hilton. An account of the runaway was in the daily paper. It was discovered that the horse belonged to the Crescent livery stables in town. One of the employées of the stable came after the horse and took it back. I am convinced that the stranger was the man who sent the note to Jennings by Antonio. I am convinced that the stranger was the murderer. Why Antonio wishes to shield him I cannot imagine. Perhaps he gave his promise to say nothing. He would not deliberately shield a criminal; but an Indian attaches great importance to a promise. He will keep faith at any cost."

Burke smiled at the gap between Dorothea's promise and conclusion, but he deemed the matter worth looking into, and went at once to the Crescent livery stable.

Yes, the man who had brought back the horse had let it to the stranger. He paid in advance, promising to return next day. He was going on a business trip up in the mountains, he said. He did not mention Casa Blanca. He was a middle-aged man and looked like a gentleman, though he was dressed in a roughish sort of foreign suit. He wore a belt about his waist with a broad silver buckle. No, it was not a cart-ridge belt.

Burke began to take more interest in Dorothea's clue, and went at once to the jail to call upon Antonio. As the key turned in the heavy lock, Antonio looked up from the bench which served for bed and chair alike, and greeted his lawyer with a smile.

To Burke the situation appeared for the first time intolerably sad. It was as if a strong young eagle nursed on sunny heights were shut up in a dark cage to die. He took a seat beside the prisoner and addressed him with a new ring of sympathy in his voice which Antonio was quick to detect.

"I hope you are going to speak today, Lachusa. Your friends are working for you. I am going to do my best, but I am hampered from the start by your unwillingness to give me your version of the story. Surely you can have confidence in your lawyer! If you tell me you did the deed, I shall still defend you. Will you not tell me who murdered Samuel Jennings?" Antonio made no reply. He realized that there was no rescue for him unless Fairfax should confess the crime. By this time he was already at the coast. The world was open to his flight. Antonio's accusation of him could never be substantiated. Why should he struggle against his fate? Silence would best serve Dorothea.

Burke watched him in perplexity. Then he drew a letter from his pocket.

"I may as well tell you that we have a clue," he continued. "Miss Fairfax has been working indefatigably in your behalf, for she is firmly persuaded of your innocence."

Antonio's eyes shone with delight.

Burke felt that the position of each must be clearly defined, and he added deliberately, "Miss Fairfax has promised to become my wife."

Antonio's look did not falter, though a subtle change came over his face.

"This letter is from her concerning you," Burke went on, in an incisive voice, as if utterance were an effort. "I will read it to you."

Antonio listened with parted lips and dilated eyes. He was divided between joy and terror—joy that Dorothea believed in him, and terror lest her efforts to discover the murderer should succeed. She must not know the horror that lay in wait for her. Burke must not know that his promised wife was the daughter of a criminal. Through Antonio they should never know.

He realized that it was not only Dorothea's promise to Burke that had now forever divided them. Without this, even in the chance of his acquittal, he could have no hope. The future of which he had dreamed had no reality. There was no honorable career open to an Indian. He had yielded from the first to that unwritten law which debarred him from equality with the white man. He had sought advancement among his people moved by an instinct of loyalty to them. He had tested them and found them lacking. He felt within himself the genius of organization; but he stood alone. He was a monarch without a country, a leader without a party.

When he had allowed his hands to be bound with undeserved fetters, he made the irrevocable decision which parted him from hope and love. He made it, as life's most momentous decisions are often made, in ignorance of all the issues that hung upon his choice; but he knew that if that moment could be repeated his act would be the same.

"I am grateful for your kindness, Mr. Burke," he said. "Please give Miss Fairfax the assurance of my gratitude. Assure her, too, that she does me no more than justice. I am innocent of that man's death. I have had cause to wish him dead, but I never planned or executed anything to his hurt. I am innocent and I do not fear death. I fear only that she should grieve for me. Please tell her that I rejoice in her happiness. I am sure that you will make her happy."

Burke did not allow the instinct of an alarmed pride to rise beyond the surface of his thought. He remembered Dorothea's look when she had confessed her love for this man, now almost beneath the world's scorn, yet bearing himself as bravely as if he were Burke's equal, and sending messages to Burke's betrothed; and he kept his patience, giving himself credit for his forbearance.

"I will tell Miss Fairfax what you say," he replied, "but this is far from the point. Are you going to answer my questions? Do you know anything of this stranger? It is unjust to your lawyer to keep him in the dark. Give me at any rate a reason for your reticence."

Antonio pondered before he replied. "I can only say, Mr. Burke, that I hope you will not follow up that clue. I hope you will persuade Miss Fairfax to make no more efforts on my behalf. I am bound, as she imagines, by a certain obligation to secrecy. No one but my friends will believe in my innocence, yet I doubt if my giving you the fullest information in my power could change the course of the trial or alter the sentence. If not, why should I speak? Others would suffer, yet I would not be free. I am determined to say no more."

"If you are innocent," said Burke, impatiently, "you should speak for truth and justice. Leave the result to circumstances."

Antonio shook his head. "I appear obstinate and unreasonable," he said, with a smile, "but I am not, I have my reasons."

Burke rose to take leave, more perplexed than he cared to own, "I will see the warden and ask that you be put in a more comfortable cell," he said. "After the trial I may not be able to save you from murderer's row."

"Thank you," replied Antonio. "I would like light enough to read, and I would like to be allowed some books. It will be a great favor if you obtain that for me. As to the result of the trial, do not worry, Mr. Burke. A death by hanging is dreaded chiefly because of its ignominy, I suppose; and I hope to learn enough philosophy to ignore that."

CHAPTER XXVI.

BURKE found little to occupy him in town. He determined to return to Casa Blanca, and endeavor to secure witnesses. He must see Mr. Beverly's hired man; incidentally he must also see Dorothea. He realized that the peril in which Antonio stood, his interesting position as innocent and unjustly accused, worked strongly for him with Dorothea.

Burke was determined not to allow this unfortunate fancy to have full sway, with results that might forever divide him from her. She had pledged him her faith under the pressure of circumstances. It remained for him to win the heart that she delayed to give. He felt himself not unequal to the task. The stubbornness of jurymen had more than once yielded to his eloquent persuasion all unconscious of defeat. With the happiness of his life hanging on the issue he must not be a laggard in his wooing.

As he passed the gates of the white house he looked curiously at the place, which had a strangely deserted air. The blinds were closed at most of the windows. There was no life about the grounds. Only in the garden he caught a glimpse of a moving figure, and at his approach two hands parted the hedge, and a white face appeared in the gap.

"Are you coming to see me?" asked Mrs. Jennings, pale and changed in her widow's weeds. "I have been waiting for you."

He could do no less than dismount and advance to meet her.

"You wrote me a letter of sympathy," she said. "I should thank you, I suppose. Now you are on your way to see Miss Fairfax. I hear you are engaged; and I hear that you are going to defend my husband's murderer. I have been longing to see you only to tell you how I hate you for that!"

Burke started at her tone, noting the wild gleam in her eyes.

"I have not lost my reason, though I see you suspect it," she added quickly. "It is a wonder I have not. Here I am all alone in this big house with only my memories, and the suggestion of Sam's presence everywhere about; and it is as if I had murdered him. My divorce was easily obtained. And you are going to defend the murderer!"

Burke saw that she was half beside herself and answered soothingly: "You ought not to be alone, Nellie. Where are the others?"

"Papa and Bessie left the day after the funeral, and mother had

already gone. They have gone on visits, anywhere to escape the miserable notoriety. Papa is going to sell the place. He does not intend to return. The gold mine is already sold, as I suppose you know. It is Miss Fairfax's dowry." She laughed savagely.

"What do you mean?" asked Burke.

"Why, her dear papa bought it of father and Sam, meaning it as surprise to his daughter, and intending to come here and live; and this is one reason why I wanted to see you, Harry. Mr. Fairfax is a hardened criminal. I will tell you that for your comfort, now that you are going to be his son-in-law. He and Sam had dealings in the past, and they hated each other as criminals will. My dear departed served a term in the penitentiary. I found that out after his death. Mr. Fairfax deserved the same, I know from Sam's hints; and he did not know when he bought the mine here that Sam was the biggest part of the Company. He did not know that Sam lived here at all; and my husband begged me to see that Dorothea did not inform him. It might not have occurred to her to mention it, if I had not deliberately disobeyed my husband, and put it into her mind to send just that news to her father. I have been thinking it over, and I believe that indirectly I am Sam's murderer. I believe Fairfax hired the Indian to kill my husband."

Burke was more than ever convinced that solitude and miserable thoughts had unhinged her mind.

"You must not stay here alone," he repeated. "You will be ill if you remain. Promise me you will take care of yourself and leave detective work to those responsible. You are innocent as a child. You did your best, Nellie."

The friendly solicitude of his tone did not melt her mood.

"I have been staying here to meet you; I knew you must come sooner or later. I wanted to tell you all about it. I did not dream you would take a bribe to defend the wretch who murdered my husband. And could you bring yourself to marry this girl, Harry, if you were sure she was the daughter of a desperate criminal?"

"You are not yourself," said Burke firmly. "You must let me take you to your mother; or if my presence would be unwelcome, let your maid go with you. Promise me you will go this very day."

"I see you will not listen," she retorted. "You would rather believe me mad, but evil can come as close to your beloved as it has to me. There is no magic circle drawn about her. Once I was a light-hearted girl; and then you might have thought one mad who had predicted that I should be the widow of a murdered man, a man bad enough to deserve his fate. Your Dorothea may be the daughter of a man bad enough to do the deed, or worse yet to plan it, and hire it done. I say there is something in the fact that the man to whom Sam sold the gold-mine, cheating him as you must know, was an old acquaintance and a deadly enemy; and I warn you as a friend to avoid a marriage which may bring you sorrow and disgrace."

With this she turned away, resisting Burke's repeated offers of service, and disappeared like a fleeting ghost in the shadowy loneliness of the deserted house.

Burke walked on in gloomy thought, leading his horse by the bridle. By a flash of intuition outstripping the processes of reason, Burke saw that, given the possibility of this horrible suspicion, Lachusa's conduct acquired sudden consistency. He loved Dorothea; he would not implicate her father in the crime. In the next moment common sense asserted itself; and Burke wondered that he could have submitted his thought for the fraction of a moment to the influence of a mind diseased by grief and jealousy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Everything is "the will of God," nowadays, with people who have to make excuses. Everything they want to do, or are afraid to oppose the doing of. Well, doubtless it is the will of God that there shall be cowards and fools—else they wouldn't be so numerous. But we aren't obliged to forget that He has not specially commissioned *us* to be the ones.

Senator Perkins has "strong convictions against our holding the Philippines," and begs the distinguished Legislature at Sacramento to instruct him whether he shall follow his convictions or not. Senator White of California has convictions also. But he does not ask anyone to tell him what to do with them. He will follow them.

CONSCIENCE
BY
ROLL-CALL.

Now here are the "two kinds of conscience." Senator Perkins is an upright man. He would not lie or steal for the world. He ought to be above the popular (and presidential) notion that it is all right for a man to do wrong if a legislature or a crowd instructs him to.

The death of Matias Romero, for a generation Minister of Mexico at Washington, is a misfortune not only to his own country but to ours. And it points a text Americans need doubly to heed at present.

WE DO
THESE THINGS
DIFFERENTLY

We have sent many Ministers of the United States to Mexico; some of them able men, some of them gentlemen. If they chanced to be either, all right—but that was not the reason we sent them. They got the place for party services; they were changed when the party in power changed. And the great United States never sent to Mexico a Minister who commanded half the respect in Mexico that Matias Romero won in this country; never one who did a tenth part as much for his nation; never one who did a hundredth part as much to build up friendly relations between the two countries. General Grant was the only man who ever had anything like the same influence; and he was in Mexico simply on his own business.

We have never sent to Mexico a Minister, except Pacheco, who could talk Spanish, even by the time he came home, and he was the only one who could talk Spanish at all. We have not even taken pains to send one who could speak French. Therefore, the Minister of the United States has never been able to meet on an equality the President of Mexico nor the officials. He has had to hobble through his interviews with a conscious air and an interpreter, like an awkward child to whom grown-up speech has to be explained.

Only those who never think can fail to see what a handicap this is. There are very few educated Mexicans who do not speak at least two languages. Mr. Romero spoke better English than some of our Congressmen do—or he never would have been sent to represent his country in Washington. He could—and did—talk with Presidents and Cabinet officers and Senators and American business men and won their esteem, and did more for their opinion of Mexico than a dozen stately dumb figures could have done. And he was not beheaded every four years.

He was appointed Minister, not because he had "stumped the district," but because he was fitted for the place. It would seem that this great nation might begin to use as much common sense in its diplomatic service as Mexico does.

HOW ARE
THE MIGHTY

Nothing could sooner avail to dissolve the marrow in an optimist's bones than the spectacle of *The Outlook*—beyond question one of the cleanest and most valuable family weeklies on earth—turning its coat on a moral question. For that "Imperialism" is a moral question, no one now extant (except a religious paper) can for a moment doubt.

Up to a little while ago *The Outlook* believed that Washington and Lincoln were not fools; but it has changed its mind. It believes now that we have "outgrown" their brains and their morals—in a word, their principles.

It ought not to need that this profane Western page remind *The Outlook* that principles cannot be decently outgrown. Else they are not principles—the sole unchanging things on this mutable planet. Alps rise and sink, seas wax and wane; but a principle has no variableness nor shadow of turning. The people nowadays who persuade themselves that they have "outgrown" the principles of the founders of the Republic never really grew up into them.

For the Fathers bequeathed us not a fashion but a principle. Our heritage is not crinolines or knee breeches, but an immortal justice. Their creed was not "so long as you can't make money by governing people against their will, let them be free." They maintained that "all government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed." Every thoughtful American knows that this is true; that it is as true in 1899 as it was in 1775; that it will be true as long as the world stands. It is the central truth on which this nation has grown to all its greatness.

The Outlook has joined the people who are trying to make the whole past of the United States a colossal lie. They are mostly timid people, afraid to face loud talk; or easy-going people, to whom the current is argument enough; or thoughtless people, ready to mistake the drift of their own ward for the voice of God.

And, alas, while I never heard of a "business office" in the kingdom they preach, there is one to every religious weekly—and too often at the top of its neck.

ONE
HEAD

OR TWO.

Anything an inch short of the prompt cashiering of Eagan would disgrace the army and the country forever. No apologies can cancel his offense. It is well he should be sorry for having been a blackguard; but we do not need men in the service who have to entertain sorrows of that sort. Whether he fed our soldiers meat as indecent as his tongue is another matter, which should be probed to the bottom. If he did, he should also be punished as a criminal. If he did not, some one else should be cashiered. The Lion is not exactly a swollen partisan of Gen. Miles; but he doesn't take that officer to be a liar, in his trachea or other anatomical reinforcements. Every grown American knows that the government has been swindled somehow. To know that we have had a war is enough to make that certain. And there is every reason—including his own character and the character of our politics—to presume that Miles has testified truly.

A LONG-
FELT
WANT.

One whose veins swell with the blood of the old circuit-rider can hardly have anything structural against the ministry; but the Lion fears that our modern theological seminaries use too wide a mesh. He suspects that a good many men wiggle through whose only "call" is that preaching is easier than plowing. There is a bitter overstock of ministers who think that whatever is right. As a matter of fact, what is just as likely to be wrong. If it is ordained at all by

Providence, it is merely as a punching-bag for the righteous. We need more ministers who can swing an axe, and fewer going around with feather dusters taking care not to nick anyone's idols. We need more Luthers and fewer Rev. Smirks. We need men who can think and dare think. In this our world one can't throw a stone without hitting something that needs to be bettered; and to better things takes back-bone—for it always means a fight. No mollusc ever shamed the devil yet.

If "God's country" in its winter glory could just be shaken in the face of the chattering East these days, Macaulay's New Zealander might cross at once and begin business at the Brooklyn bridge. The exodus from Egypt wouldn't be a circumstance. THEY
KNOW NOT
WHAT THEY DO

But fortunately it cannot be. California hasn't room for seventy millions. All we care for is the respectable minority that know enough to prefer Eden to an ice-house and can afford to swear off freezing.

The people who try to cover the cloven hoof of empire with the petticoats of "expansion" are as careless of the dictionary as of the constitution. The Philippines do not mean expansion. It does not expand the fire of freedom to pour the water of tyranny upon it. A man is not expanded by filling his pockets with apples nor by putting a bushel basket over his head. Expansion is enlargement in kind. If the Spanish colonies applied for admission to this republic as States and we accepted them, that would be expansion. What is proposed to do with them is no more like expansion than the present administration is like Lincoln's. But a straight use of words is not to be expected from those who have to excuse themselves. DODGING
BEHIND
WORDS

California should either exempt Stanford University from taxation, or clap a fine of ten dollars or ten days on all persons guilty of the misdemeanor of teaching school. If education is a finable offense, let us "get" all the malefactors.

The Eastern newspapers will be pleased to learn that the January rains drowned over one hundred thousand people in California. They were all of one family, the surname being Croaker.

It is a very poor person, indeed, this year of grace, who cannot persuade himself that Providence desires him to do just what he wishes to do.

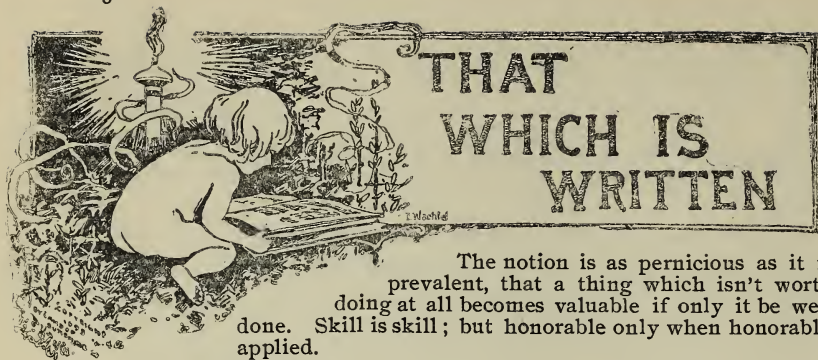
Is there any logical connection between the Napoleonic face and the First Empire?

Rather than bear longer his present weather, the Easterner who thinks of visiting Heaven sometime later might as well get his ticket punched for a stop-over in California now, so as to be getting acclimated to the suburbs.

There are just two men in the United States who are satisfied with the Secretary of War. One is the one who "fills" the place; the other, the one who filled it with him.

If the President would like to get rid of Alger, possibly John Sherman could suggest a way.

Six at least of the successful books of 1898 were written by members of the SUNSHINE staff—David Starr Jordan, Theodore H. Hittell, Ella Higginson, Charles Warren Stoddard, Charles Frederick Holder, Charlotte Perkins Stetson.



The notion is as pernicious as it is prevalent, that a thing which isn't worth doing at all becomes valuable if only it be well done. Skill is skill; but honorable only when honorably applied.

THE
SMARTEST

BUTTERFLY.

The world is fairly aching with large things, things worthy to be done; and yet, there are people anxious only to see how brilliantly they can do nothing. To a large and growing company no other spectacle is so dear as Mr. Henry James lifting himself by his intellectual bootstraps. Mr. James is a product of his day—perhaps the most typical of our modern day. He is as neurotic, as spoiled, as unfastened, as any of them that worship him; and he has the advantage of being about fifty times smarter. There is every reason to fancy that if there were not more money in being the only man who can do to perfection everything that is not worth doing, he would turn around and do a man's work.

His *Two Magics* touches perhaps the height of his baleful power—for baleful it is. He is chief apostle of that devil's gospel which puts the head before the heart. In all his life, Mr. James never touched a human heart nor set one drop of honest blood tingling. He tickles the ear of what some people nowadays count their intellect. He flatters but does not dazzle, the saner brain that has a heart to balance it—for, curiously, the hysteric intelligence is never companioned by absolute affection or loyalty.

No one can read the two stories in this book without a new gasp at their marvelous cleverness. Mr. James is the smartest butterfly in the world—where eagles are needed. The Macmillan Co., N. Y., \$1.50.

A BOOK
OF GOOD

ESSAYS.

One of the ablest practitioners in Chicago, converted a few years ago and now endemic in California, Dr. Norman Bridge is a high and admirable type of the latter-day American; and his slender volume of essays, *The Penalties of Taste*, is tonic for thought and makes for good citizenship. The strength of these papers is their highmindedness; their heel of Achilles a certain laxity of definition. "Taste," for instance, here inclines to confound itself with something it no more resembles than genius resembles smartness. A taste may change—nay, must change. But Taste does not, and will not. It is a principle, not a fashion. Nor is it, as Dr. Bridge would have, a product of our nervous civilization. The undegenerate Greeks, 2000 years ago, knew and fulfilled it better than any modern nation dreams of doing. We can miscall Taste and Art and Literature to our fortnightly whims; but that does not change them. They never budge from their eternal foundations; and when we are tired of playing with our dolls we know just where to turn to find the shadow of the great rock. But, however one may quarrel with several of Dr. Bridge's definitions, his essays are stimulating and of distinct interest. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.

SONGS
FROM

PUGET SEA.

The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco, publish for Herbert Bashford an unusually attractive volume of *Songs From Puget Sea*. Nor does disappointment lurk behind the hand-

some cover. Mr. Rushford's poems are of unexpected worth, and his pitch is well sustained throughout. Such a book is no discredit to the West.

Horace Fletcher, author of *Happiness*, has made a suggestive and worthy book of *That Last Waif, or Social Quarantine*. If the critic may feel that Mr. Fletcher's style is too iterative, there is no quarrel to be had with the logic of his plea for the waifs. For their sake and above all for the sake of society, he urges that the children of the slums be taken in their plastic years and taught decency and good citizenship. If humanity were not "educated in advance of its intellect," there would be no need of such a plea; any real public common sense would turn its baby outcasts from certain future criminals to probable good citizens. This thought-compelling book issues from the Kindergarten Literature Co., and is supplied to the trade by H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

Joseph Altscheler seems to like to write about the West—perhaps on the principle that those who know nothing fear nothing. For the gentleman evidently is innocent of any knowledge this side the Missouri. He writes from the learning that may be acquired by easy reading.

This reviewer has read but two of his books, those two carefully. *The Rainbow of Gold* proves that Mr. Altscheler does not know Colorado. *The Hidden Mine* proves that he does not know California—nor even the rawest surface of it. The former book was not particularly bad; but the latter is merely an overgrown dime novel, full of blood and thunder as it is false to life and remote from literature. The Continental Pub. Co., N. Y. \$1.00.

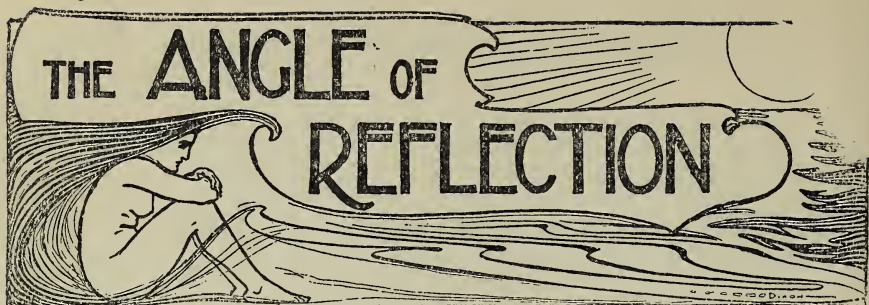
A sincere, and in some ways a valuable, picture of old slavery days in the South, from the point of view of the slaveholder, is Eugenia J. Bacon's *Lyddy*. Without literary skill, the author describes the life she lived. She was a child, half a century ago, in one of the typical families whose slaves loved them; she was reared by a "mammy," and grew to womanhood in that patriarchal atmosphere. The book has humor and pathos, though both untrained; and is valuable as showing how much of human kindness, after all, there was in the system of slavery we all justly detest. Continental Publishing Co., N. Y. \$1.25.

A handsome and scholarly volume is added to the list of Coast publications in a second and better edition of Edward Robeson Taylor's translation of the *Sonnets of José-Maria de Heredia*. Dr. Taylor's rendering of "*Les Trophées*" is compact, studious, and on the whole an honor to his labors. He has acquitted himself with no mean success in the extraordinarily difficult task of putting Heredia into English. The book is printed in the excellent taste we have come to expect "at the Sign of the Lark." Wm. Doney, San Francisco. \$1.25.

Nebraska is fortunate in having one such paper as *The Conservative*, the incisive weekly edited by Ex-Secretary Morton. It is of the sort needed everywhere—perhaps particularly in the West, where so many importations fancy that because they failed in the East they must be the very persons to edit something for us who won't know the difference.

La Santa Yerba is a booklet of pleasing verse, by Wm. L. Shoemaker, on the Blessed Weed (tobacco, of course, the only weed that's blessed), and printed in excellent old-fashioned taste by Copeland & Day, Boston.

Ella Higginson's volume of poems had already gone into its second edition before Christmas.



BY MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM.

LIVING
BY PROVERB.

The commonplace soul delights in adages. It is much easier to run one's acts into a few ready-made moulds furnished by the wisdom and experience of others than to carve out character from the hard material of life by means of one's own principles.

The grain of truth imbedded in a maxim is always a lurking danger.

"Virtue turns vice, being misapplied," might be popularized into "the truth faithfully lived up to is often as bad as a lie." When the truth in question is one which appeals to the apostle of the average, the worshipper of man as he is, the moral obstructionist whose joy that things might be worse absolves him from all effort at betterment, falsehood faints beside it as a power for evil. Take the charge of danger so often brought against "a little learning." What comfort lurks in it for those who know, and want to know, nothing at all! And yet, even a little learning is preferable to a great deal of ignorance.

"A LITTLE
LEARNING."

Knowledge, much or little, never hurt any human being. He who seems to suffer from it suffers only from ignorance of his limitations. It is not in what he knows that danger lies, for the man of small knowing; it is in what he does not know, the great untrodden and undreamed-of field of knowledge which must be opened to his imagination, before he can learn his own insignificance. It is not the little learning then, but the large estimate, that is the dangerous thing. The man who shoes your horse or cuts your hair does not do it the worse because he knows a little Latin, but because he thinks he knows a great deal. And he thinks he knows a great deal because his imagination is defective and fails to tell him how much there is to know.

The attempt of veneered culture not to show surprise at anything lest thereby it betray ignorance, is a feeble effort to ape the really wise who are never surprised at the ignorance of anyone, least of all at their own, and who use their knowledge to remove, not to conceal it.

TOOLS AND
USE OF THEM.

Because the schools do not send our youth into the world with a kit of tools and a trade at their finger ends, there are those who are pessimistic concerning our social and industrial future; but it is not likely that the new system of education, any more than the old, will enable callow boys and girls to know just what the world wants done, and whether they are able to do it.

When we have got our highly specialized American, densely ignorant of all things but his own dependent craft, we may find him a clamorous and turbulent citizen. He has learned to make watch keys, and all our watches are stem winders—what are we going to do about it? With his hand on our throats and his angry breath in our faces, as he asks the question, we may wish that we had not exchanged for him the facile product of a no doubt faulty system, who aimed too high, perhaps, but caught at something as he fell and hung on hopefully. What if he did try to be a lawyer when God meant him for a blacksmith? the mistake was between him and his Maker, and he did not hold the State responsible. When we turn the man out, not a man but a blacksmith, Heaven knows where his blows will fall if his anvil be bare.

It is out of the ambitious, the attempts and the failures, that we get our really great, and when we sneer at the aspirations of the crude and untaught we should remember that it is only when they fail that they are folly. When they succeed they are biography.

By no twisting or turning will the letters of democracy spell content. When crowns cease to be hereditary crosses cease to be so as well. If a man may not rule because his father was a king, another need not mend shoes because his father cobbled. Eternal hope is eternal unrest. HOPE AND
UNREST.

If our youth come home from school with "high notions" it is by no means certain that they learned them there. Why not accuse our schools of teaching gambling, because speculation is in the air? When "high notions" disappear from among us the republic will be dead and buried.

Education is the safety valve of ambition. Let your High School boy and girl try what they will, and fail if need be; they will come out of it happier and saner and less of a menace to society than those whose ambitions smoulder under a dead weight of ignorance. When we have no boys and girls with ambitions too lofty for their circumstances we shall have no men and women of attainments lofty enough for our needs. We must take the evil with the good.

When parents learn to believe, teachers will, no doubt, learn to teach, that education is a means of happiness, not of gain. The public will which our youth hears today against the schools, that they do not furnish something readily exchangeable for dollars, is but an evidence of our national vice—commercialism. When we at home have taught our boys and girls that money is a means of education, not education a means of making money, we shall be ready to bring a charge against our schools because our children come from them with undue reverence for appearances. It will not be a glad-some day for America when our system of education enables the poor man, with the seal of the State's approval, to throw his children a little earlier to the wolves—to shift from his shoulders to theirs the burden of money-getting. If children are forced into the labor market today, let us set about preventing, rather than encouraging it. When the willing among us are idle it is not from lack of work or knowledge, but from inability to combine them. Knowing how to do one thing or many will not insure success. The man or woman who is ready to "turn their hand to anything" is never out of work, and it is for this self-respecting adaptability that we must look to our common schools. THE AIM OF
EDUCATION.

No one knows just what the work of the future is to be, but all of us know the kind of men and women who will do it well. Active, alert, industrious, courageous, conscientious, hoping for the best and ready for the worst—these are the men and women our schools and homes should be making. Whether they do it by means of the classics or the forge, through the brain or the hand, matters little, but that they do it matters much.



THE LAND WE LOVE

(AND HINTS OF WHY)



Mausard Collier Eng. Co

SOME PUMPKINS.
(At the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.)

Photo, by Pierce



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

AT SHORB'S, NEAR PASADENA.

Photo. by Hill, Pasadena

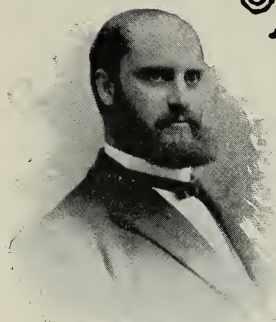


MOONLIGHT AT CATALINA



THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

BY J. A. FOSHAY.



THE Executive Committee of the National Educational Association by unanimous vote on Dec. 17th, 1898, confirmed the vote of the Directory taken last July to hold the next meeting in Los Angeles city, July 11th to 14th, 1899. This meeting will be the most important ever held in this part of the State, and the advantages of it to the western coast and Southern California cannot be estimated. It will bring to us the best thinkers along educational lines, and thus afford opportunities for our teachers and others interested in educational work to hear discussions from specialists in the several departments.

The educational prominence of California with her two great universities, her four excellent State Normal schools, her 10,000 teachers and her liberality in paying for her educational work, had no little weight in causing the directors of this great association to recognize us and expect a repetition of the generous welcome which was given at San Francisco in 1888. It was no easy matter to secure the selection of Los Angeles, for other competing cities had the assistance of strong corporations and zealous workers to push their claims. Credit should be given to Messrs. E. T. Pierce, Earl Barnes and S. T. Black, who succeeded in securing the vote for Los Angeles in 1896. The Chamber of Commerce, the Merchants and Manufacturers Association, Board of Trade and the Educational Department of this city, together with the Santa Fé and Southern Pacific railroad companies, have all done effective work in securing the meeting for Los Angeles.

This association was incorporated in 1886, and has at the present time \$60,000 in the permanent fund. It has three classes of members, viz., active, associate, and corresponding. Any teacher and any person actively associated with the management of an educational institution, library or periodical, may become an active member upon application, indorsed by two active members, and the payment of the enrollment fee of \$2, together with \$2, the annual dues for the year. All active members must pay the annual dues of \$2, and will be entitled to a volume of the proceedings. If the annual dues are not paid membership lapses, and cannot be restored except by payment of the enrollment fee and the annual dues. Any person may become an associate member by paying the yearly membership fee of \$2. The association has sixteen different departments, all of which are always well represented at the annual meeting.

At the present time everything points to a very large meeting next July, and in importance it will be second to no other meeting ever held on this Coast. The teachers as a class are especially trained to observe, and accustomed to secure all information possible in regard to the country to use in their school-rooms; and the information given to the teachers, who represent 15,000,000 boys and girls, will be given by them in the schools, and thus the attractions of our great State will be sent to the homes of the children who attend the schools of this vast country.

We are pleased to note that the teachers and others, not only in Southern California, but in the central and northern portions of the State, are all interested in making the next meeting a success. At the meeting of the State Teachers Association, recently held in Santa Rosa, the following resolution was adopted with much enthusiasm:

THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

"That we recognize the suitable reception and entertainment of this association as a matter not merely of local concern, but a responsibility and privilege of the whole State of California; we urge upon the teachers, the school authorities and the friends of educators generally in this responsibility and privilege with right good will, and that they begin at once to plan for attendance upon the meeting at Los Angeles in July."

The enthusiasm already begun will spread as time goes on, and the teachers, school officers and others comprehend the situation. Each must do something, so that every school district in the great State may assist in giving such a welcome as shall reflect credit on California.



LOS ANGELES HIGH SCHOOL.

The railroads have made satisfactory rates—the most favorable, indeed, ever granted to any transcontinental convention or to the National Educational Association for any meeting.

As the tickets will be good until September 2d, members are already planning to spend their vacation in California. They will take excursions to the orange groves, Catalina Island, Mount Lowe, Santa Monica, and San Diego. They will visit Santa Barbara, Yosemite, Mount Shasta, the Lick Observatory and other points of interest in our State.

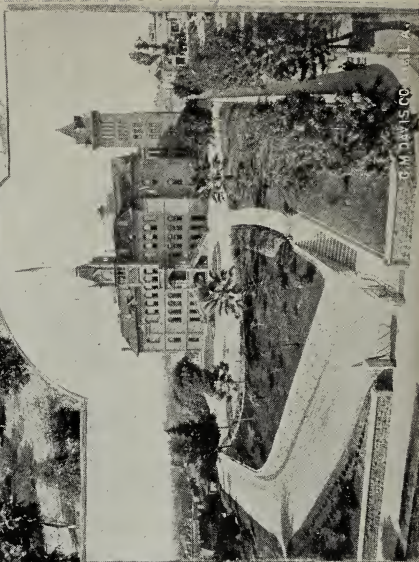
The meeting of the Southern California Teachers Association for the year of '98 and '99 has been postponed, and all our forces will be utilized to assist in preparing a repetition of the receptions which have spread the fame of California for generous hospitality.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

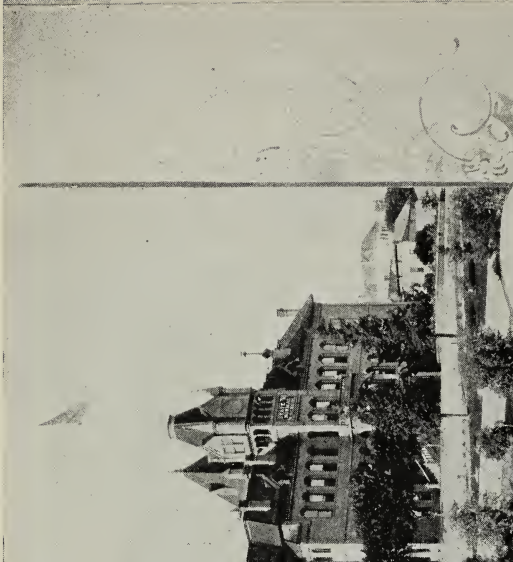
LOS ANGELES,
CAL.



Palm
PHOTO.



G. M. DAVIS CO.
LOS ANGELES



THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HORSE SHOW.



THE coming Horse Show, to be held in Fiesta Park, this city, during the first four days in February, will be another indication of the progressiveness of Southern California. This inaugural exhibition bids fair to eclipse any previous event in the history of Los Angeles from a spectacular and educational point of view.

In nearly all the larger cities of the United States, Horse Shows have been and are being held, and the usual benefits derived therefrom redound greatly to the benefit of the city wherein they are given.

At the time of the first Horse Show in San Francisco in 1894, there were but few fine equipages to be seen around the thoroughfares of that city. After three successful annual Horse Shows, however, a spirit of competition was apparent among the lovers of fine horse flesh, which manifested itself by the appearance on the streets of new traps and equipages, with the result that today San Francisco can boast of some of the prettiest turnouts to be seen west of Chicago.

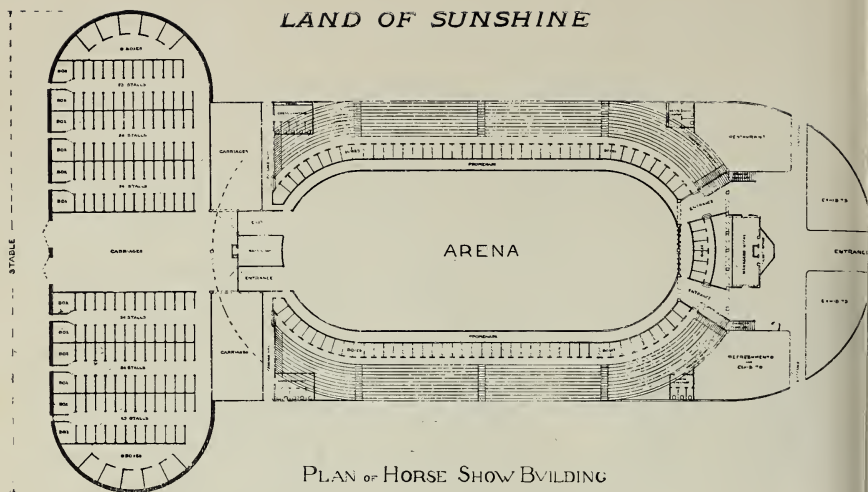
When it is considered that Los Angeles, with a population of one-third of that of San Francisco is also enabled to give an exhibition which will equal any heretofore given in San Francisco, this fact in itself speaks volumes for the enterprise of the citizens of Los Angeles.

The coming exhibition bids fair to be a glorious success. Already more than ninety exhibitors have entered their horses and equipages, besides which arrangements have been made for special features to be introduced at the time of the show, such as polo playing, lasso throwing and rough riding, all of which will be doubly interesting to our Eastern tourists, who have seen but little of the skill in horsemanship of some of our Western vaqueros.

As a society event moreover the Horse Show will be a gala one. No entertainment can be given on such a magnificent scale as that of a Horse Show, for the reason that thousands of spectators and visitors may be accommodated, and that at the opening of this event the show resolves itself into a huge reception where the box holders may exchange calls, entertain their friends and erstwhile gaze at prancing thoroughbreds and listen to the harmonious melodies issuing from the band stand.

February 1st to 4th inclusive, 1899, is the date set for the first annual Horse Show, and on the Monday following there will be played at Agricultural Park a match game of Polo between the Riverside and Burlingame polo teams. The last game played by these teams was won by our Riverside team, and much speculation is going the rounds as to who will be the victors or vanquished during the coming match.

LAND OF SUNSHINE

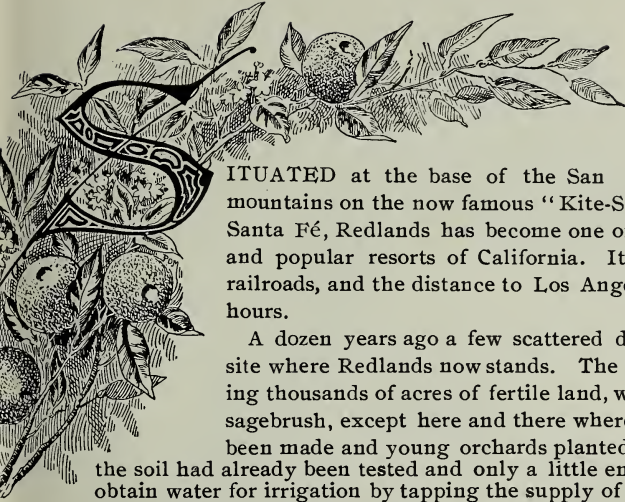


Another interesting feature which has grown out of the holding of the first Horse Show in this city is that on Tuesday, February 7th, there will be a series of pony races for gentlemen riders, also at Agricultural Park, participated in by members of the Riverside and Burlingame teams, as well as other gentlemen from in and about Los Angeles.



REDLANDS.

BY JOHN A. KNIGHT.



SITUATED at the base of the San Bernardino range of mountains on the now famous "Kite-Shaped Track" of the Santa Fé, Redlands has become one of the most delightful and popular resorts of California. It is reached by three railroads, and the distance to Los Angeles is covered in two hours.

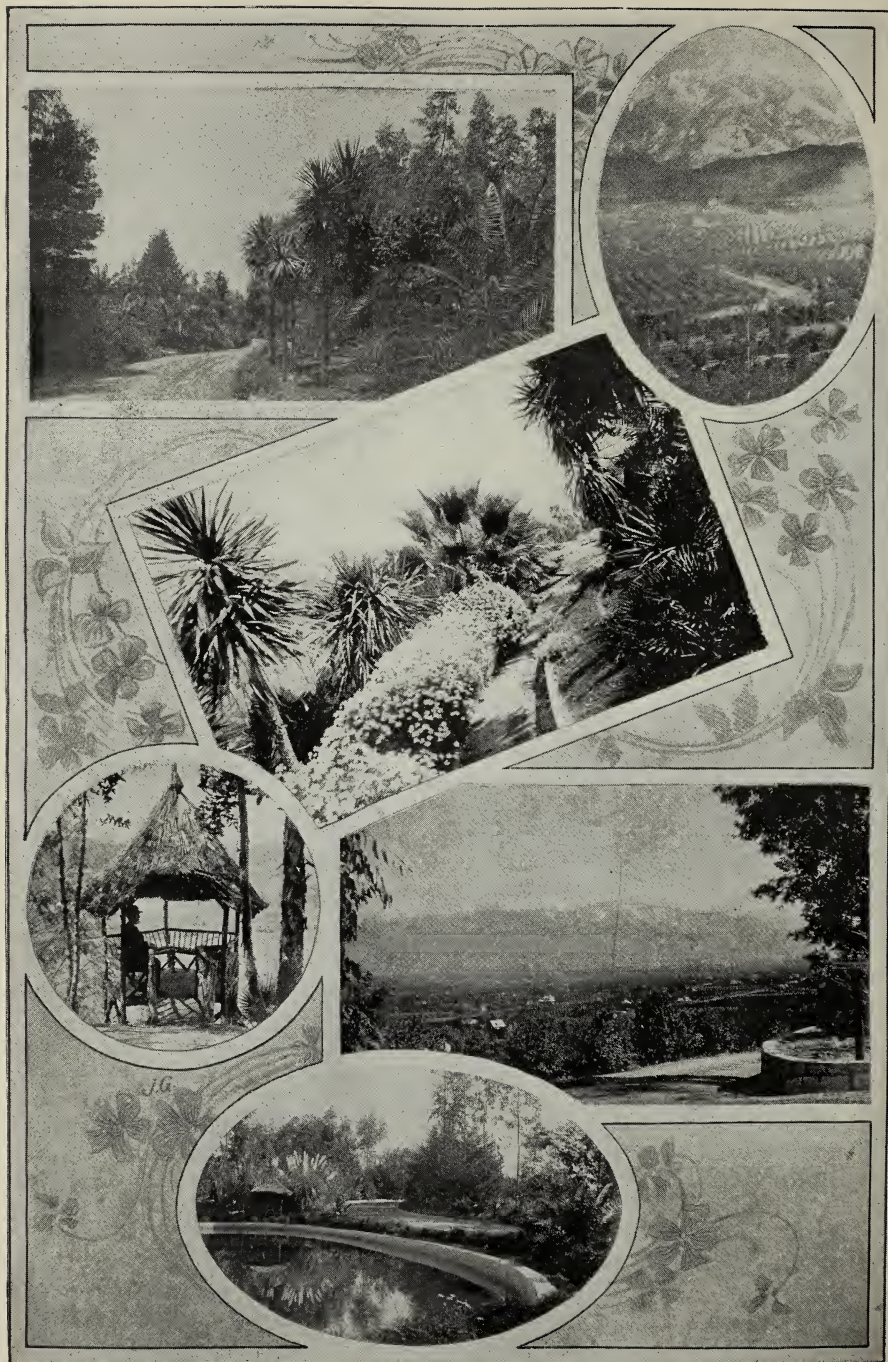
A dozen years ago a few scattered dwellings marked the site where Redlands now stands. The broad valley, embracing thousands of acres of fertile land, was then covered with sagebrush, except here and there where a few cleanings had been made and young orchards planted. But the quality of the soil had already been tested and only a little energy was required to obtain water for irrigation by tapping the supply of the Santa Ana river, which has its birthplace among the white-topped mountains that rise to great height beyond the eastern extremity of the valley.

A remarkable development of the section began at once and has continued ever since. Hundreds of acres were set out to oranges and these groves have since come into bearing, making Redlands one of the principal orange producing sections of the country.

There are now twelve orange-packing houses in Redlands, and last year the shipments of oranges from the section amounted to 494,789 boxes, or a little over 1400 carloads. Many of the groves are just coming into bearing, and the output for future years will be greatly increased.

The Redlands oranges have taken first place in the marts of the coun-





REDLANDS.



L. A. Eng. Co.

VIEW ON CAJON STREET.

Everett, Photo., Redlands.

try for the last few years on account of their superior quality. They are acknowledged to surpass in delicate flavor the oranges grown in any other section, and buyers always pay more for Redlands fruit than for any other. The attainment of this result has been due partly to the quality of the soil and partly to the fact that growers have devoted a great deal of their time and money to the scientific study of orange culture.

The picturesque location of Redlands never fails to win the admiration of the tourist and is a "joy forever" to the resident. The valley lies in the shape of a horseshoe, and to the north and east lofty mountains rear their heads into the sky. To the westward the valley opens toward the coast, and one has an unbroken vision of the San Bernardino mountains extending a hundred miles. To the eastward, half a dozen miles away, the head of the valley is seen, and back of the first range of hills two



L. A. Eng. Co.

THE A. K. SMILEY PUBLIC LIBRARY. Everett, Photo., Redlands

LAND OF SUNSHINE.



L. A. Eng. Co.

RESIDENCE OF A. K. SMILEY.

Everett, Photo, Redlands.

lofty peaks, San Bernardino and San Gorgonia (the latter familiarly known as "Grey-back") stand watch like immovable sentinels.

Along the south edge of the valley runs another range of hills. The crests of several of these have been leveled and are now crowned with magnificent homes.

The Cañon Crest park, the home of Messrs. A. H. and A. K. Smiley, is situated on the hills south of Redlands that divide the valley from San Timoteo Cañon. The park includes two hundred acres commonly known as Smiley Heights.

The Messrs. Smiley realizing the possibilities there for a beautiful home purchased the land and built two handsome residences thereon. They began their first planting in 1890 and since then have transformed



L. A. Eng. Co.

RESIDENCE OF A. HORNBY.

Everett, Photo., Redlands.

REDLANDS.



L. A. Eng Co.

RESIDENCE OF A. H. SMILEY.

the scene into a wonderland of flowers and foliage. They have built driveways, created artificial lakes and planted forests. Barren ridges have been changed into flower gardens and dry washes into forest glens. Almost every variety of tree, shrub and flower that flourishes in the semi-tropics is to be found there. In all there are over a thousand varieties of trees and shrubs, to say nothing of the flowers. The park is private property, but is always open to the public, and thousands of tourists enjoy its matchless beauty every year.

One of the attractive features of Redlands is the new public library which was donated to the city by A. K. Smiley, and has just been completed. The library is a fine structure and was erected at a cost of \$50,-



L. A. Eng. Co.

RESIDENCE OF MRS. WM. SCOTT CRAWFORD.





Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

THE CASA LOMA.

F. T. Johnson, Art.

000. The exterior of the building is of mission style with carved stone trimmings and tiled roof. The interior is finished in oak. The building is named after its generous donor and is called the "A. K. Smiley Public Library."

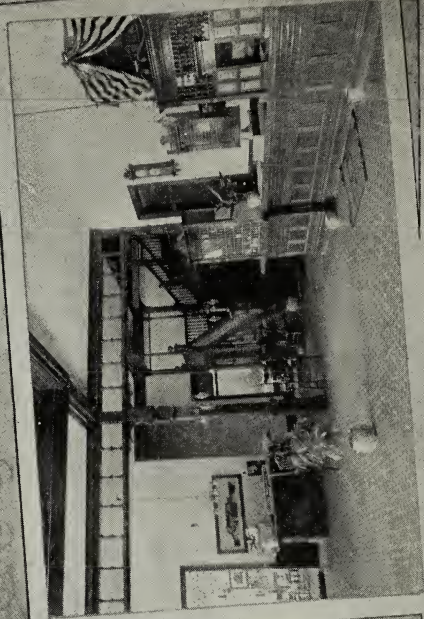
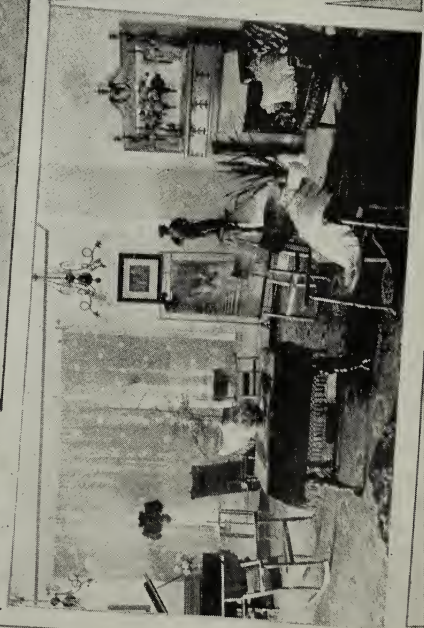
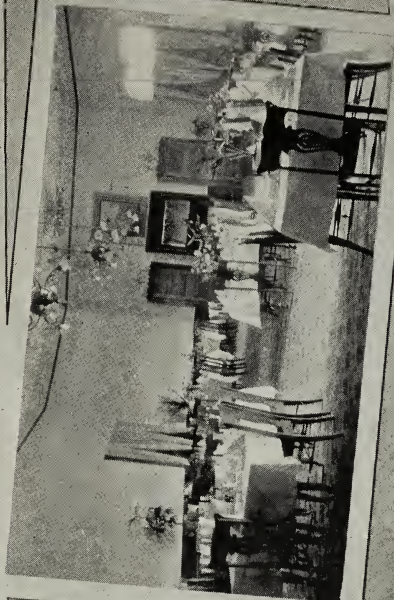
Redlands is a place of handsome residences where no effort at artistic adornment has been spared, and the community is one of educated, law-abiding people, and is constantly being increased by newcomers who want to settle where there is plenty of "good company." Thousands of tourists come to Redlands every winter. Some are visitors for the first time, but many make it their habit to return year after year.

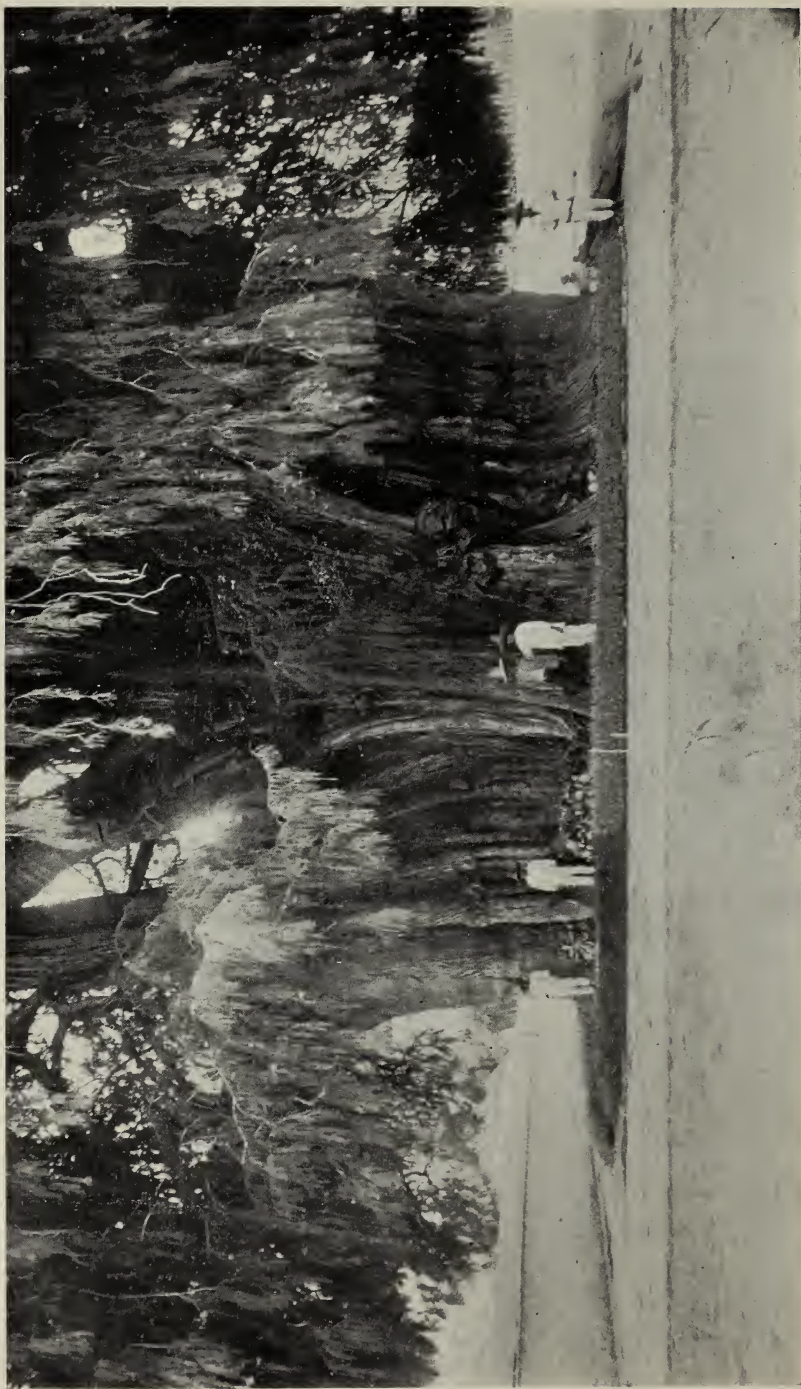
In the matter of hotels for the accommodation of visitors Redlands is particularly fortunate. The Casa Loma or "House upon the Hill" is one of the leading hotels on the Coast. The property recently changed hands and is owned by the Casa Loma Hotel Company of which Edward S. Graham, formerly of Philadelphia, is president and Joseph H. Bohon, for the past eight years manager of the Westminster Hotel in Los Angeles, is secretary and manager. Mr. Bohon is a well known boniface, and the fact that he has assumed the active management of the Casa Loma is a guarantee that visitors to Redlands can find everything to be desired in the way of hotel accommodation.

Its location upon a promontory commands a grand panoramic view of the valley for miles in every direction. On top of the building there is a large glass-enclosed room fitted up as a sun parlor and also as a lookout tower where a powerful telescope will be placed for the use of guests.

The Windsor is the leading "up-town" hotel. It is situated conveniently to the railway stations and caters to the patronage of commercial men. The hotel was recently purchased by W. G. Howard, formerly of the Hollenbeck in Los Angeles, and is now run as a model of neatness and good taste.

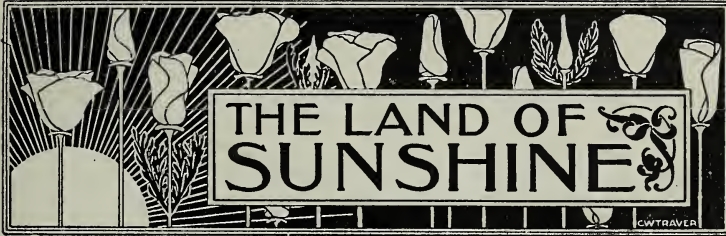
The Redlands of today is a thriving settlement of over 5000 inhabitants. The residents represent the best classes from the East who have visited other famous resorts of the West and finally settled here because charmed with the valley and its surroundings. Of course in such a community there are churches representing almost every denomination. There are numerous societies as well for the study of literature and art. The Redlands High School is a source of pride to the residents. It is a fine institution ranking second among the High Schools of California in its standard of scholarship and equipment.







THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 10, No. 4

LOS ANGELES

MARCH, 1899.

THE BONES OF MITLA.

BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



F our despised continent shall ever become known to the American who thinks he travels—but who really just *goes*; not because his mind pricks him but because other people have gone—why, we shall have a new face upon our thought and our literature. For the Grand Tour is tame and unavailing beside the American wonderland that not one American in a thousand ever heard of. As much in antiquity as in scenery, the "New" World has the better of it. There is more of both within our own national borders than on "The Continent" abroad; and between the United States and Patagonia the marvels are simply past computation. Mexico may fitly be reckoned as part of our Southwest. In physical geography, in "atmosphere," above all in ethnology, the relationship is clear. It is the continuation of the most interesting country in the world—which begins in our New Mexico and Arizona and runs on down to Chile; and from the standpoint of the study of man it is the sequel to our own arid lands. The prehistoric ruins in New Mexico and Arizona are of themselves enough to fascinate any traveler with the germ of thought anywhere latent in him; and in Mexico the forgotten cities are so many and so splendid that our popular ignorance of them can be understood only by a rather deprecating estimate of our intellectuality.

Take for instance the famous piles of Mitla—the so-called "Mosaic Palaces." Everyone sees them who tours Mexico—and that's about one "American," from next door, to every fifty Englishmen, thirty Germans and twenty French and Italians, all from across the water—yet these noble monuments of

earliest America are not a hundredth part as well known in the United States as Nineveh *per* Leyard.

Nearly three centuries ago Torquemada, the great Franciscan historian, wrote :

"Holy men of my Father St. Francis, preaching and confessing as they went, came in the province of the Zapotecs (whose capital is Tehuantepec), to a town called Mictlan (which means hell). And besides relating the multitude of People that were in the Town, they noted the most superb and sumptuous Edifices of all they had seen in this New Spain.* Among the which was a Temple to the Fiend, and Buildings for the Dwelling of his infernal Ministers. And among other many things that were in it, very sightly, was a Hall, whose Workmanship was vaulted, Built of Stone wrought of many lattices and other very curious patterns. There were many Portals, and each of only three Stones, two upright at the sides and the other laid across them above. So that, for all these Doors were very high and Spacious, the Stones were sufficient for their Building ; such thick stones and so wide, that they affirm it would be possible to find few to match them.

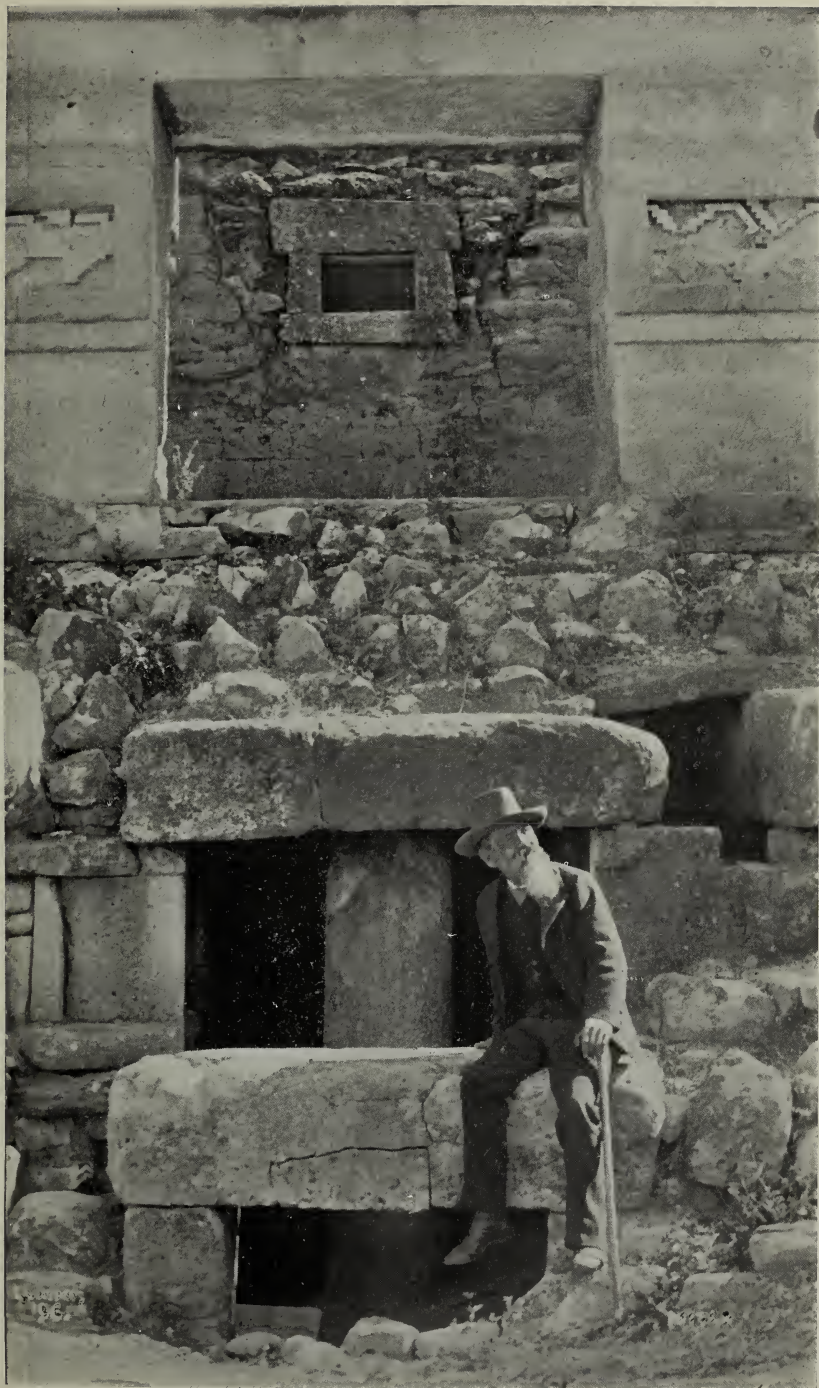
"There was in those Edifices, or Square of the Temple, another Hall, all framed upon round Pillars of Stone ; very high, and so thick that scarce might two Men of good height embrace them so as to touch finger-tips the one with the other. And these Pillars were all of one piece ; and they say that all the Pillar and Column, from top to bottom, was five Fathoms. The Pillars were very like to those of St. Mary the Greater, in Rome ; all very well and smoothly wrought."

Mitla (*Mictlan*, an Aztec nickname ; the native Zapotec name is *Lyo-bá* "mouth of the grave") is about the most southerly venture of the tourist in Mexico. It lies a dusty day's drive below Oaxaca, the squat earthquake city where the two greatest Mexicans were born, and in the "Valley" of which Cortes himself was made Marquis in 1529. Oaxaca on its own account is worth the journey from the City of Mexico, via ever-lovely Puebla. It dates from 1532, and is picturesque as well as historic ; the most unconverted of all the Mexican cities.

On the way from Oaxaca, a slight detour takes one to the Pueblo of Santa Maria del Tule with its venerable church and its "Humboldt's Tree"—a gigantic ahuehuete or cypress, 142 feet in circumference. A wooden tablet, now half ingrown in the bark, bears the inscription placed on it, almost a century ago, by the greatest and wisest traveler that ever set foot in America.

Six or seven hours from Oaxaca, one reaches the modest

* "New Spain" was the title of Mexico.



L. A. Eng Co

Photo. by Chas. F. Lummis

MITLA — ENTRANCE TO "HALL OF COLUMNS" AND TO THE
"SUBTERRANEOS" OR BASEMENT.

(The figure is Angel Vasquez, the old custodian of the ruins.)



Zapotec Indian hamlet of San Pablo Mitla, with its diffuse market-place under gigantic wild figs, its one considerable house (of Don Felix Quero) and the scattered huts of a few hundred Zapotecos.

The famous ruins lie across the putative Rio de Mitla ; and so does the village church—which is built on, and of, some of the ancient edifices. There are four principal groups of these prehistoric buildings, but tourists see only the church (generally without comprehending that it “belongs”) and one other group. There are also two small teocallis or sacrificial pyramids—only about 30 feet high and 109 to 180 feet on a side ; insignificant measurement indeed compared with the pyramids of Cholula and Teotihuacan, or the still vaster *huacas* of Peru.

In all, amid several acres covered with debris, there remain 39 edifices at Mitla, of which the most startling are those of the quadrangle just south of the church.

Here, raised on artificial platforms of earth, faced with stone, to a height of five or six feet above the bedrock or its scant oversoil, stands a series of buildings so remarkable that we can little wonder at the unstudious admiration which has dubbed them “palaces.” The buildings are low (the earthquake is no new invention in the State of Oaxaca ; nor is the plotting against it), quadrangular, and apparently of solid stone. Their proportions are, despite the lack of height, admirable and impressive ; and their ornamentation is as clever stone-work as was ever done by man, savage or civilized. If it does not stand for such force of numbers or such magnificent chiseling as the stupendous carved monoliths of Tiahuanaco (Bolivia) and the Sacsahuaman (Peru) or the sculptures of Chichen-Itza (Yucatan) or Nineveh and Babylon, it marks at least as much patience and ingenuity, and is unique. Nowhere else in the world, outside of America, do we find this architectural device. That in itself is enough to give prime interest to Mitla, the most perfect type of this invention.

The walls of Mitla are in reality—though the tourist never dreams it—built of adobe, faced inside and out with amygdaloidal stone. The outer face is the so-called “Mosaic”—the checkering or tessellation, in one color but in *relievo*, which forms one of the most effective and admirable façades ever built by the hands of man. The design—which is astonishingly fertile and varied—was made by facing the adobe wall (apparently while it was yet wet) with tens of thousands of stone slabs, broken carefully from a favoring quarry and “dressed” by rubbing them on other stones. These slabs are in size and shape something like the old Spanish floor-tile—that is, proportionately not more than half as thick as our ordinary bricks, which they surpass in regularity. As to the

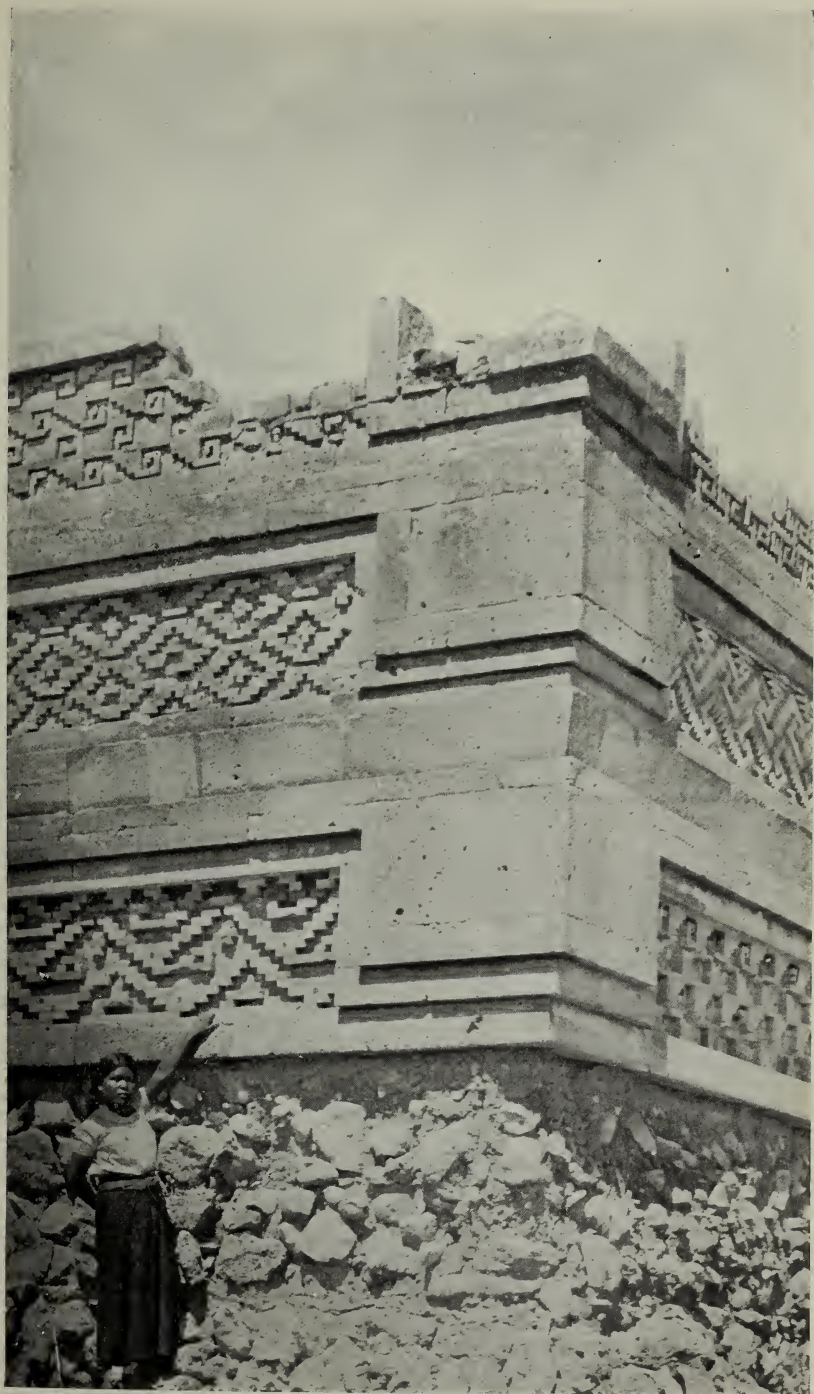
patterns they have been employed to make, I shall simply refer the reader to the accompanying photographs for sample.

The group of buildings nearest the church is in the best state of conservation—these ruins are now well cared for by the wise Mexican government, while the United States is nowhere lifting a finger to protect any one of our thousands of different but equally important landmarks—and *is* Mitla to the general traveler. Of this group the northwestern building is most important. It is an edifice which covers an area of nearly 8000 square feet. It includes four good rooms around an inner court (*pátio*) and a great hall 121 feet long and 23 feet wide in the clear. The rooms and the *pátio* have the tessellated walls; the great hall is plain but contains six impressive monolithic columns, each over 9 feet in circumference and 12 feet high. These massive pillars of rocks once supported a roof of flat stones laid as children roof a block house—for the arch was absolutely unknown to America, before the Spaniards introduced it. The subjoined photograph is, I believe, the only one ever made that shows all six monoliths of the famous “Hall of Columns.”

The rooms of Mitla were long and narrow, that they might be roofed as aforesaid; and the floors were of a lime concrete which ages have not destroyed. It is better paving today than a good many American sidewalks that have been laid since 1890—and these concrete floors were already so ancient that no one knew who made them when Fray Martin de Valencia (the Franciscan referred to by Torquemada, and the first European of whose visit we have knowledge) saw Mitla in 1533. The immemorial ruin, upon whose tumbled stones and potsherds a living Indian village has drowsed ever since history began, has been for all these centuries a sort of haunted house of aboriginal tradition. Perhaps this accounts for its uncanny names. At all events the present Zapotecs believe (so they tell me) that the wraiths of their remotest ancestors flit about the broken walls of Mitla, seeking rest and finding none.

In front of and under this remarkable building, modern excavations in the south front of the artificial terrace upon which it is builded have disclosed a so-called subterranean hall—more exactly a basement. The illustration (p. 175) shows its portal—the only picturesque thing about it; for inside it is merely a tunnel.

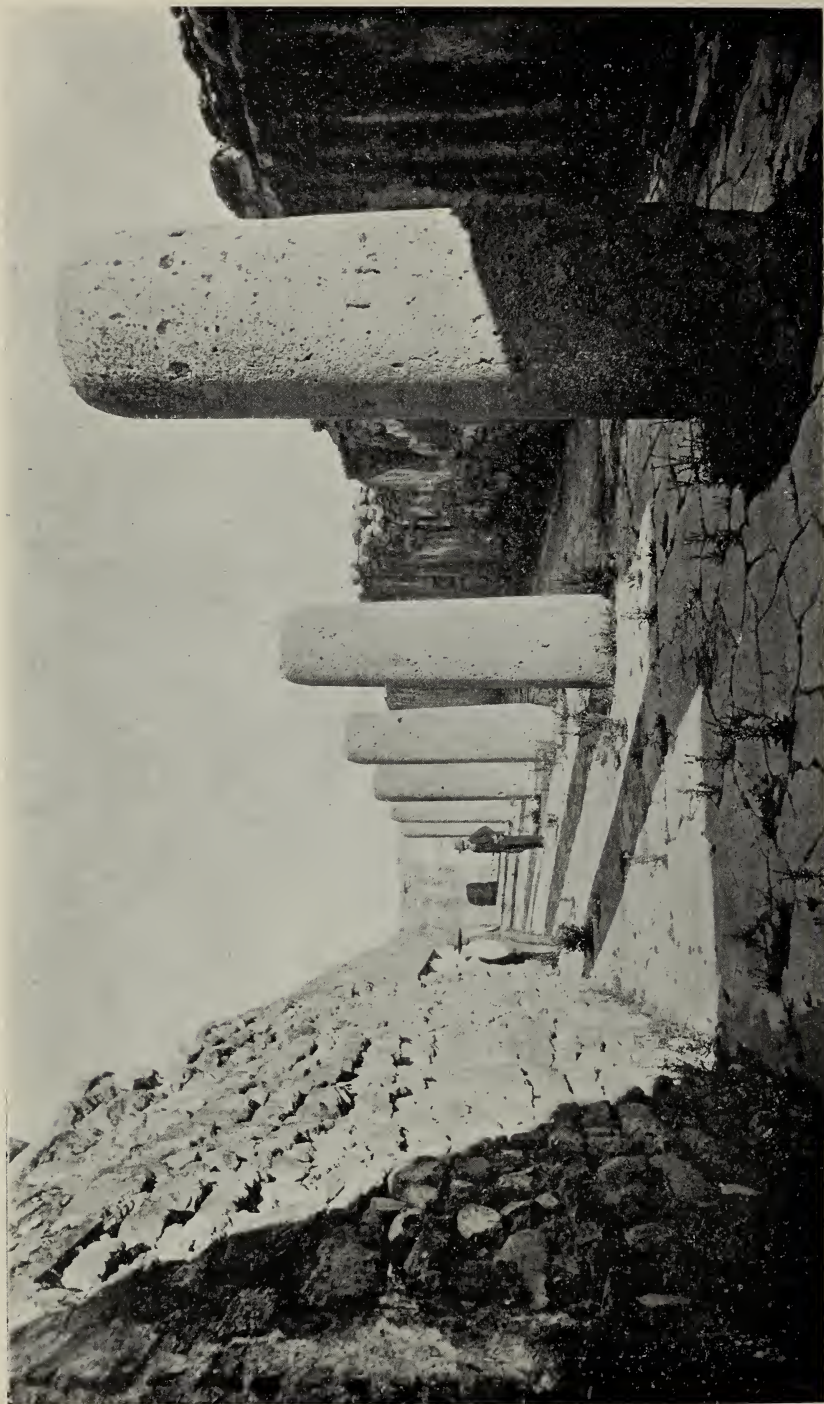
The building was, by all tokens, the “Man-House” or council-hall of the people, corresponding with the Aztec “*tecpan*” and the “*estufa*” of the New Mexican Pueblos. The other three sides of the large *pátio* (whose north is bounded by this building) were closed by edifices now largely ruins; and a similar plan is observable in the three other great groups of buildings which can still be traced. Here as in our

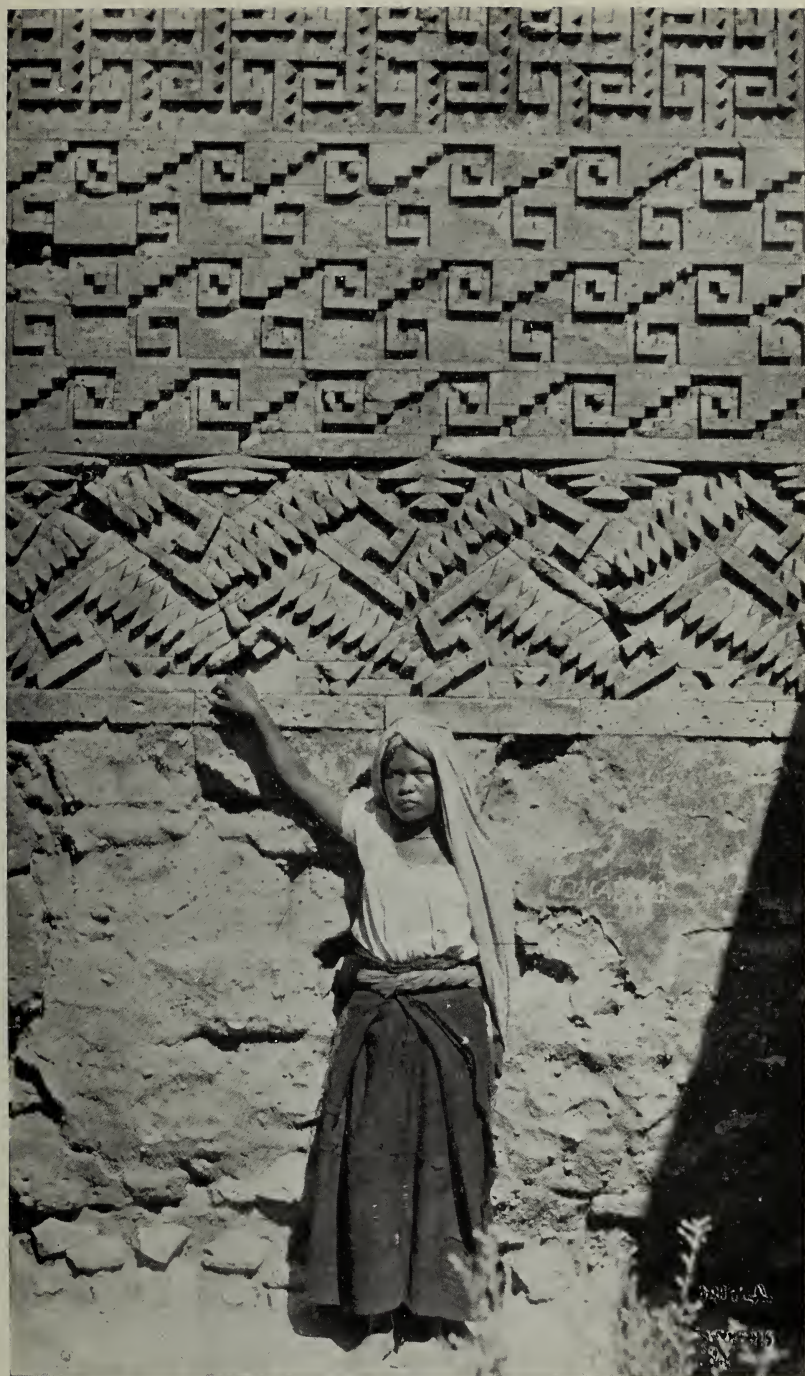


L. A. Eng. Co.

Photo. by Chas F. Lummis

MITLA — A CORNER OF THE NORTH "PALACE."





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Photo. by Chas. F. Lummit.

MITLA—A DETAIL OF THE TESSELLATION OR "MOSAIC."

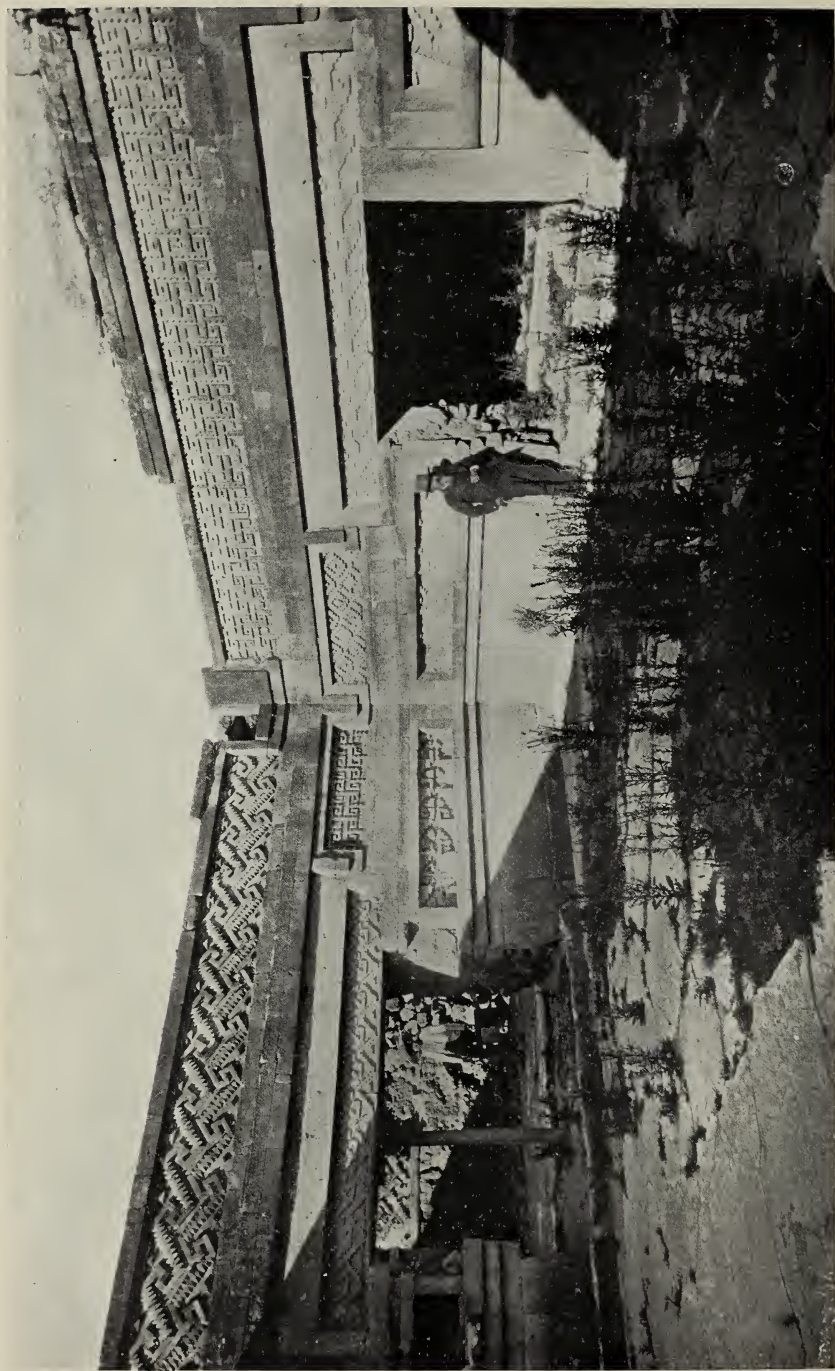




L. A. Eng. Co.

Photo. by Chas. F. Lummis

MITLA—ONE OF THE ROOMS OPENING ON THE PATIO.



Southwest, the men lived by themselves in great halls, before the conquest; the women and children in what our modern vocabulary would call "tenements"—a stone barracks subdivided into family cells.

I am not pretending to describe Mitla. These pages would not permit anything so complicated. I shall mention, no more, the interesting mural paintings which still are visible on the ancient walls now incorporated in the curacy; the great stone lintels (not up to the monoliths of Tiahuanaco, but big enough; the largest being 22 feet long, 5 feet wide and 40 inches thick); the scattered relics of antiquity which do duty here and there in the hovels of the modern village; the demure and interesting Indians of today; the other ruins—somewhat similar, but by their location to be judged as strongholds—at Xagá and Jio.

These pictures and brief notes are just meant to indicate that there are American antiquities worth visiting; and that Mitla is one of them.

THE MIRAGE.

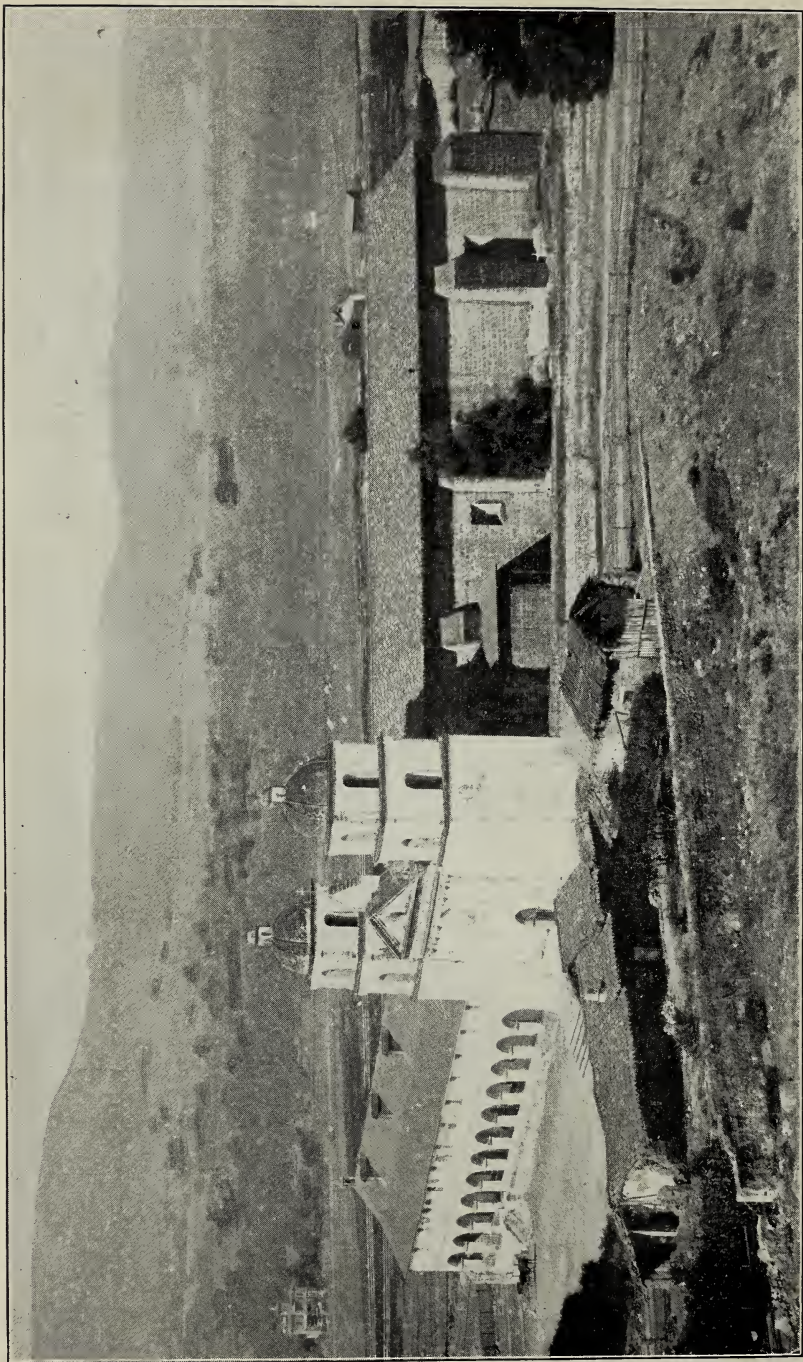
BY LILLIAN CORBETT BARNES.

ACROSS the desert she dwells,
And the desert is leagues across—
Leagues of sand and cacti and stars,
And a milky way with its serpentine bars,
Winds that shiver and toss,
Sunlight that maddens and quells.

I stand where the short grass ends,
A-gaze o'er the limitless plain,
Miles upon miles I can see, I know,
But never a track where my feet may go,
Never an end to attain,
Unless—is it heaven descends?

Is it heaven horizon-near,
With porticoes, pinnacles, spires?
For palm trees are waving in garden and street,
And fountains are dimpling, and beck'ning, and sweet,
In a city of scintillant fires,
A city of marvel—of fear—

And of death. Yet I gird up my feet—
To the swift, to the wing'd, is the race!
Mirage be mirage; but through glamour and glow
There flashes a star no mirages could show—
A heart-hidden, hungered-for Face—
And the soul of my soul I shall greet.



THE AMERICAN MENTONE.

BY S. M. KENNEDY.



ANYONE who has spent a winter in the south of France will recall with delight the many beautiful places along the shores of the Mediterranean; and he who has sauntered through the Riviera will never forget the witching loveliness of Mentone. Such a one is more than likely to find in Southern California at least one spot that has much in common with the renowned European watering place. Like its rival, this Western resort is backed by an amphitheatre of majestic mountains, and before it is spread a blue sea. Further resemblance may be found in the clear sky, sunshiny days, balmy nights and mild, equable temperature. Orange and lemon trees, olives, almonds, figs and pines adorn the surrounding slopes and valleys. All these are conspicuous attractions at Mentone, and these also are some of the features in and near the dainty California city, known as Santa Barbara.

Who *was* Santa Barbara?

Briefly, she was the lovely daughter of a Roman noble named Dioscorus, an idolator, living in the early part of the third century. She espoused Christianity, and was martyred by an unnatural father. Santa Barbara is the patron saint of armorers and gunsmiths, of fire arms and fortifications, and is a frequent ornament on shields, armor and great guns. Her day in the saint's calendar is December 4th, and it is on this date that the Spanish exploring expedition touched that part of the California coast.

Nature has lavishly endowed this corner of the Golden State, where, on a gentle slope, between the lofty Santa Ynez mountains and the placid sea, lies the famous "Channel City." Years ago, before the advent of the Americans, Santa Barbara was celebrated among the natives, who made regular pilgrimages from distant points, to breathe the balmy air, drink the waters from the mineral springs, and be rejuvenated by the hot sulphur baths. Going still further back to the days before the Spaniards made their appearance, tradition relates that the waters of these same springs were used by the Indians as a general panacea. Here the padres built one of their largest and finest missions, which stands today, an object of interest and admiration to resident and tourist alike. Here were the homes of the aristocracy from Spain and Old Mexico during the Spanish régime, and here, when the rest of Southern California was almost unknown, the Americans came to escape the rigors of the Eastern climate, to regain lost health, and prolong their years.

The old town improves on intimate acquaintance. It is much more than a charming spectacle, and abounds in delightful surprises. One who wanders through its streets is constantly coming upon bits of picturesque Spanish life, historical old adobes, the ruins of buildings which played an important part in California's first settlement, while now and then, on lovely heights along the seashore, or in mysterious gulches of the foot-hills, are found relics of that "civilization" which antedates history; mounds and burial grounds with relics of people who were only a tradition to the native races found here by Cabrillo three hundred and fifty years ago.

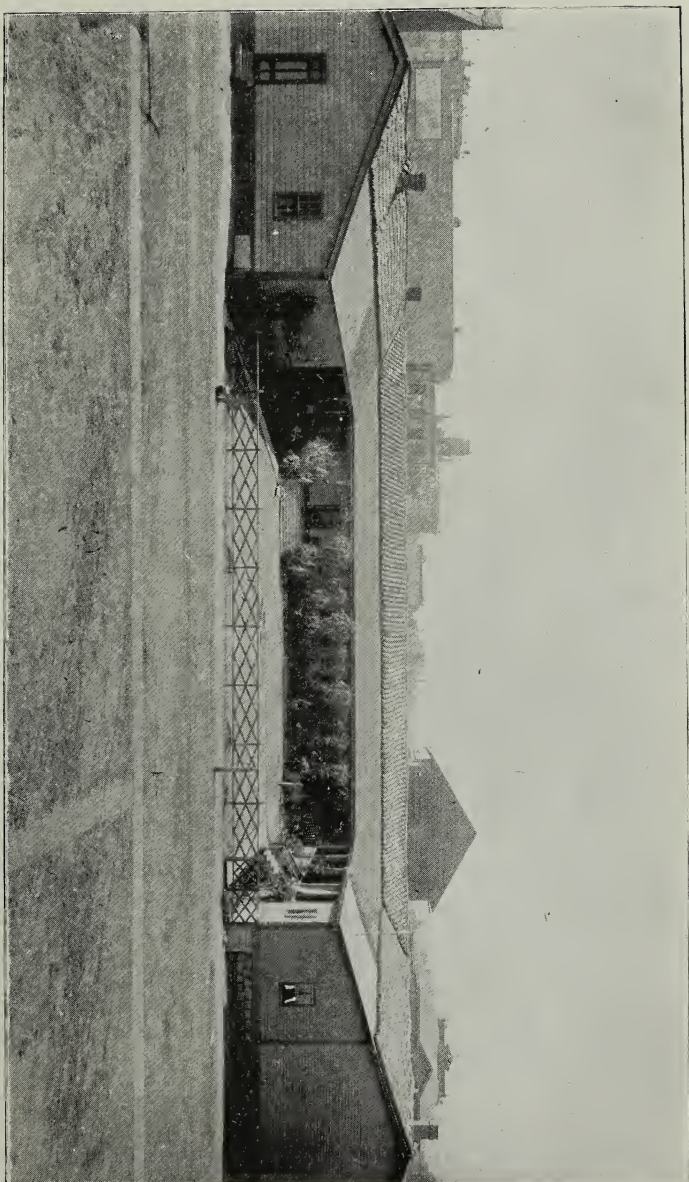
A stranger on entering Santa Barbara is bewildered by the profusion of flowers growing along the streets. Houses are covered with heliotrope, plumbago and ivy geraniums; and there are hedges of roses, fuchsias and geraniums—one mass of gorgeous bloom. Probably in all the United States there is no other place where so many plants, flowers

and fruits, hardy, half hardy and tropical, from all parts of the world, may be seen growing side by side.

Santa Barbara and its elevated suburb of Montecito are practically one great and beautiful village. A palm-decked plaza and shaded avenue commence at the sea rim and rise gently through the center of

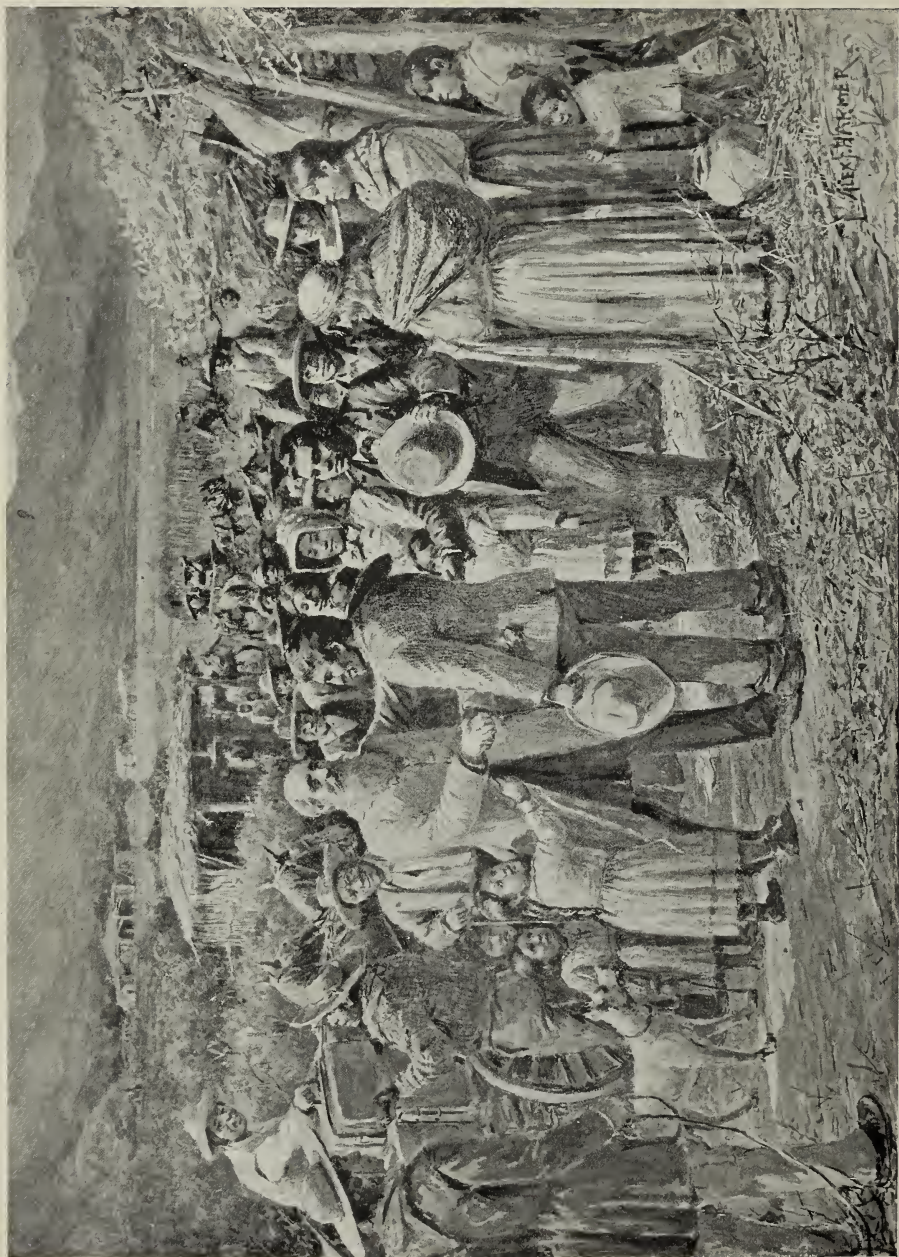


IN THE MISSION GARDEN.



L. A. Bug Co.

THE DE LA GUERRA HOUSE.



L. A. Eng. Co.

FATHER GASPARA'S ARRIVAL AT THE RANCHERIA.
(See "A Soul in Bronze," p. 194.)

Drawn by Alex. F. Harper.

the town, to the foot of the gray mountains, above whose grim peaks the condor and eagle soar. Every year the citizens hold a genuine arcadian holiday, the feature of which is a carnival of flowers. The prodigal display of coloring then seen is such as one might dream of gazing on in an enchanted land.

The most attractive homes have been built among the Mission hills, and the heights overlooking the city—anywhere to command a view of the sea, and the Channel islands that loom above the horizon, thirty-five miles away. The flat beach at Santa Barbara is an excellent one for bathing, and this pastime is indulged in from January to December. The shore is broken by rocky points, where the surf spouts up in white columns, with deafening roar, and above it lies a long mesa, dotted with live oaks that look down over the dreamy little city. It is a charming ride over the mesa to the lighthouse, a most interesting landmark to seamen. No less interesting is a chat with the brave little woman, over seventy-two years old, who has for forty years lighted the lamp that has sent its beacon of welcome or warning to mariners. The same hand that struck the first light here trims the lamp today.

The Montecito valley, a fairyland of homes, and the pride of Santa Barbara, lies three miles east, over a low range of hills, and is accessible by picturesque drives through wooded cañons, or along the sea-shore. Breathing the air heavy with the perfume of orange and lemon blossoms one may drive for hours through a varied wonderland, where he can see a succession of charming villas, all surrounded by evidences of wealth and refinement.

From every point of view on land, and from far out at sea, the old Mission is sure first to catch the eye of him who looks towards Santa Barbara; and back to the peaceful atmosphere of its vicinity the stranger will return again and again. This Mission is today the best preserved of all such edifices that were built in California by the Franciscan monks, and within its walls the remnant of the order in this part of the world even yet finds shelter. The building has still an imposing appearance. At one side is the church, surmounted by towers and bell-fries, and on the other three sides are the Mission buildings, cells, refectory, living rooms and guest chambers, with long corridors and old tile roofs, forming a quadrangle. The courtyard is filled with plants and flowers of rarest beauty. It is a romantic spot enjoyed only by the friars, the world being religiously excluded from its precincts. The Princess Louise of England and the wife of ex-president Harrison are only women who have been allowed to enter this holy ground, and after each occasion the place had to be reconsecrated.

There is a fable told of the mission. Back in the pastoral times, a long drouth threatened starvation, not only to the vast herds of sheep and cattle, but even to the Mission fathers and their proteges, the Indians. So great was the cry for rain that the fathers ordered a day of prayer, invoking the intercession of the patron saint. As answer a great storm arose, with thunder and lightning, and the drouth was ended. On the morrow, the saint's day, there was great rejoicing among the people; and raising their eyes in gratitude they saw imprinted on the face of the overlooking mountain the form of Santa Barbara, clearly chiseled on the rocks by the storm. This strange figure is distinctly visible today.

Reluctantly will the visitor tear himself from the encompassing charm of the quaint arches and reminiscent shadows. They are a dream of the Old World, indifferent to the turbulence of the New; and as the echo of the sweet old bells dies away, one can almost hear the jingling spurs of the Spanish cavalier, or see the procession of Indians, headed by the faithful padres, wending their way into the chapel for vespers, as the sun sinks to rest over the blue Pacific.

A NEW MEXICO FOLK-SONG.

THIS characteristic folk-song *El Carbonero* (the Charcoal-Burner) was collected by the editor among the *paisanos* of New Mexico; transcribed by Henry Holden Huss, and harmonized by the late John Comfort Fillmore, the foremost student of folk-music.

I.

El primer amor que tengo, Mamá,
Ha de ser un carbonero.
Va á vender su carbon, Mamá,
Pero gastando el dinero.

II.

Alli viene el carbonero, Mamá,
Bajando por la cuchilla.
Va á vender su carbon, Mamá,
Á real y medio la cuartilla.

IV.

Ya voy hacer una casita, Mamá,
De piedrita de hormiguero,
Para vivir alli solita, Mamá,
Junto con mi carbonero.

I.

The very first lover I have, Mamma,
A charcoal man I'll choose me.
He has to go selling his coals, Mamma,
But money he'll ne'er refuse me.

II.

Ah, there comes the charcoal man, Mamma,
Down the steep hill—what pleasure!
His charcoal he's going to sell, Mamma,
At fifteen cents the measure.

IV.

I'll build me a bit of a house, Mamma,
Of stone that the ants uncover,
So I may live there alone, Mamma,
Along with my coal-man lover.

Allegro comodo.

Ya voy ha - cer una ig - Jes i - ta, ma - ma, De ,pie -
I am go - ing to build me a chap - el, mam - ma, Of,

dri - ta de hor - mi gue - ro, Pa - ra que va - ya á
stone that the ants un cov - er, So I may go me to

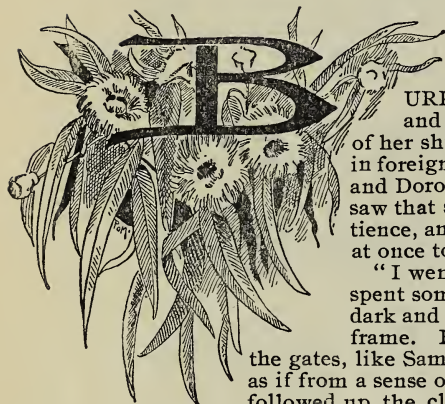
hi - sa, ma - ma, Jun - to con mi car - bon - e - ro.
mass... mam - ma, Along with my coal-man lov - er....

A SOUL IN BRONZE.

A NOVEL OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY CONSTANCE GODDARD DU BOIS.

Author of "*The Shield of the Fleur-de-lis*," "*A Modern Pagan*," "*Columbus and Beatriz*," "*Martha Corey*," etc.



CHAPTER XXVII.

URKE found Dorothea alone. She was pale and sad, but a rosy color mounted to the roots of her shining hair as he bent and kissed her hand in foreign fashion. He did not presume upon more, and Dorothea found his forbearance admirable. He saw that she was trembling with repressed impatience, and following a new line of policy, he came at once to the point.

"I went yesterday to see Lachusa," he said. "I spent some time in his cell. It was a dismal place, dark and unhealthy, not suited to his strong young frame. He looked as if he were able to carry off the gates, like Samson at Gaza. But he submits to his fate, as if from a sense of duty, and refuses absolutely to speak. I followed up the clue you sent. It is possible that there is something in it and I will work it up. We will hope for the best. I wonder what his future would be if he were freed from this charge."

"What future is there for any man who has been accused and imprisoned? That is the worst of it. It is so wickedly unjust!"

"He might live it down, but there is no opening for one of his race. I wonder that he has not tried to make more of his education. Put him and me to a competitive examination, and no doubt he would carry off all the honors. Yet I live by my brains, and he has been content to be a day laborer."

"He did it from a consistent purpose," explained Dorothea. "He thinks all labor is noble, and he wanted his people to realize that he did not hold himself above them. At the same time he was planning to give his life to their advancement. He was going about it by degrees. He has a masterly mind, and always sees the end from the beginning, and has patience as well as foresight."

"That is a characteristic of the Indian," remarked Burke. "There ought to be a great future for the red man, if fate had been more kind. I blush for my own race when I see the effect of our boasted civilization upon the so-called inferior races. Mrs. Aguilar is right when she says that the Indian's virtues are all his own; his vices those of the white man."

"You have learned something since I have seen you."

"No one could be with Lachusa and not recognize the latent possibilities of his character," said Burke. He was speaking with a purpose, yet not insincerely. "Even if he did the crime, I believe he did it from a motive that would almost extenuate it."

"He did not do it, of course," she replied. "But what could that motive be?"

"Forgive me if I do not tell you," he said. "Lawyers never tell their wives the secrets of their cases."

Dorothea blushed and kept silence.

Burke seated himself near the table and began to play with the

trinkets upon it. It assisted his thoughts if his fingers were busy. He took up the picture frame.

"My father," commented Dorothea. "I believe I have shown it to you."

Burke nodded and looked curiously at the face before him.

"I am so worried about papa," she continued. "It is so long since I have heard. I fear that he is ill, perhaps dead. I cannot rid my mind of the idea. Last night I lay awake here, as I thought, and the moonlight shone into the room, and as plain as I see you now I saw him seated in that very chair before my dressing-table. It did not seem a dream, it was so real; but I cried out and woke my aunt, and she told me I had had a nightmare. Oh, Harry, what do you think has happened to him?"

"He is probably away on a long trip. You will hear soon."

"He does not even know of my engagement," she continued. "It seems like treason to him. Of course if he objects, that is the end of it."

"Of course," answered Burke, "I shall submit to his will, but I have great confidence in his taste and judgment. I believe he will think his Dolly could do worse."

"I did not know you were so vain," said Dorothea, and her spirit grew a little lighter in spite of herself.

Burke was in a gay mood, and he was pleased to hear that Mrs. Aguilar was absent. School was not in session, but the little pupils had left their books and maps behind them. Burke declaimed pieces from the Third Reader, drew pictures upon the board, and put Dorothea through an examination in geography. Then, observing the clock, he asked if her housekeeping did not include a mid-day meal, and if he were not expected to stay and share it.

"I wonder what I can offer you," she replied. "I was to have some fruit, and there is bread and butter."

"What more do we need?" he asked. "Bread and butter spread by your hands, and figs and grapes and guavas. I will make some 'guava fool.' It is food for the gods. Get me a strainer and a bowl, and a big spoon and some sugar, and tie an apron around my neck for the salvation of my shirt-front; and do you whip the cream. I am glad there is plenty of cream."

Dorothea smiled as she tied a large white apron close about his neck. She felt the stirring of an almost maternal tenderness as she touched his curly locks and looked down upon his well-poised, handsome head. It was as if she were already his wife; content to share life's homely duties with him, though her youth with its illusions was dead and buried, and the purple light of love had faded forever from her soul. It is an instinct with unselfish women to find a certain pleasure in renunciation. Let duty command in unmistakable tones, and they will prove with bleeding feet the ordeal of the ploughshares.

Burke was well pleased with the progress he had made. He did not make the mistake of overstaying his time; and took his leave while Dorothea's eyes and ears were still at his command. He left her uncertain of the time of his return. He was to ride over to Leona for a day or two; but would return to town by the stage-road, and not by Casa Blanca. He must give his time now to the conduct of his case; business before pleasure; duty before love.

He stood hat and whip in hand to say farewell, and Dorothea with averted eyes gave him the shy, fleeting touch of her hand.

"My dear girl," said Burke, "I believe there is always present in your mind the fear that I may overstep my rights and exact or at least plead for a kiss. I hope you will understand that under the circumstances of our engagement, I hold you free from any such tribute. I will never kiss you until you yourself offer me your lips. You have given me your promise, and I thank you every day of my life; but all else comes to me from your bounty, unasked and unsought."

He sprang to the saddle and was off like a flash. Dorothea watched him with a strange mingling of emotions. He had the power to stir and trouble her heart. A blush rose slowly to her cheeks. Yes, she was his promised wife. She owed him a life's fidelity.

She went to her desk and took out a faded bunch of flowers. Antonio had gathered them for her on an almost inaccessible cliff where an eagle had built its nest. With reluctant hands she placed the flowers upon the coals that smouldered in the grate. She watched them until they were consumed, then turned with streaming eyes to resume her interrupted duties.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AS the season waned the nights grew chill at Casa Blanca. Mrs. Aguilar was occupied with cares that were no part of her official duties—the need of providing food and warm clothing for the poor old people who were pensioners on an indifferent national government. The noonday December sun was hot, but there was a skimming of ice over the spring in the hollow in the early morning. The children came shivering to school. A bed upon the ground with one blanket for covering chills even the blood of childhood.

Mrs. Aguilar made sacrifices and gave time and money which she could ill spare. She was therefore quite beside herself with indignation when a rumor reached her ears that the tribe planned an offering of garments to the dead—a survival of primitive customs earnestly discouraged by those who had at heart the progress of the Indians. She called upon Felipe, the captain, to forbid the proposed celebration, but he would make no promises and answer no questions. It was evident that he was not willing to risk his newly-acquired popularity. There was a general reticence in regard to the plan. Marta, when closely questioned, acknowledged that she was heart and soul in favor of it.

"I cannot sleep at night," she said, "for thinking how cold my little Fernando must be without my bosom to lie in. Should I not go without my winter shawl to warm his little body?"

To all representations of the inutility of the sacrifice she turned a deaf ear; and maintained an impassive air when Mrs. Aguilar invoked the authority of the church.

"Our religion is good, too," said Marta—"as good as the priest's. We love our dead people. They are still alive, but it is in no place of flames. It is like this world, and my Fernando must go cold unless I send him something to keep him warm. We have minded the priests, and the spirits of our people vex us."

Realizing the opposition which they were likely to encounter, the people made all their preparations secretly. Marta and Angela met by stealth at twilight at the *ramada* which Antonio had built for his sleeping place. Here his possessions were still stored undisturbed, though no lock was on the door.

His bed stood neatly made, a shelf of books above it. A trunk full of clothes was at the further end. There was a chair and a table made of pine boards, and on pegs driven into the wall hung his rifle and cartridge belt.

"I have not been in here before," said Marta. "It made me too sad. I am afraid now to touch his clothes. It is like stealing from my brother."

"He will never need the clothes now," said Angela, who had opened the trunk and was making eager selection from it. "Here is a thick, warm overcoat, just the thing for my old husband. He used to suffer with rheumatism. I do not know that he is any better where he is, for not a thing have I sent him in all these years. I may as well take a whole suit. Antonio will not send for his best clothes for the hanging, and they will not take much pains with his laying-out."

Marta began to weep violently. "How can you say such things?" she cried. "You have no heart nor feeling. Come away! Not a stitch of clothing shall you touch, wicked woman!"

Angela smiled cynically. "You will not gain by speaking ill of your elders," she said. "You can best serve Antonio by sending his things before him into the other world. If he grudges them to my husband, they may settle it there between them. But Antonio always had a generous heart."

Marta continued to sob; but mindful of Fernando's interests, and sure of Antonio's affection for his little nephew, she made choice of such garments as would serve for the intended offering.

The night was chill, and a wailing wind sang in the tree-tops. On the level sward before old Diego's house a great fire of oak logs had been built, protected by a windbreak of wattled willows. Around the fire a crowd of picturesque, dark-skinned figures were collected, while in an outer circle the women sat upon the ground, wrapped in bright colored shawls and blankets.

At nine o'clock a wailing chant was started. It began like the sighing of the wind in the trees. Its minor cadences were reminiscent of the very music of nature herself—the noise of the elements, the voices of the waves, the language of the beasts of the forest. Then it rose higher into wild lamentations and convulsive weeping for the dead. Each heart recalled its sorrow and mourned for the departed.

Meantime Diego brought out from his house roll after roll of bright new calico muslin. He stood with uplifted arms, while a circle of the older Indians knelt bare-headed before him. He invoked the gods of the air and the invisible regions of the dead; then he gave to the heads of each family a portion of the cloth thus dedicated, in which they quickly wrapped the garments to be sent to the world of shades.

The leaders of the ceremony moved back and forth before the fire, keeping rhythmic time to the noise of the sacred rattle which Diego wielded with ever increasing fervor, chanting apostrophes to their friends in the spirit world, and asking their acceptance of the gifts.

The women meantime had prepared their offerings, and cast the garments and calico over the heads of the men who knelt in a circle about the fire, which had now burned to a bed of burning coals. The prayers and chants continued, and when all the clothing had been presented it was deposited upon the fire which leaped to consume it.

The ashes were collected and buried in a narrow trench. Money was flung upon the ground by some mourners more rashly generous than the rest. It made no difference to these brave souls that the hoardings of a month were scrambled for by shouting urchins. They had done their part and left the rest to the gods of the dead.

Now that the shades were propitiated, the wails of mourning were replaced by shouts of joy. The young people took their places in the circle around the fire. They were free to conclude the fiesta as they pleased, and each sought his favorite pastime. The elder men began the war-dance, that reminder of the past which stirred the heart with thoughts of the wild freedom of the days of power and plenty, and the younger generation watched them, wondering vaguely what relation these symbolic acts could bear to the prospects of the future and the present conditions of their life. Then by common consent the hearts of the young men turned to their first love, the gambling game of peon.

"I shall write to Father Gaspara," said Mrs. Aguilar severely, next day, to Felipe, who stood shamefacedly before her. "He must know what is going on here. You are all baptized members of the Catholic church, but you are no better than heathen. You gamble and dance the war dances, and you go cold and naked to burn up valuable clothing; and fling away money while the children's stomachs are weak with

fasting. It is a shame, Felipe! How are you ever going to hold your own in the struggle for existence among the white men, when you act like children?"

"Let Father Gaspara come, if he will," replied Felipe in a surly tone. "It is now three years since we have seen him. Every year there have been rumors of his coming, and each time he has disappointed us. How can we mind the priest if he forgets us?"

Mrs. Aguilar, put upon the defensive, compromised matters by gaining Felipe's promise that the practices she disliked should be stopped. This promise was the easier to make since, in reaction from their late enthusiasm, the people were more occupied than before with mundane considerations, and interest centered chiefly upon the trial of Antonio Lachusa, which was to take place within the week. Mrs. Aguilar believed that Father Gaspara would be willing to improve the occasion by an immediate parochial visit; and the reply which she received from him proved that she was not mistaken.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FATHER GASPARA descended from the wagon which had brought him up the mountain, and was greeted by the smiling faces of his dark-skinned parishioners. The padre might delay years in his coming but at first sight of him the old reverence and affection would awaken among his protégés, whose love once gained is of a fidelity seldom seen among men.

It had been said of Father Gaspara that his nature contained the three warring elements of poet, soldier and priest; but time had dealt hardly with the poetical tendency. It could scarcely be detected now, though the soldier still spoke in the erect carriage of the vigorous form, the flash of the commanding eye, and the alert decision with which he confronted the problems of life.

At Mrs. Aguilar's appeal he came at once to seek such wandering sheep as had escaped the fold, to uproot the tares which Marco had been mischievously sowing, and to confirm the faithful in their allegiance to the mother church.

Although the notice of his coming had been sudden, all that was possible had been done for his comfort. A ramada, or brush-hut, had been built for his accommodation, a bed and chairs had been borrowed from the schoolhouse, and the church itself, of which only one wall was standing, had been repaired with sapling beams and wattled walls; and within it an altar was set up, decked with drawn-work hangings of linen, the sacred candles, and the plaster figure of the patron saint.

All day the Indians from far and near thronged this rude sanctuary for service and confession, for baptism and marriage and all the delayed sacraments of the church. At night they had a fiesta with races and games, but they did not gamble and they did not dance, for the padre's eye was upon them.

Father Gaspara supped at the school-house with Mrs. Aguilar and her niece. Dorothea regarded the priest with the ardent hero-worship of youth, for she knew that he had sat for a character in her favorite book, *Ramona*—a book whose fidelity to truth had been called exaggeration by those who wish to shut their eyes to the terrible arraignment of their nation which such truth implies; a book which in its pathos, tenderness, and humanity comes close to, if it does not deserve, the first rank among the few great American novels.

Father Gaspara's hair, once glossy black, was now streaked with gray. Long disheartened by the outrages heaped upon the harmless Mission Indians, who were every year further exiled from their lawful homes by the white man's greed, he had ceased to hope that this process would end except with the extermination of the aborigines.

Being a practical man, and not given to useless sentiment, he made no moan and wrote no book. The poem that was shaped in the days of his ardent youth might have been the epic of a dying race ; but the song remained unsung. Father Gaspara today was concerning himself with Angela's rheumatism, Marco's incendiary talk, Pedro's need of extreme unction, and the future of the Indians was not the subject of his speculations.

Dorothea, however, idealized him with all the ardor of a youthful imagination. He reminded her of Michael Angelo's Moses, with the grand head and flowing beard. He, too, was a lawgiver to these simple people, who knew him as their friend and trusted him indefinitely. She knew that he had the will to serve them. She wondered if he could have the influence to help Antonio in his peril.

In the terrible labyrinth of the law, sympathy is of little avail; but perhaps he could win Antonio's confidence, and command him by the authority of the Church to speak. Dorothea was sure that Antonio's safety depended on his revealing the name of the stranger who had come so mysteriously to Casa Blanca, the stranger who was, she was convinced, the murderer of Samuel Jennings.

Father Gaspara had heard of the murder. It was the chief subject of conversation among the Indians. He listened with interest to Mrs. Aguilar's account of Antonio's history, with which he was already partially acquainted.

"I met Mrs. Leigh years ago," he said. "She came to see me as so many tourists do, out of curiosity as readers of Mrs. Jackson's book; but she was not like the rest. She had a real interest in the Indians. She told me of her plans for her Indian charge, and showed me his picture and some of his examination papers. He was then a little lad, and she was as proud of him as if she were his mother. I doubted then the success of her experiment. Yes, I am sorry to say, I doubted. I have never seen much accomplished by individual enthusiasm. Mrs. Jackson, too, was an enthusiast. She put her heart's blood into her books; yet what good have they done? Have they changed public opinion? To a slight extent, perhaps; but for practical justice in public affairs there is too much politics in this country, my friend. A message of the angel Gabriel would not be heeded, if he stood in the way of the election of some third-rate Congressman in his district. Yet I hoped, I really hoped that it would turn out better than this—a murderer caught red-handed."

Both ladies protested, and Dorothea said quickly, "I beg your pardon, Father Gaspara, but Antonio was not caught red-handed. If he is convicted it will be a crime against truth."

The padre fastened his keen eyes upon her. "I wish you might plead as his lawyer," he said. "It would be like that lady in your poet Shakespeare's play; but things do not happen that way. I have talked with people in town about the murder, and they think the Indian deserves to be hung."

Dorothea clasped her hands together beneath the table.

"There is one thing that I would like to beg of you," she said, "when you return to town, will you not visit Antonio? His lawyer is a friend of mine, and he thinks that if Antonio could be forced to break his silence and give his own account of all that happened on the day of the murder, it would give him the clue that he is looking for. There is some reason why Antonio will not speak, an obligation to secrecy, as he has acknowledged, but an innocent man should not suffer that the guilty may go free."

"Nor is it very likely to happen," said Father Gaspara. He talked with an evident Spanish accent, and he had a strong, penetrating voice, like one accustomed to speak with authority. "No, my dear young lady. I am afraid your enthusiasm misleads you. I will visit the In-

dian and in the worst event prepare him for death; but that I can help him to escape the gallows, I doubt. I would do it if I could, for the sake of Mrs. Leigh and her experiment, which has been watched curiously by friends of the Indians in all parts of the country. The result of it will give those people satisfaction who repeat that brutal saying, 'There is no good Indian but a dead Indian.' It is a pity. I am sorry indeed."

CHAPTER XXX.

IN consequence of Dorothea's suggestion Antonio received, a few days later, a call from Father Gaspara. He was surprised at the appearance of a priest, and at first it seemed that the fatal sentence had already been pronounced and that his visitor had come to prepare him for the end. Then he chided himself for such nervous weakness. In reality the strain of suspense was beginning to tell upon him. He pined for freedom and the fresh air of the hills; for active use of his strong young limbs, and something of human interest to occupy his thought. The world's contempt is its most cruel sentence; and he almost longed for the moment that would bring the end.

The priest introduced himself and explained the reason of his visit. "You are one of my flock," he said. "I read the funeral service over your mother, and I baptised you. I also knew your patroness, Mrs. Leigh."

At the mention of this name Antonio's face brightened.

"I am glad that she is not now alive," continued the padre. "This would have been a terrible disappointment to her."

"I have thought of that," said Antonio sadly. "Yes, it is well that she is not here."

"You should have thought of that before," replied Father Gaspara. "Your life should have been lived as if in the presence of a cloud of witnesses. You were selected as a representative man. Upon the success of Mrs. Leigh's experiment may have hung the future of your race. If you had made yourself what she hoped when she gave you your education, others might have been emboldened to point to you and say, 'Behold what an Indian may become. Shall we not work for their advancement? Shall we not give them citizenship?' It may be that you would not have had this influence, but no one has a right to do less than his best, leaving the result with God."

Antonio bent his head before this lecture as if before a tempest.

"If you die upon the gallows," continued Father Gaspara, "it will be well that Mrs. Leigh was left in ignorance of your failure to fulfill her hopes. Have you anything to say in your own defense?"

"Only that I am innocent," replied Antonio.

"Can you prove this?"

Antonio shook his head. "I can give no evidence as to the real criminal," he said, "not even for the sake of saving my credit, and all that seems to you to be involved in it. There are duties higher than the duty we owe to ourselves and our own reputation. There was once a perfect man who made himself of no reputation."

Father Gaspara was somewhat displeased that the weapons of holy writ should thus be turned against him. He believed that the Indian's education had made him only a hardened sophist.

"If the worst comes, I will wish to prepare you for death," he said, ignoring the remark. "I hope you may be ready to confess."

"I am not a Catholic," answered Antonio. "I should confess to you only as to a man; and that I have resolved for the sake of others not to do, even in view of death."

"I am sorry, then, that I can not help you," said the padre. "Sorry, very sorry, that you have left the fold of the Church."

He looked with keen, kindly eyes, full of the shadow of a real regret,

at the young reprobate, the possible hope of his race, who was to be cut off in his prime by the shameful death of the gallows, and he left promising to repeat his visit.

This conversation had not tended to enliven Antonio's sunken spirits. It pained him to think that his end must reflect discredit upon his patroness. "But she has the larger vision," he said to himself. "I have tried to do my duty. She will know and understand."

CHAPTER XXXI.

BURKE was pacing his office floor with head pent and hands clasped behind him. Antonio's trial would open that day at two o'clock, and the young lawyer felt like the general who goes into battle as the leader of a forlorn hope. He had travelled far and near to secure witnesses. He had followed clues which ended like desert streams that sink into the sand.

"If it were not for that unfortunate note that called Jennings to the gold mine, I should have some expectation of talking over the jury," he thought. "As it is, I fear I cannot avoid the evidence of malice aforethought. No one can be made to doubt that Antonio struck the fatal blow. I will do my best; but I never conducted so weak a case." He felt the more poignant regret since he had learned to believe in his client's innocence. It was not his habit to allow sympathy to outweigh judgment; but the vague impressions that come from personal association in circumstances sufficiently intimate, are evidence decisive enough, though of a sort that cannot be formulated in court. Burke had studied Antonio's character with keen impartiality, and had reached the conclusion that he was incapable of planning deliberate murder.

A tap at the door announced visitors, and Mr. Wilson and Bessie entered. It was the first time Burke had seen them since the murder.

"We want you to help us, Burke," said Mr. Wilson, with an effort to resume his old manner of intimate cordiality. "We are just leaving for San Francisco, and I bought Nellie's ticket with the rest. We want to get off before this trial begins; but at the eleventh hour Mrs. Jennings refuses to go. More than that she insists that she will be present at the trial. She seems to find her only satisfaction in the hope of revenge rather than justice. Her mind is a little unsettled, I think. I wonder if you would be willing to try to influence her?"

"I am afraid I should be the last one for that," replied Burke. "She is very angry with me for undertaking the defense."

"We were all disappointed," said Bessie. "We thought we could count on you as a friend of the family."

"I am sorry," said Burke. "A lawyer can not consider personal feelings, or pick and choose his cases."

"No," said Mr. Wilson impatiently. "I understand that well enough, though the women are all wrought up over it. But we must not miss our train. My wife is to meet us in San Francisco, and we are going to take the steamer to Vancouver. If Nellie still refuses to leave, will you have an oversight of her, keep her from the trial if you can, and see that she does not make a display of her feelings there."

"I will do my best," Burke promised, and after a short conversation Mr. Wilson arose and took leave, preceded by his daughter, who vouchsafed only a distant nod of farewell.

Burke began to divine Eleanor's purpose in opposing the wishes of her family. She owed him a grudge, and wounded pride would operate more forcibly with her than regard for her husband's memory. This was an added source of uneasiness, and an hour before the hearing of his case, he sent up his card to Mrs. Jennings. He was at once admitted to the parlor, where she was seated alone.

"I did not expect to see you until we met in the court-room," she

said, after greeting him distantly. "I suppose you know that I am one of Mr. Bradford's witnesses."

"No," said Burke, in surprise. "I did not know that, nor did your father, whom I saw this morning. It will be very painful for you, and very unnecessary. I can even now arrange with Bradford that you need not appear. Illness would be an excuse."

"I am not ill," she said, "and you are too kind, needlessly so. I am determined to be present."

"I came to urge you to join your parents. Can I have no hope of influencing you?"

"There is a deep chasm forever between us," she answered solemnly. "You are dead to me, as much as Sam is."

CHAPTER XXXII.

ANTONIO was so weary of the monotony of his imprisonment that he found relief in the opening of his trial; and took a sort of impersonal interest in its proceedings, as if it concerned some other man, or as if he were benumbed to the consciousness of the danger in which he stood, like the traveller who lies down to die in the snow-drift, and almost welcomes the coming of the end.

He watched the faces of the men upon whom his fate depended, and saw in their stolid, unintelligent countenances no recognition of the responsibility of their position. The people who crowded the visitor's seats were idle loungers and women of the morbidly emotional class who attend a murder trial for the thrill of excitement which breaks the dead level of a sordid existence.

There was no sympathy for him. He was only an Indian. When he went back to his cell, its emptiness was more than ever hateful. He wondered if he should see Dorothea before the end. He did not dare to ask it, but at night he slept peacefully and dreamed of her.

The witnesses for the prosecution occupied much time in telling their story, Burke submitting them to a minute but ineffective cross-examination. In the first day or two, little was developed that had not been given in the preliminary hearing. Burke drew out a minute account of the finding of the body, of its condition and the position of the prisoner. In response to his questions the coroner stated that death must have been instantaneous; that the eyes of the dead would not naturally have been shut; that the prisoner after the murder must have closed the eyes and composed the limbs of his victim. Jennings's clerks were forced to admit that the prisoner showed no emotion, manifested no violence or disorder, but was quietly looking down upon the corpse when they first saw him. They stated that the body was still warm when found. The coroner declared that some time might have elapsed since the moment of death. It was possible that a hypothetical murderer, other than the prisoner, might have made his escape through the thickets. The pistols with which Jennings had been seen to arm himself had been found upon the ground still loaded.

Bradford made it evident that the attack with the stiletto was a sudden and furious one, and from the rear.

The decoy note to the postmaster had not been found. It was testified that Lachusa was an educated man, and could translate Greek and Latin. There was nothing improbable in his making use of this device, though Burke tried to make it evident that an intimate familiarity with the postmaster's affairs would have been necessary to forge a letter which he should recognize as coming from an acquaintance.

The appearance of Mrs. Jennings in the witness-box had all the effect which Bradford had calculated. The depth of her mourning was exaggerated. She was shrouded in crape, and when she turned her appealing eyes from judge to jury, there was something in their wild fervor

which moved the heart from its judicial equilibrium. She was an eloquent example of widowed devotion. Her voice was clear and unbroken as she testified as to her husband's movements on the day of the murder. There was little of value in her evidence, except that it substantiated the fact that Jennings's visit to the gold mine was unpremeditated. She disclosed no hint of the suspicion which she had once expressed to Burke, and he forbore to question her.

When she had left the court-room, an Indian woman was called into the witness-box. Antonio started as he recognized his sister. Marta was as worn with grief as if she herself stood in peril of death. She fixed her eyes upon her brother and tears streamed down her cheeks. Burke, by constant objections, attempted to shield her from the harassing examination to which she was subjected, but with little effect. Marta was not a good witness, being divided between an ardent desire to shield her brother and an instinctive devotion to the truth, in which she was especially confirmed by an exaggerated dread of the power of the law. Bradford had no mercy on her. The past was pitilessly exposed, and Antonio's motive in the deed made evident. She was forced to acknowledge that her brother had once expressed a wish that he might kill the man who had wronged her.

The jury, sensitive to any testimony that should clinch the evidence against an Indian, needed no more than the last two witnesses to determine their verdict. It was unfortunate for Burke that time did not allow the calling of any witness for the defense until the morning, and that this impression must remain until then uncombated. He realized that Bradford's methods were calculated with a nicety which left the balance upon his side. Burke was not accustomed to defeat, and he smarted under it.

Antonio did not sleep that night. He felt that his case was hopeless, and for the first time an unconquerable longing for freedom and for life awoke within him. It was the cry of his strong young manhood outraged by the prospect of so cruel an end. He flung himself upon his narrow bed and wept and groaned, torn by the storm of feeling. A strong man's tears are terrible. In them there is no healing, but only bitterness and despair.

At dawn he rose, ashamed to face the sunlight, calling himself a coward, and wondering whether a woman's soul had taken possession of his body. The warden with his breakfast brought him a small box and grinned as he handed it to him.

"Flowers, by the smell," he remarked. "Some woman sent 'em, I'll be bound. It's wonderful what a notion women have of sending flowers to murderers. The last one we hanged here, and he was no beauty either, you might say he was buried in flowers."

Antonio waited till he was alone, and then opened the box with trembling fingers. Upon a bed of lemon blossoms whose fragrance filled the cell lay a folded paper containing these words:

"Be brave, Antonio! There are worse things than to suffer innocently. Death is swallowed up in the victory of faith. There is no shame except the shame of sin. Judge and jury may make a mistake, but your heart knows, and I know, that you are innocent. Therefore, my friend, be brave."

No name was signed, but Antonio knew the writer, and he kissed the words with a great uplifting of the heart. This was what he needed. This was that for which he had been waiting, the lack of which had made him weak and recreant. To doubt her faith in him was to despair. Once sure of that, he was a man strong to face and conquer the worst that life can send.

He placed the note close to his heart; he kissed the flowers and laid his face upon them and drank their fragrance as a solace to his soul. It was as if Dorothea herself were near him. He smiled with calm confi-

dence as he would have smiled to reassure her if he could have met her eyes.

"I will be brave," he said. "You need not fear for me after this. A knight with his lady's favor on his heart will go gladly down among the lions."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE testimony for the defence began with some show of hope for Antonio. Burke had several witnesses to testify to the mysterious stranger's visit to Casa Blanca on the day of the murder and his sudden disappearance. He had been traced to the hotel in town where he spent the preceding night, registering as William Thompson. The precautions which Fairfax had taken to conceal his identity, with the intention of visiting his daughter unknown to Jennings, made any clue difficult to follow.

A porter at the hotel testified that the stranger had evidently wished to escape notice. His baggage consisted only of a travelling case which he carried in his hand. The porter observed, when this case was put into the carriage, that the labels with which it had been covered had been removed. After the runaway the travelling case, together with the whip and lap-robe, had disappeared, having evidently been appropriated by some chance thief.

The foreign-looking belt with the silver buckle was alluded to. The stiletto with the wrought silver handle was produced, and a possible resemblance was detected between it and the buckle of the belt. Witnesses from among the Indians and other acquaintances of Antonio testified that they had never seen such a weapon in his possession.

The weight of evidence remained in favor of the prosecution. Bradford made a short plea, in which every word told. He pitilessly exposed the weakness of the defense. He showed how a deep-rooted animosity had existed in the mind of the prisoner against the postmaster from the day of his arrival at Casa Blanca. He would not deny that the motive was a strong one. If brooded over, it might have become overpowering. The prisoner had suffered family wrongs; but it was not given to him to avenge them. An emotional nature had been carried off its balance; but there was nothing emotional in the method of the deed. It was characterized by cold-blooded malice. A plot was laid. Jennings was decoyed to a lonely spot. The Indian had sprung upon him from the rear and plunged a knife into a vital spot.

The postmaster had gone armed, from a habit of caution: but suspected nothing from the messenger who had brought the note. He had had no opportunity to defend himself but had been sent in a second of time into eternity with all the sins of his life upon his head.

The speech produced a great sensation. It was with difficulty that applause was repressed.

As Burke began his plea, Dorothea and her aunt entered the courtroom and took the seats which had been reserved for them. Antonio met Dorothea's eyes. They were full of heroic encouragement. Mrs. Aguilar was thickly veiled to hide her tears.

Burke spoke eloquently and well, but he spoke on a losing side. He needed only the link that should connect the stranger with the crime, but the lack of the link was fatal. He reminded the jury of the circumstantial nature of the evidence. No eye had seen the prisoner commit the crime. As for motive, there were various motives in many minds; for the dead man had been almost universally hated. It was not his purpose to speak evil of the dead; but to remind them that it was not as if a man of blameless life had perished, or a man so popular that the admission of a single motive of hatred would fasten suspicion upon an enemy.

Who was this mysterious stranger, who had come and gone like a

thief in the night, who had been traced from the time he left town to the very time of the commission of the murder, but who had baffled detection by his elaborate precautions. Not until this man had been found and had cleared himself from suspicion, should another man, the horrified witness of the crime, be accused of complicity in it—much less be suspected as the principal. The stranger arrives at Casa Blanca, following some well-matured plan. The Indian met by chance becomes his messenger. The crime is done, and the murderer escapes unpursued. The Indian who remains with the daring of innocence alone with the dead, bends over the corpse in pity and closes the glazed eyes. The man is dead whom he, with many others who had suffered injustice or abuse at his hands, more than once had reason to wish punished; but dead by another hand. Only pity remains. Strong in innocence, he allows himself to be bound and committed, relying upon the justice of that law which condemns no man until crime is proved against him. What has been proved in this case that would not as well apply to the stranger if at this moment he should present himself here at the bar of justice? Shall a man be sent into eternity simply because the cry for vengeance would demand a victim, some victim, any victim, to satisfy a popular clamor? Let the voice of right and reason prevail; and let no man give consent to a sentence which he would not willingly incur if chance should make him the solitary spectator of a fearful crime.

The closing arguments of the State were terse and effectual; the judge's charge was an able résumé of the law applicable to the case; and the jury retired to make their conclusion of life or death for the prisoner. Dorothea's heart beat to suffocation. Moments seemed like hours, and she had lived ages in the time that elapsed before the return of the foreman to announce the verdict, which had in reality been reached with unusual celerity.

It was: "Guilty of murder in the first degree."

Antonio's eyes met Dorothea's. They said to her, "Be brave for my sake. I am not afraid."

Dorothea spoke to him. Their message was, "Be brave for my sake. I will help you by my courage."

Mrs. Aguilar had fainted. In the confusion consequent upon her removal into the open air, Burke stood by Dorothea and took her hand. "The sentence will be given Tuesday," he said. "I should prefer that you did not hear it."

"As you please," said Dorothea quietly. "My aunt is better now, and Mrs. Hereford is waiting for us in her carriage. We are going to spend some time at Magnolia ranch."

"I am glad to have you there," he replied. "I am glad you are so strong. I hope you will keep up for my sake."

"I will keep up," she answered, and she allowed him to press her hand and say his farewells almost unanswered. Her eyes regarded him, but her thoughts were far away.

As they drove through the fragrant twilight beside the shining water, the evening star sending a tremulous path of light across the western waves, the mountains rising afar in the glamour of purple mists, Dorothea saw only a manly figure standing alone to hear the terrible words: "To be hung by the neck till he is dead." She saw the gallows and a shapely head crowned with the fatal black cap. She saw the tightened noose, the quivering limbs.

The world might deck itself with stars and purple sunsets. There was no joy that could atone for its injustices.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



If the people who are so anxious to know, you know, what we *can* do with the Philippines, are really seeking information, it is easily given. We can do what the people whose lives and liberties are involved ask us to do.

The horse with the docked tail has, after all, the laugh on the master who docked it. It is better to be short on fly-brush than short on brains.

Someone has defined Man as "the only animal with reason." Not so. He is the only animal that can get along without any.

When we are officially informed that "the Filipinos are a trust," it becomes easier to understand why Mr. Hanna is so keen to protect them.

Senator Hoar may not have as much courage as some of the popular heroes of the war. But he has shown more.

The Century Dictionary is in many ways a monumental work; but its projectors failed to engage the prince of definers. In all the providence of God, the first man that ever defined "Benevolent Assimilation" as the driving of seven or eight hundred naked savages into a river and shooting them down there is Wm. McKinley, President of the United States of America, Asia and the Isles of the Sea.

A HAND

AND A

HALF.

How many hands has a civilized man? "Two." Not at all. He has one hand and a pot-hook—and the form of imbecility which he calls civilization makes him proud of being a cripple. For dexterity, he must use only his right hand; to use the other is to be a synonym of reproach.

Now the Almighty gave man two hands, and both of them were right. In all His wisdom, the Creator never thought of a Wrong Hand, nor of one that was to be Left out of polite consideration. If man retained really as much sense as the monkeys, he would have two right hands. If he were not more ass than the horse, one limb would do as well as the other.

But as he is, he is the only thing in the universe that makes a fashion of being a fool. If, perchance, he is born with a natural facility of the "sinister" hand, his scandalized parents "break" him incontinently. They do not teach him the right hand also, that he may have two. They specifically and wantonly desire that he shall be one-and-one-half armed.

Why? Well, because a few hundred thousand years ago certain ignorant brutes who walked unfeathered upon their hind legs, had a superstitious notion that one hand was lucky and the other unlucky. One was dexter, the other sinister. And as we remain just as superstitious as the troglodyte—only in different lines, occasionally, and with none of his excuses—we still taboo the left hand.

Now there is no physical, legal or moral reason why a man should not have two hands. God gave him them, and economically he could use them. But he prefers a hand and a half. The person who can write a

letter, or fire a gun, or swing an axe, or sharpen a pencil, with either hand is fit for a museum, instead of being the normal person. And the human Bandarlog (begging the monkeys' pardon) who so arrange themselves, are sorry for "savages."

It is almost needless to say that the Lion has an old-fashioned reverence for the President of the United States—and for law-ful authority everywhere. But principles came before presi-dents; and will last after them. It is even better to be right than to be McKinley—and there seems no immediate likelihood that this dilemma will become a unicorn. Truth is truth; and it is taller than parties or men or nations. Only among the slaves of a monarchy does the creed hold that the King can do no wrong. Free men are entitled critics of the rulers they set up and take down; and they have an absolute stand-ard by which to judge them; a standard which never has changed.

It is hard to realize that the President of one's country (and incidentally of one's party) can be vacillating and weak; that he can deceive himself with specious cant about our national "duty" to break our pledges to God and man and dishonor the memory of our fathers; that he can so pawn his common-sense to an epidemic as to wish to sell our national birthright for a mess of Imperial pottage; that he can be so dazzled by the sycophancy of political valets as to dream of a Napoleon made of gingerbread. But those are the things this reluctant beast has had forced down his throat by the President's own hand.

The Presidency of the United States is hallowed by the memories of Washington, Lincoln and other vertebrate patriots who have held it; and by the faith and reverence of millions of free men. It has never, thank God, harbored a rascal, though it has housed some molluscs. It is the highest office in the world, and it should keep respect, even when the man in it cannot; and however strictly he should be judged, it should be with the decorum of sober truth, and not with easy flippancy.

Always, God bless the President of the United States! But that does not necessarily mean that Heaven should take off its hat to the White House. Sometimes the best blessing God can give a man is to show him how little he merits flattery.

President Eliot of Harvard (who knows no other) declares "the New England climate is one of the best in the world for brain-workers." The best brain-work done in New England, however, is that which leads its employer to seek some climate where his brain has a better show to keep the tenement in which it works. Mr. Eliot never quite escapes the Puritan conviction that whom the Lord loveth He giveth pneumonia. It is respectfully submitted to this admirable college pilot that the great trouble with the human race, college Presidents inclusive, is to find the brains. When one has them one can get them to work well enough almost anywhere.

The sober inner sense of the American people is coming to the surface. It takes some time, for the sources of noise in this country are very emphatically not the People; but behind, and at last above, the shrieking newspaper and politician din, the deep, quiet voice of the nation grows audible. The United States is not looking for a Napoleon—and if it were, it would not take a dough one. And it isn't looking for slaves. All the schemers and all the rattlepates cannot give this Philippine business of killing four thousand poor devils at a whack because they do not want us for masters, a good taste in the American mouth. There could be no better barometer than the President; and he has turned apologetic. He points out that God really ought not to be blamed for forcing him into this business. We have Imperialism on the run. There are enough sober Americans to keep it running.

A DANIEL

COME TO

Mr. McKinley is developing unexpected gifts as a humorist. We find him assuring the Bostonians that God has really JUDGMENT. crowded him into "Criminal Aggression," and that Lexington and Bunker Hill are a lie. Liberty is not what men desire, but what their masters tell them they ought to have. Our Presidential wag classes those who fight against odds for a principle as lazy and timid; the only real patriotic backbone is that which is wax under Hanna's thumb and the heat of excitement. He is particularly felicitous when he says. "It is not a good time for the Liberator (they say that's Me) to submit questions of liberty and government to the liberated (that's the Filipinos we have yet to kill) while they are engaged in shooting down their rescuers."

Now God forbid that the Lion minimize one American life or one American finger. He loves the blood of which he is whelped. But on the other hand he is not of them that spit on their Creator by thinking that one American thumb is worth a million Filipino lives. As a matter of fact, the Filipinos "shoot down" (with bows and arrows and muskets and some condemned modern firearms, mostly furnished by Americans) an American thumb or two, and now and then a staunch American heart; and the Liberator shoots down in the same time three or four thousand Filipinos, men, women and children. So probably it is *not* a good time to talk "liberty" there. Such discussion will be much more timely when all the Filipinos of pluck have been "liberated" (by thirteen inch guns) from the vexations of this world, and the remainder give up their liberties to save their lives.

THE

WHITE MAN'S

Mr. Kipling exhorts us to "take up the White Man's Burden." Yea, verily! Let us force opium upon the Brown Man. Let BURDEN. us blow some Sepoys of our own from the mouth of our Christian cannon. And all the other little pleasantries.

Mr. Kipling is the greatest living writer; but he is the legitimate son of a parentage we denied. The Thirteen Colonies were once part of his White Man's burden; but they managed to slide off the White Man's back and carry themselves pretty successfully. To George and his Hessians, they were "half devil and half child;" but to the world's history they have been something else.

And for once the cocksurest of writers is pinched in gross ignorance. Any schoolboy about Brattleboro could tell him the difference. England has reduced "civilization" (alias the pickings) to a fine art. She sends her best men to rule the people she oppresses. We send our Egons and Wildmans.

WHY

WE

CANNOT.

A certain class of mind froths at the mouth (this is its seat, and not a "bull") at the bare suggestion that the United States cannot "do anything any other nation can."

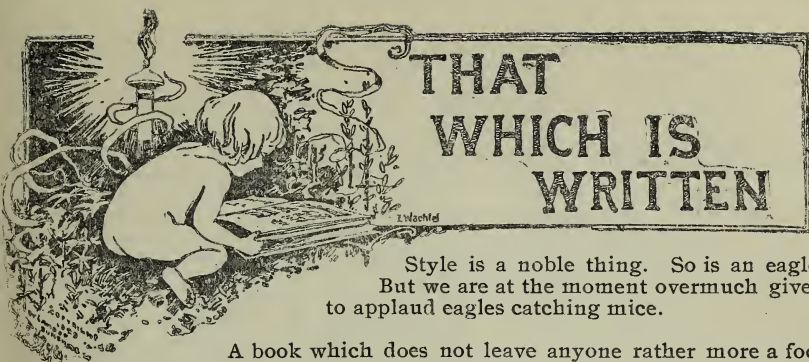
Well, it cannot—and remain United States. A gentleman has all the organs of a blackguard. But a gentleman cannot lie, steal, bully nor ravish. A republic cannot be a despotism. The Almighty himself cannot make two mountains without a valley between them. The one would cease to be a republic; the other would cease to be two mountains. It is no more to the reproach of the United States that it cannot be a tyrant than to God's shame that He cannot be a fool.

LET US

HAVE—

BUTTONS.

Certainly, let's have an army as is an army. Since only about a quarter of our population came here to get away from conscription, let's fool them. And we whose fathers were here a little sooner like to be drafted, if the new comers do not. We don't think much of civilians anyhow; and if we can get the lovely German fashion, wherein the layman is special mud for the officer to walk upon—and smite with the flat of his sword, if it isn't willing mud—why, we'll be just suited.



Style is a noble thing. So is an eagle.
But we are at the moment overmuch given
to applaud eagles catching mice.

A book which does not leave anyone rather more a fool than he began it, is an intrinsic value these days. A book of science which anyone can read, and everyone should read, is rarer yet.

NOTABLE
BOOK

President David Starr Jordan's *Footnotes to Evolution*, modestly as it is entitled, is in fact the ideal popular book to this basic theme. The specialist must read it, and will; but above all it is the average intelligent person who most owes it to himself. A fact—it is no longer to be called a theory—upon which hinges most of our tangible life, evolution is, after all, astonishingly little understood by the average educated person. Chiefly because scientific study is work.

Dr. Jordan's extraordinary clearness of seeing is probably the secret of his extraordinary clearness of style. Here is a scientific book, impeccable among the scientists, which one reads as one would read a story. It is as fascinating as it is authoritative—and no one guesses how fascinating the "scheme of creation" is until one reads such an exposition of it. More than any other book I remember, Dr. Jordan's volume carries the highest knowledge in the most delightful form. D. Appleton & Co., N. Y., \$1.50.

Mr. Verner Z. Reed has taken seriously to heart the severe censure of his *Tales of the Sun-Land* by what few reviews in this country make any pretense at real criticism. This teachableness is evidenced not only by the apologetic preface to his new book, *Adobeland Stories*, but still more by a most vital and befitting change of attitude. In two former books he wore the mantle of authority as one who claimed really to know the secrets of the Southwest. There was large pretense of expert knowledge; of long travel, deep scientific study and intimate acquaintance with Indians and Mexicans. These pretensions were false, as every expert knew who read the stories—and as Mr. Reed now virtually confesses in his preface.

HE LIVES
AND
LEARNS.

In morals his new book marks a distinct advance. He seems to have discovered the essential difference between fiction and falsehood; and the *Adobeland Stories* are not fakes but fiction, and as fiction only to be judged.

They lack something of the fire and impulse of their predecessors, rest upon as superficial knowledge of the peoples they deal with, and are of about the same calibre of English. Only a very tourist tourist could ever have conceived "Santa Beatriz" and "Luz;" and the mixing of Indians and theosophy is probably the fullest confession of innocence an industrious writer could get into any one book—but what need to add an epithet to a theosophist anywhere?

Mr. Reed's book, all in all, will raise him in the estimation of his critics. It is very handsomely dressed, too. But one wonders if a horse is so rare in Boston that no one there realizes what the necessitous beast on the title page is at. Richard G. Badger & Co., Boston, \$1.00.

POOR
LITTLE
SISTER. "The most accurate book on Hawaii" is a pretty large word; particularly to be used of a book that does not pretend to be compendious. But in soberness it is the word to use of Mabel Clare Craft's *Hawaii Nei*. For figures and data are only means to an end. That end is a truthful generic picture; and that is precisely what Miss Craft has drawn for us. Perhaps she could not do so remarkable a thing again. She is one of the few who keep "newspaper women" from being a byword; but so fine a book as this—so admirable from the scientific point of view, though it is not scientific, so noble in its attitude, and withal so interesting reading—may not be made every time even by so fine a woman; her insights balanced by the training of a proper reporter—instead of being spoiled as is usual.

She has gone to the heart of Hawaii; and her highminded book makes very remarkable reading for Americans. The illustrations are admirable, and the whole book is very well made. Wm. Doxey, San Francisco. \$1.50.

MORE
WILD
WEST. Bailey Millard (who used to be F. B. Millard, and who is Sunday editor of the San Francisco *Examiner*) has put out sixteen short stories in a well made book called *She of the West*. One of the collection ("A Notch in a Principality"), is true to life, and is a genuine success. "The Girl Reporter" is also true to life, but not so well told. The numerous cowboy and "woolly" stories are not the real thing at all. Mr. Millard's Western "color" has evidently been acquired in the wilds of a newspaper office, and is a serious drawback upon his skill. For he has a very good feeling for a story. His tales are human and dramatic; sometimes stirring. There is in them little hint of Owen Wister's verisimilitude—though Mr. Millard has probably been in the Far West as many years as Mr. Wister weeks—but at all events are nearer the mark than the average "Western story"; and they are readable—as many are not. The Continental Pub. Co. N. Y. \$1.

STODDARD'S
NEW
VOLUME. A new book by Charles Warren Stoddard! Every enlightened reader knows that that means a treat. And no enlightened reader will spell disappointment between the covers of *A Cruise Under the Crescent*. The fire of the *South Sea Idyls*, chastened by time and by the graver and higher Presence, informs all Stoddard's handsome volume of travel in the East—mostly in the Holy Land. It is not *Eothen*—nothing is. But perhaps it is next to that unfading masterpiece. In any event, it is a delightful book of travels. A great number of apt drawings by Denslow add to the attractiveness of the volume, which is handsomely published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

ON FOOT
AND BY
PULLMAN. In 1858 Thaddeus S. Kenderdine trudged from Leavenworth to Salt Lake, and thence to Los Angeles as a "bullwhacker" with an overland freight caravan. He had read Frémont's *Narrative*, and longed to see the West for himself. His experience doubtless quenched all such thirst. It was toilsome, tedious, and almost devoid of excitement or danger. From Los Angeles (then a little adobe town) he went by steamer to San Francisco; and after some experience as a veritable tramp found work on a Petaluma ranch, and remained there a couple of months. Then, money arriving from home, he returned via Panama.

Of this experience and some fugitive sketches, Mr. Kenderdine, now an elderly man, printed an octavo volume of over 400 pages in 1888, under title of *A California Tramp*. It shows him a genial and talkative traveler, and gives some interesting glimpses of Los Angeles and San Francisco 40 years ago, as well as a less hackneyed picture of the ox-driver's life on the old overland trail.

In 1897 the quondam tramp came again to California, this time with

the Christian Endeavorers, and doubtless missing as many strange oaths as toe-corns. He saw much more, at second visit, and liked the country better—as well as the facilities for coming. Of *California Revisited* he has made (1898) a book of 330 pages, with many illustrations, and averaging with tourists' books of its sort. Mr. Kenderdine is warmly interested in the Missions, but misspells a great number of names and words. Published for the author, Newtown, Pa. \$1.75 and \$2, respectively.

"Railroad literature" is not a name to conjure with, because it seldom enlists the conscience or the ability which distinguish Chas. A. Keeler's *Southern California*; an attractive brochure which is actually worth reading and preserving. Mr. Keeler gave great earnestness and much time to his studies; the truth is good enough for him, and he tells it simply and well. The sympathetic illustrations by his wife add much to the book. A number of misprints should be eliminated from later editions—like "buenos tades" for *buenas tardes*; "Troop" for Throop; "riata" for *reata*; "Estadillos" for *Estudillos*. And San Diego, not Santa Barbara, is the Spanish patron saint of war. Circulated by the Passenger Department of the Santa Fé Route.

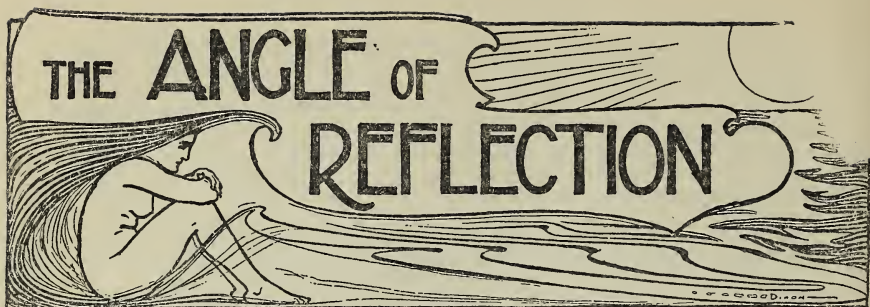
Of the crop of war-books, the Century Company publishes two of the most dignified and most competent, and at the same time most likely to appeal to the average reader. Not best, but most popular, *The Maine*; *Personal Narrative of Capt. Sigsbee*, is a really notable book. The same manful self-control which made his first telegram a proverb, marks Capt. Sigsbee's more reasoned work. It keeps not alone his speech but his thought admirable. If there had been in the United States fifty prominent newspaper men of half the manhood of Capt. Sigsbee, there would have been no war.

Considering his relation as man and officer to the fearful catastrophe in Havana harbor, Capt. Sigsbee's book proves him one of the largest heroes of 1898, and perhaps the rarest. One may or may not agree with his conclusions; but as to the man who could, under the circumstances, write this book, there can be no two opinions.

The whole case is here presented officially and with great fairness, for the first time; and every intelligent American should read it. The Century Co., N. Y. \$1.50.

Under title *Chess and Playing Cards*, Stewart Culin, the Director of the Museum of Archæology and Paleontology, University of Pennsylvania, issues through the Smithsonian a very adequate review of many aboriginal games of early and present America. Mr. Culin's research has been tireless and faithful; his illustrations are excellent; and his monograph is a type of what such things should be. The most serious pity—and it is not structural—is the use of the barbarous Indian spellings invented by the Bureau of Ethnology. These will not last; and by so much any book which adopts them is handicapped. They are not consistent, they have no recognized standard, and they are not only unhistoric but betray ignorance of history. The blame lies further back than Mr. Culin's elaborate and really valuable collection.

A sweet, unaffected, rather English, but really interesting juvenile is Mrs. Edwin Hohler's *For Peggy's Sake*; a modern sort of Cinderella story. One may wish, indeed, that even if the author would persist in saying "who" for "whom," the proof-reader had mended her grammar; but the rhetorical lapses are mere incidents; and the story pleases even an overworked reviewer, which is considerable tribute to its vitality. The Macmillan Co., N. Y. For sale by C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.



BY MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM.

A MODERN
PROBLEM.

Grave fears are rife among us that the American Young Man may be driven to the wall industrially by the ubiquitous and ever-encroaching Young Woman. To his honor be it said that the Young Man, himself, does not seem to share the alarm of his elders, but keeps on his narrowing way to affluence or poverty with a cheerful optimism which may be the result of youth, of sex, or of both. Possibly he and the Young Woman are secretly much amused by the doleful middle-aged clamor which is going on about them as to the probable extinction of marriage, and there is little doubt that many of their elders find inward comfort in the reflection that nothing is expected of them in the premises but advice.

SHE
WILL STAY.

There is always a comfortable responsibility in discussing industrial and scientific problems, since social forces and those of nature are generally beyond our control and will move on according to their own laws. Not all the talk of a century concerning the effect on labor of the invention of machinery has resulted in one machine the less, and it is not likely that any amount of public clamor will induce the Young Woman to vacate her desk or resign her ledger so long as it suits her employer and herself for her to retain them. She is not generally in her place from any higher moral impulse than that which actuates the Young Man in his; necessity, or the native energy which, in the agricultural epoch of her great grandmother, found an outlet in spinning, weaving and butter making, and which refuses to be shut up in six rooms with an able-bodied mother and two or three full-grown sisters, is her abundant justification. When men were building cotton and woollen mills and creameries they did not stop to ask whether they were taking away her occupations, and it is not to be expected that she should trouble herself greatly about theirs. She has generally found men quite able to take care of themselves.

WHITHER

But the wise and worried tell us that this heartless unconcern DOETH SHE DRIFT? on the Young Woman's part will lead to her own discomfiture; that if she obstinately continues to earn her own bread and butter, or, as they sometimes justly charge, to take her bread and butter from her parents and earn her own jam, she will make it impossible for men to marry and support a family. The situation is certainly unique. Assuredly, if the Young Woman continues to take care of herself she will make it difficult for any one to take care of her, and it is quite possible that marriage may be driven to finding some excuse for itself other than support.

AND,
PER CONTRA.

On the other hand, if women develop a taste and ability for earning money it will not be necessary for men to earn so much, and the spectacle of the overworked brother whose pride obliges him to forego matrimony that he may support, not only a widowed mother but two or three idle sisters, may become a thing of the past.

As for the much-maligned young woman who boards at home and works for low wages wherewith to buy finery, she is no more reprehensible, perhaps, than the young man who lives at home and works for such wage, low or high, as he can get, that he may spend it on carriage hire, flowers and bon-bons for idle young women. Far better let the flimsy-souled girl whose heart is set upon finery, earn it honestly and wear it with her silly head held high in girlish innocence, than to tax the public for reformatories. What if she does prevent some man from marrying and rearing a family of girls to repeat the colorless inanity of her own life? It may be well for us to care for the children that are born before we shed maudlin tears over the unborn.

The world cannot go on changing for the man and remain CLEARLY stationary for the woman. Desire it as he may, the Young IT CANNOT. Man cannot resume the occupations of his grandfather. An age of vast enterprises, of powerful combinations, of gigantic trusts, is an age of increasing salaried workers—an age of clerks. Men and women by their wants, their ambitions, their tireless activities, have made these changes; the changes have not made them. Manhood and womanhood, love and marriage are not likely to perish until something better is evolved. That something better will pretty certainly be something outwardly different, but it will be inwardly the same. Character manifests itself through circumstances, but he who confounds the two makes a grave blunder. If your daughter lacks any of her grandmother's virtues it is not because she has forgotten how to curtsy and learned to ride a bicycle, but because you have failed to transmit to, and develop in her, the grace of soul which dominated her grandmother's life.

If the Young Man's one hundred dollars a month has become fifty by reason of the Young Woman's competition, A DIVISION OF LABOR. there is little probability that the other fifty is being spent by her entirely upon herself. Oftener than otherwise it is supporting a modest household and he and she, if they be so minded, can live upon his earnings when that modest household no longer demands her aid. If their affection will not stand the strain of self-sacrifice, one or the other must be unworthy, and it is no great loss to society if the unworthy remain unwed.

The young woman who expects to step out of her father's house, which represents years of industry and accumulation, WHAT SHE MUST EXPECT. into another equally luxurious, must be prepared to leave off where her parents began, since inherited wealth is of short tenure among us.

The gently-bred girl has heard this until, we suspect, she is growing a trifle tired of it. If she could speak for herself, which propriety forbids, she would, no doubt, astonish us by her unpractical view. In spite of all the worldliness which has been attributed to her, she rarely looks at marriage from the industrial side. With a conscious capacity for self-sacrifice, she dimly wonders why there are no men who inspire it. The fact that a man will "get on," which seems to mean so much to her elders, does not make him worthy in her eyes. Education, good breeding, gentle manners are large factors in daily life. If our young men are content to be mere money-getters they must expect to be tried by their own standard. When there are men who will make poverty worth while there will be women to brave it with them.

The mercenary young woman is not often found among the A RARE BIRD. very rich or the very poor. Her habitat seems to be that fringe of society where ungratified vanity and crude social ambition have resolved life into a struggle for display. Much turning and dyeing and benzining of old finery begets mental tawdriness, and the girl who will not escape from it by honest work looks to marriage for her release. Is it not possible that she would do less harm in the labor market than in domestic life?



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Compelled, by the war and other distractions, to a temporary inactivity, the Landmarks Club has resumed its strenuous work.

At the annual meeting, held Feb. 13, the old officers were unanimously re-elected. It was decided to have an excursion Feb. 22 to the Mission San Juan Capistrano, where the Club's first work was done; to make certain further repairs at San Fernando (particularly those rendered imperative by a windstorm which tore away part of the roof of the old church); and to do what may be done to save the remnants at San Diego, the mother of all the California Missions.

There are many calls upon the public spirit of Californians, and of Americans in general; but nothing more vital than the need of safeguarding the few noble ruins in the United States.

Every former member of the Landmarks Club is now entitled to pay his or her dollar for the annual dues. There are no other bars to membership. Anyone who cares a dollar's worth for such a cause will be welcome. Life memberships are \$25.00. As the Club's only revenues are from dues and contributions, it is hoped that all who are interested in this work will be prompt in paying up memberships.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE CAUSE.

Previously acknowledged, \$3143.81.

Porter Land and Water Co., rent, \$135. Dr. W. Jarvis Barlow, \$25, Marion Brooks Barlow, \$25, Kingsley-Barnes & Neuner Co., \$10. Mrs. John Wigmore, \$3, Los Angeles; Thorp Talbot, Dunedin, New Zealand, \$1.50.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Ever since Bayard Taylor, half a century ago, no observant traveler has failed to note the surpassing tenderness of California to babies. It is the Children's Paradise—this "God's Country," where they can play out of doors every day in the year, where windows are never shut between them and the clear air of heaven. Of course heredity is not wiped off the slate by an overland journey. There are poor little babies born in California, and fine babies born elsewhere. But it is an established scientific fact that on the average the children born in California start with a visible (and naturally permanent) advantage over children born anywhere else on this continent. To know that, one only has to realize that the creator is not a fool. Fresh air is better than stale air; perfectly pure air can be had only in an outdoor country; the vast majority of English-speaking peoples live in indoor lands—where it is necessary to fortify against the weather a good share of the year. The baldest common sense is sufficient to teach anyone that other things being equal, the child that can always play out of doors has "a better show" than the one who for three or four months every year must be practically a prisoner between walls, breathing an artificially heated air with several other human beings.

Anyhow, the fact remains that nowhere else in the world do English-speaking children average so high in physique as in California. And while it is too early in evolution to state the case as flat-footedly with regard to mentality, all logic tends to show that the same advantages will accrue. In other words, California has the climate of the lands which have given the world its noblest religion, its soundest philosophy, its highest art, its greatest poet and painters and sculptors and musicians. There does not seem to be anything bad for the intellect or the heart in the sort of climate that has mothered Jesus of Nazareth, and Homer and Socrates, and Praxiteles, Plato, Virgil, Michael Angelo, Titian, Correggio, Velasquez, Saavedra, and all the interminable list—even to Napoleon. That is the kind of weather California breeds.

This little pictorial department has already published a great many photographs of the Land We Love, and on many sides. Now it plans a particular departure. As California is the paradise of babies, and the home of Home—the State where

home can be made more beautiful (and easier) than anywhere else in the Union—these pages will give special attention to photographic proof of these two important facts. This magazine is not in the Jenkins business; but it can and will present, in a dignified way, pictorial evidence of the health of California children and the charm of California homes. There will be no favoritism and no selling. The poorest are as welcome as the richest. All the fence is this: baby or home, the picture must be Californian, and typical. Incidentally, we have some professional photographers unsurpassed anywhere, and their work will be welcome; but preference will be given to first-class amateur work, since this is more in keeping with California than gallery work. The LAND OF SUNSHINE will be glad to receive such pictures of California homes and California babies, and to publish as many of them as possible.



L. A. Eng. Co

"NOW WHAT SHALL I MAKE?"

Photo, by Steckel.







L. A. Eng. Co.

"I'LL BE CONTENT IF ASKED TO MEND
THE LITTLE ANGELS' BREECHES."

—Eugene Field.

Photo. by Steckel.



L. A. Eng. Co "NOT HERE FOR MY HEALTH." Photo. by Steckel.
A California six-months-old.



L. A. Eng. Co.

"GRANDMA AND I."

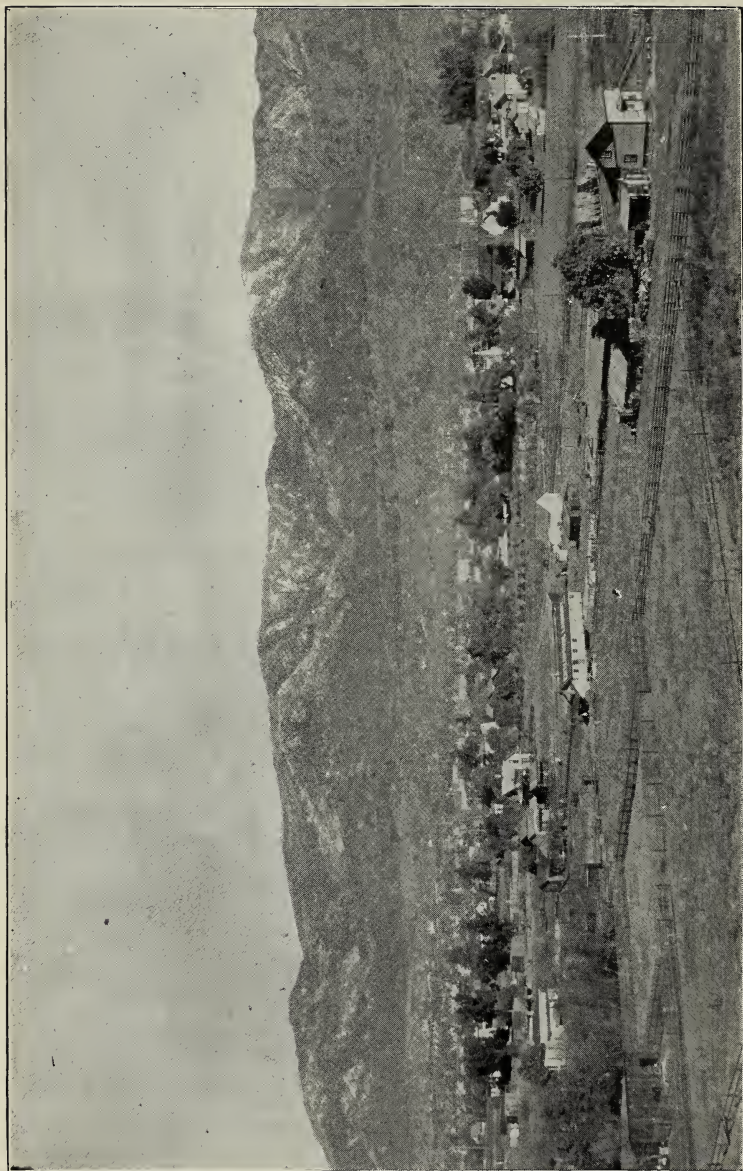
Photo. by Steckel.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

ON THE BEACH AT SANTA BARBARA.

See page 187.



SANTA BARBARA FROM THE MESA.

OUR STREET TRANSIT FACILITIES.

LOS ANGELES enjoys the distinction of being one of the first cities in the United States to use electric transportation. Today if not first in superiority of roadbed (which may be an open question) it certainly is not surpassed by any city in car equipment, frequency of service and ratio of mileage to population.

The epidemic of combinations and trusts which is devastating the East has not entirely spared Los Angeles, and much of our street railways has passed into the control of one corporation — one of the most gigantic rail systems on the earth. Particular interest therefore attaches to the one important transit system which remains independent of the "combine." Competition is not only "the life of trade"—it is the safest guarantee of good public service.



American Eng. Co.

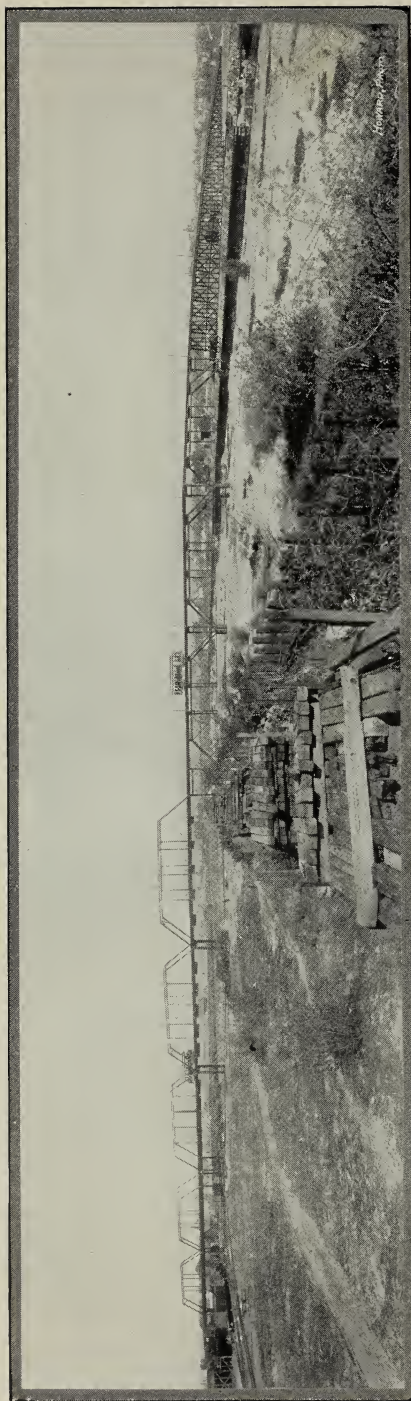
MODERN TRANSIT IN LOS ANGELES.

Howard, Photo.

(A car of the Los Angeles Traction Company.)

For this reason, then, as well as for its magnificent equipment, the Traction Company has a special claim upon Los Angeles. Add to this the spirit of courtesy which directs its management and is hourly manifest in its employes, and it is entirely within bounds to say that no other city in America has so obliging, so high grade a corps and so satisfactory a street railway.

Although newest of our transit systems, the Traction Company is already operating 29 miles of double track, constructed of 60 and 70-pound rail. No transcontinental railway has so fine a roadbed. Its Pullman cars have no superiors anywhere; and they give a 7-minute service which is nowhere excelled. The motive power is furnished by a steam and electric plant, consisting of four boilers capable of developing 1500 horse-power; two 250 horse-power and one 700 horse-power engines, and two generators of 270 horse-power each and one of 700 horse-power.



Howard, Photo.

FOURTH STREET TRACTION RAILWAY VIADUCT, 1900 FEET IN LENGTH.

C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

The great length of the beautiful Traction car and the exceptional character of its trucks give a steadiness which never fails to be appreciated by those accustomed to ordinary street transit. A Pullman on the N. Y. Central runs no more smoothly.

A six-mile division of the Traction system runs from University Station, near the southwest limits of the city, northeast through the heart of the city to the main station of the Santa Fé Route. On this division the cars are yellow.

Starting at the Arcade (S. P. Ry.) Dépôt, the Westlake division cars (white) traverse several important in-town streets and pass Westlake Park to the extreme western limits of the city, a distance of five and a half miles.

The run of the green cars is eight and a half miles — from Western avenue and West Adams street northeasterly to Boyle Heights, east of the city proper, skirting Hollenbeck Park and Home and ending at Evergreen Cemetery.

All three lines pass Sixth Street Park, and cross Broadway, Spring and Main streets on Third, thus traversing the exact business heart of the city.

The stranger appreciates the easily remembered significance of the color of the cars — and the distinction is hardly less con-



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

Photo. by Maude.

IN HOLLENBECK PARK ON THE TRACTION RAILWAY LINE.

venient to the citizen. The various lines lead through some of the best residence portions of the city and to the most attractive parks, and reach the principal railway stations by the quickest route.

The management of the system has made itself liked in the community not only by a highly competent service but by courtesy and geniality. It is broad-gauge, enterprising and considerate. Mr. T. J. Hook is president and Mr. W. S. Hook general manager and superintendent.



WESTLAKE PARK ON THE TRACTION RAILWAY LINE.

Condensed Information—Southern California

The section generally known as Southern California comprises the seven counties of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Orange, Riverside, San Diego, Ventura and Santa Barbara.

The total area of these counties is 44,901 square miles. The coast line extends northwest and southeast a distance of about 275 miles. A \$3,000,000 deep-sea harbor is now under construction at San Pedro, near Los Angeles.

The orange crop for the present season amounts to \$4,000,000. \$1,500,000 of petroleum is produced annually, and large shipments are made of sugar, vegetables, beans, grain, deciduous fruit, honey, wine, brandy, wool, hides, etc.

Over \$20,000,000 are invested in mining. Thousands of dollars are brought here by tourists.

The population in 1890 was 201,352. The present population is esti-

mated at 350,000.

There is a \$500,000 court house, a \$200,000 city hall, and many large and costly business blocks.

The other principal cities are Pasadena, Pomona, Azusa, Whittier, Downey, Santa Monica, Redondo, Long Beach, and San Pedro.

SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY is the largest county in the State, is rich in minerals, has fertile valleys. Population about 35,000. The county is traversed by two railroads. Fine oranges and other fruits are raised.

San Bernardino city, the county seat, is a railroad center, with about 8,000 people. The other principal places are Redlands, Ontario, Colton and Chino.

ORANGE COUNTY has an area of 671 square miles; population in 1890, 13,589. Much fruit and grain are raised.

Santa Ana, the county seat, has a population of over 5,000. Other cities are Orange, Tustin, Anaheim and Fullerton.

RIVERSIDE COUNTY has an area of 7,000 square miles; population about 16,000. It is an inland county.

Riverside is the county seat. Other places are South Riverside, Perris and San Jacinto.

SAN DIEGO COUNTY is a large county, the most southerly in the State, adjoining Mexico. Population about 45,000. The climate of the coast region is remarkably mild and equable. Irrigation is being rapidly extended. Fine lemons are raised near the coast, and all other fruits flourish.

San Diego city, on the ample bay of that name, is the terminus of the Santa Fé railway system, with a population of about 25,000.

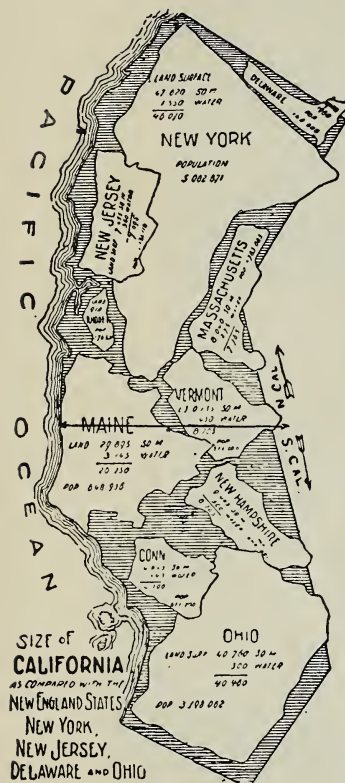
Other cities are National City, Escondido, Julian and Oceanside.

VENTURA COUNTY adjoins Los Angeles county on the north. It is very mountainous. There are many profitable petroleum wells. Apricots and other fruits are raised, also many beans. Population about 15,000.

San Buenaventura, the county seat, is pleasantly situated on the coast. Population, 3,000. Other cities are Santa Paula, Hueneme and Fillmore.

SANTA BARBARA is the most northern of the seven counties, with a long shore line, and rugged mountains in the interior. Semi-tropic fruits are largely raised, and beans in the northern part of the county.

Santa Barbara, the county seat, is noted for its mild climate. Population about 6,000. Other cities Lompoc, Carpinteria and Santa Maria.



LOS ANGELES county has an area of 4,000 square miles, some four-fifths of which is capable of cultivation, with water supplied. The shore line is about 85 miles in length. The population has increased from 33,881 in 1880 to 200,000. There are over 1,500,000 fruit trees growing in the county. Los Angeles city, the commercial metropolis of Southern California, 15 miles from the coast, has a population of about 115,000. Eleven railroads center here. The street car mileage is nearly 200 miles. There are over 175 miles of graded and graveled streets, and 14 miles of paved streets. The city is entirely lighted by electricity. Its school census is 24,766; bank deposits, \$12,000,000; net assessed valuation, \$61,000,000; annual output of its manufactures, \$20,000,000; building permits, \$3,000,000, and bank clearance,

UP=TO=DATE HINTS

Pictures, Frames and Framing.

A picture properly framed creates more genuine pleasure than any other article of household decoration. Considerable care and attention should be given to the proper treatment in framing even the cheapest kind of a picture, taking into consideration the proportion and composition of a picture as well as its subject. Particular care should be used in getting proper tones which will create a harmonious effect when completed. The new idea prevailing now is the broad style of framing. By this it is meant that wide moulding is used, framing the picture without a mat. This style is particularly adapted to all pictures that are strong and bold in composition, but would hardly suit in cases where there was considerable detail in composition.

New pictures at present very popular with highly artistic people, are such as the Copley prints, reproductions of notable paintings in America, also, the mural decorations in the new Library of Congress, Boston Public Library, and the Criminal Court Building of New York. These are photographic productions in pure black and white effects, mythological in composition. These are framed in pale grays and bone ebony mouldings, without mats, framing the pictures to their actual sizes, being particularly careful in getting proper shades of gray or a dull velvety black; particular attention should be given to the bone ebony moulding, as it is difficult to secure the right article, which is made on cherry wood, and is best described as being of velvet finish. A polished ebony is ruinous to this kind of picture.

Another line of pictures is the Carbon reproductions of the galleries of Europe. By securing a picture of this kind, you get, excepting the color, an absolute reproduction of the original work of art, as this line of pictures is only made from original paintings. These likewise, should be treated in much the same manner as the Copley prints, being framed in Old Dutch or brown finished moulding, harmonizing in tone with the picture. Lovers of old masters can always secure pictures of this kind and be sure they are

getting a genuine article. This is the best kind of a picture to buy for several reasons. First, it is a genuine reproduction of a meritorious work of art; second, it has more artistic qualities than is possessed by most pictures. Third, it is absolutely unchangeable.

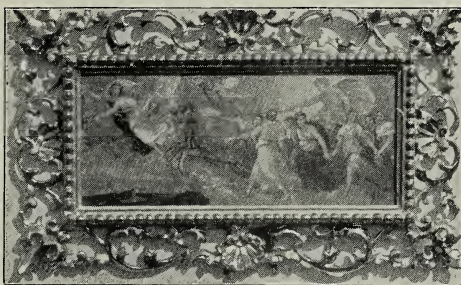
In treating a colored picture of any kind, whether an oil painting, water color or lithograph, a gilt frame is invariably a proper moulding to use, as by this means you never make a conflict of prevailing colors or tones. Neither do you get a harsh contrast. This probably would not apply to sunset scenes or pictures composed largely of yellow color, but in a great majority one is assured of success in treating them in this way.

Do not buy pictures as you would furniture, and never buy a picture because it is cheap. When you have made up your mind that you want to buy a picture for your home, go to the best establishment in your city and tell them as nearly as possible what you want, and if they have not the picture in stock, they always have a means of securing it. If this idea is followed out, your pictures will always be a pleasure to you.

Cut Glass.

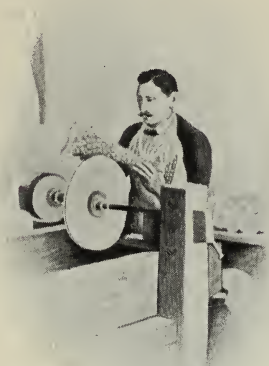
How many of us realize as we gaze on the rich display of cut glass in our shop windows or admire some handsome piece on our sideboard, what a big industry the manufacture of cut glass has become. The art of producing it is one of the very oldest, and up to within the last few years it was considered an expensive luxury to be afforded only by the wealthy. Competition and improved machinery have done away with chimerical values, however, and there are now few homes where handsome articles of cut glass are not to be found.

The styles in cut glass ware, as in everything else, are constantly changing, and he is a connoisseur who keeps informed of all the new designs. The latest style in cut glass is known as Rock Crystal. The designs are more artistic than in the old conventional style with which we are all familiar. The glass is



UP=TO=DATE HINTS

made thinner and the workman must be not only a glass-cutter, but an artist, as



the lines describe all sorts of curves instead of being cut straight as in the conventional glass. After the cutting is completed, the edges are polished smooth with a wooden wheel instead of being left sharp. The quality of glass used is of the very best, and the glass when polished is made to resemble pure water, hence its name "Rock Crystal."

The Colonial design is also popular now. It is very rich and the surface is polished so smooth that any imperfections would be visible. The style is octagonal, and the tumblers have a stem somewhat shorter than a goblet.

The manufacturer of cut glass does not impart an individuality to his product which easily distinguishes it from that of others. Leading houses like Dorfleinger, and Hawks mark their goods by means of a stick label, while the Libbey Company have, since the reputation which they made at the Chicago Exposition, etched their name on the product.

Gentlemen's Furnishings.

March inaugurates radical changes in gentlemen's wear.

In hats the Derby leads in popularity, the Fedora comprising not over one-tenth of the hats worn.

Golden brown and the mode shades are the ruling colors. The height of crown and width of brim is much less than heretofore, the real "nobby thing" being a five-inch crown and one and one-half inch brim. Crowns will range in height five, five and one-fourth, five and one-half and five and three-fourths inches. Width of brims one and one-half, one and three-fourths, one and seven eighths and two inches.

The Teck tie will still be popular for old people, and the narrower tie during cooler weather for younger gentlemen.

The Princess and Four-in-hand will be in vogue. The new cut or pattern in these enables one to tie them as an Ascott, Once-over, or regular Four-in-hand.

The swell spring tie, however, will be the Club—the Bat-wing Club being the latest thing. This has a narrow neckband and wider bat-wing ends to make up the short bow. These come in various lengths to suit neck measurements. While the ready-made bow will be used, the proper thing is for the wearer to tie his own bow.

In evening ties the Pique and plain linen short bow is the proper thing.

Nobby dressers will use the high turned-over collar with rounded points, or the standing collar slightly bent at corners, and for younger gentlemen the standing round-corner.

A new attachment to shirts is a tab, or loop, just below the front as well as the back collar-button, and through which the tie is passed in order to be held in position.

Stripes will be the popular thing in shirt bosoms, especially the cross stripe. The stiff, striped bosom for spring and the negligé for summer will each be used with white collars and white or colored cuffs. Colored collars will be intro-



duced by dealers wishing to economize shirt remnants, but will be tabooed by the high-class dealer.

Foot-Wear.

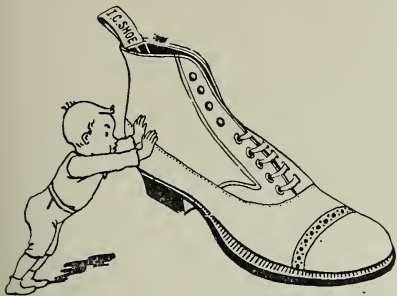
The tendency in foot-wear has taken a sensible turn.

The long, narrow, and pointed shoe has seen its day, and long-suffering feet can hail with a sigh of relief, as it were, the shorter vamps, lower heel, and broader toe. Even the ladies' shoe now effects the mannish style and comfort. Instead of the light, turned ladies' shoe, the demand is growing for the weldt, while

UP-TO-DATE HINTS

the military and straight heel is in vogue.

The Blucher style of lace shoe, once popular in the square-toe, is one of the new things in round-toes. Tans are in-



creasing in popularity. In slippers, black kid and patent leathers are the correct thing, the color of the dress being no longer matched by the color of the slippers.

Spring Fabrics and Styles.

Designers of costumes and all interested in styles for the coming season will be pleased to know that silks will have a prominent place, particularly for waists. The designs being moire ribbon and renaissance combined with satin stripes, while stripes of various sizes on taffeta ground are specially good. The royal polka dot, and dots of every conceivable size will be the new feature in the silk family. The smaller dot takes the lead, being of a neater and less tiresome nature. Plaids of several new varieties, such as the large broken effects, which come in the wide goods, are an advance idea, but ordinary width will be seen in abundance in combinations of color, which will give the silk waists a more dressy appearance. Blues in turquoise, royal and Russian will be at the front, followed by greens, browns, tans and reds; also combinations of lavender and green, maize and lavender and red and black, while other bright effects will add much toward helping nature in making spring the brightest of seasons. For a stylish summer silk foulards will take a long leap forward in public favor, especially the satin foulard with small, neat designs of white and lavender on ground work of blues, greens, browns and black. Taffeta glacé and plain taffeta will still hold strong position; embroidered dot, chenille, and Dresden effects will be among the latest arrivals.

In the dress goods center we find the well dressed woman gowned in a neat tailor-made costume for street wear made to show the best of the graceful lines and curves of the figure, and here it

will be well to say that the tailor must be an artist. The fabrics may be chosen from the many weaves which fashion has brought to the front, such as English meltons, whipcords, coverts, Scotch and Saxony suitings, but if desired for a lighter weight wear the French covert, whipcords and the like may be used instead.

The novelties this season for reception, carriage and afternoon gown are bewildering in their beauty and variety. There are rich silky Crepons, Carrau Mèche, Volant Crepon Soie, Oudule, Bure Crochet Lauré Soie, Viole Grenadine rayure and Chirre Soie. These fabrics are all light and well adapted to this climate. In plain goods, the old time friend, the vertical cord stands out prominent, while anything in stripes is particularly good—the colors in charming soft shades of blues, greens, brown, bisque and modes. A very notable feature will be the number of black dresses which will be worn, they being more refined than any color can be. These will be relieved by touches of white and glimpses of the gayest colors, while the weaves will be in quiet distinction to the black. Toilette, Silk Crepons and Mohair Crepons of the bright effects which have a shimmer as the light strikes the gown, will be more popular than the dull black. In the softer and more delicate weaves are the Grenadines which have the open lace and honiton effects; also the drawn work with velvet and chenille squares, will be the latest. The taste for stripes running length of the stuff, and plaids, will predominate.

French Bure, 48-inch cloth, made from the finest raw silk and wool, will be found in only the high grade goods, both in black and colors, and is one of the most Frenchy weaves shown.

The lady of fashion and social position of today will not allow her wardrobe to be vacant of the Parisian Spangle Robe, which has just made its debut, causing much interest in the fashionable centers of the world. This robe is a jetted net, consisting of bodice and basque brought out in black, black and steel and black and silver, to be hung over black lace or silk, worn with high neck and long sleeves, or not, as the occasion requires; but to be made perfectly plain, the skirt of a circular form cut long in front and a slight train behind.

In connection with the new bead belt will be seen the clasp buckle, shown in enamel and jewel settings, to be used with fancy ribbons. The collar should be the elaborate detail of a costume; here the French butterfly stock of gorgeous shades of velvet, or the thinner and more simple, but still rich, Parisian scarfs, made from the finest India and Liberty silks, also in gauze, in two-yard

UP-TO-DATE HINTS

lengths, the ends finished with lace, chenille and ostrich feathers, will be the neck piece for the season. A more simple neck finish is the linen handkerchief-collar, hem-stitched and embroidered—the latest fad.

Generally speaking, ribbons will play an important part for dress-trimmings. Recent modeled spring toilets show skirts entirely covered with narrow plaited flouncing of ribbon edged in turn with a narrower fringed edge; while waists made of different widths will find favor as the season advances. Among the newest arrivals are the Grenadine Dresden, with fringed and looped edges, and other conceptions. The more staple taffetas and double-faced satins will be seen in all shades. Some of the newest productions are the shirred, for greater convenience, in plain and Dresden designs; the narrow width will take the lead.

will give the satiny surface and the transparent color, the daily tubbing must be as regular as your morning rolls and coffee. And the tonic effect of your flesh-brush will be doubled by covering it with a generous spoonful of dry salt, medicated or otherwise.

You may have been taught by your dentist to brush your teeth up and down, as well as across, to obtain the best results, and that for the sake of your teeth and your breath the rinse of aromatic or pungent solutions should follow brushing. It is a safe addition to chew a tiny bit of orris root, and the fragrance resulting is that of violets. But all the perfumed confections "for the breath" are injurious to the throat and stomach, and leave an after-effect on the breath that is very undesirable.

The nail brush does not seem complex, but it is worth while to know that it must be used down the fingers and nails,



Gold inlaid, hand-painted Parisian fan, presented by The Coulter Dry Goods Co., to the Los Angeles Horse Show Association, and awarded to Mrs. Oliver P. Posey as first prize for double team and cabriolette floral exhibit.

Good Grooming.

The fine appearance and spirits of the animals recently exhibited by the Los Angeles Horse Show Association certainly evidenced the advantages of good care.

Upon good grooming depends both beauty and comfort of human beings as well, and in this, as in everything else, there is the right way and the wrong way of doing things. Correct toilet habits are easy to acquire, and occupy no more time than to do things badly for yourself, and it is well to remember that with people and horses there is a great difference between being clean and being well groomed.

For example, you might keep your body reasonably clean by a bath once a week, but if you desire to develop and maintain the activity of the skin that

and never up or across, for the grain of the cuticle is sensitive and easily broken, making hang-nails. The free tip may be brushed across and dried last with a little wisp of cotton on the end of your orange stick, and then your nails will be clean and stay so much longer. Anything hard for cleaning the nail destroys the soft white lining.

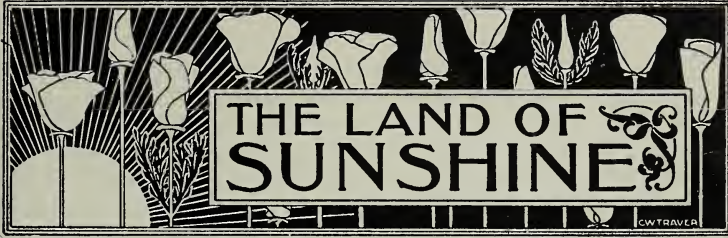
And now for the other brush that you must use for a minute or two in the morning—the hair brush. Don't pound your hair with the brush, or slide over it in a useless fashion, but separate your hair, place the lower edge of the brush on the scalp, and then turn the brush with the stroke so that every bristle moves and does its share of the work.

And these four correct brushings need occupy only twenty minutes of your valuable morning time, and you will be more beautiful and comfortable all day.





"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



Vol. 10 No. 5.

LOS ANGELES

APRIL, 1899.

BY MOONLIGHT.

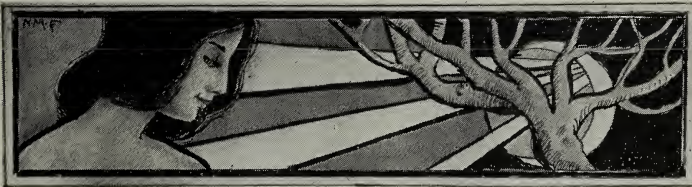
BY NORA MAY FRENCH.

IS *this* the world I know? Beneath the Day
It glowed with golden heat, with vivid hues ;
Mountains and sky that merged in melting blues,
And hazy air that shimmered far away.

This world is white, 'neath amethystine sky,
White with pale brightness, luminously chill ;
The moon reigns queen, but faintly shining still
The dim stars glimmer o'er the hill-tops high.

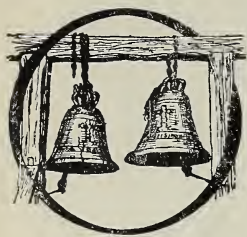
Here, where long grasses touch across the stream
That threads with babbling laugh its narrow way,
My face turned upward to pale gleams, that stray
Through whispering willow boughs . . . I dream and dream.

La Canada, Cal.



A FIESTA AT WARNER'S RANCH.

BY H. N. RUST.



IN THE picturesque desert verge of San Diego county, Cal., on the historic Warner's Ranch, with its romantic memories, a little rancheria (village) of California Indians clusters about the famous hot springs, the Agua Caliente. Remote from the strenuous processes of developing a new State, pushed down upon the brink of the Desolation by the hungry "Liberator" of inferior races, the Agua Caliente Indians are a leaf torn from the book of the past and tucked away carelessly between the last pages of the Nineteenth century. They are more fortunate, it is true, than many—probably the majority—of their fellows; for their little oasis is a paradise to some of the Indian reservations of Southern California—but they are in danger. Out of all the vast State of which their forebears were the sole possessors, they are threatened to be dispossessed of the last habitable corner. The white man's government generally breaks any pledge to an Indian if a white man asks it to. Unless some of the white men whose color strikes in as deep as their heart shall aid these simple children of nature, these first Californians, to keep their rights, they will be elbowed out from their little patrimony. They have been robbed of all the rest of California; now it is desired to push them over upon the ghastly sands of the desert of the Colorado.



L. A. Eng Co.

AGUA CALIENTE, WARNER'S RANCH.

Illustrated from photos. by Crandall.

To see an "Eagle Dance" at Caliente, we drove fifty miles from the railroad at Oceanside—and then did not see it. For what reason the Indians did not execute this elaborate and important dance, as scheduled, I do not know. Perhaps it was forbidden by the church—always a great restraint upon these simple converts who have kept the faith brought them by the Franciscan frailes 130 years ago.

At all events the Agua Caliente fiesta this year was just the quiet ordinary fiesta; and its ceremonial dances were not above the usual.

A hollow square of about 150 feet on a side had been formed by building *ramadas*, or sheds of wattled brush, divided into





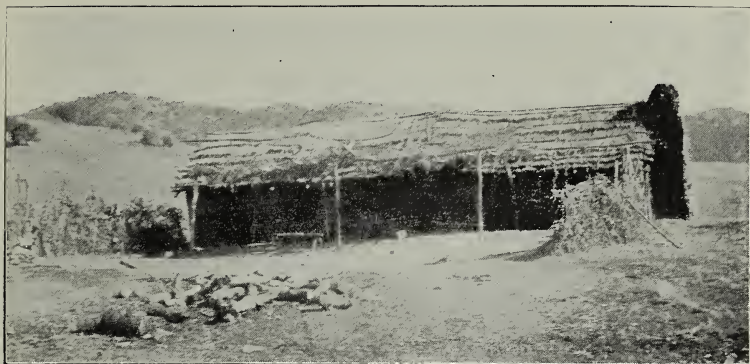
L. A. Eng. Co. THE PRINCIPAL STREET IN THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

rooms or booths each about 12 feet square. Each room opened into the enclosure, which also had an open passage at each corner. These apartments were occupied, during the fiesta, mostly by Indian families from a distance. One was used by a butcher; two others had for tenants Indian women who fur-



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

THE HOT SPRINGS.



L. A. Eng. Co.

AN INDIAN HOME.

nished meals to visitors at two-bits each; and in some were Mexican gamblers. Gambling is etiquette with an Indian; but the aborigines strictly excluded liquor from the feast, and had an extra force of their own police to preserve order.

The Captain of the rancheria (who is elected yearly by his fellows) opened the fiesta with an address. The celebration, he said, was to give the people pleasure, and he hoped all



L. A. Eng. Co. THE HOT SPRINGS "LAUNDRY."



would enjoy themselves. They might play any game except "monte." No liquors or wines would be allowed in or near the village. All must be polite to women and children. No guns or pistols must be brought. All must confine themselves to the space set apart for the fiesta, and none must wander about the village.

The fiesta began on Sunday evening, and closed on the following Wednesday. It seemed to consist—without any set program—of visiting, gaming and dancing. The night was fullest of activity and the day was largely consumed in getting over it. In the three days I saw only two drunken Indians ;



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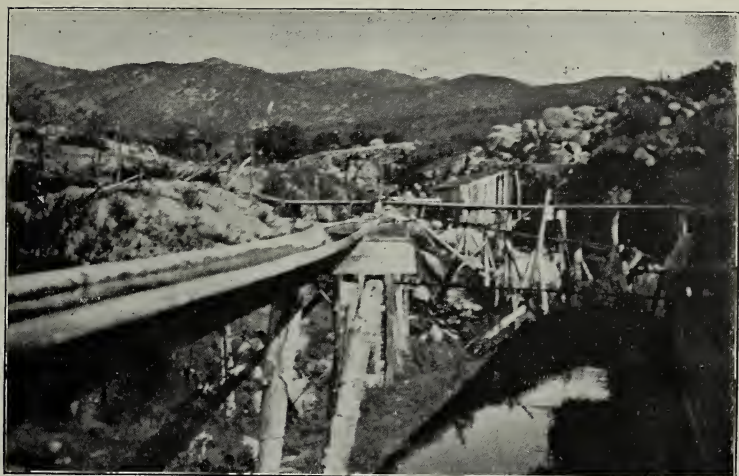
THE CLOWN OF THE "DANCE."

and no quarreling whatever. In several games of chance, the majority of the players were old women. The games conducted by the Mexicans were noisier than the Indian games.

The Mexican and American visitors had a dance now and then, on a board platform and with a fiddler. The Indian dances, which of course are not "for fun," being religious ceremonials, were held on the bare ground and to no other music than the strange cadences of rude drums and the chanting of the singers. The Indian dances were announced by an old aborigine known as Chuparosa (the humming bird), who seemed to be master of ceremonies. A large fire was built ; and Chuparosa, with a rattle of pebbles in a tin can, took his position near it and raised the chant, taken up immediately by



ADOLFO MORO'S FAMILY.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

BELOW THE HOT SPRINGS.

a dozen old women, who danced as they sang; and then the old men joined in. Most of the dancers were of the older generation. Few of the younger Indians took part. American schools and contact have made them ashamed of the faith of their fathers—and given them nothing vital in its place. In a few years these impressive ceremonials of the first Americans will have disappeared altogether. The survivors of our greed will not be white men, it is true; but they will no longer be Indians.

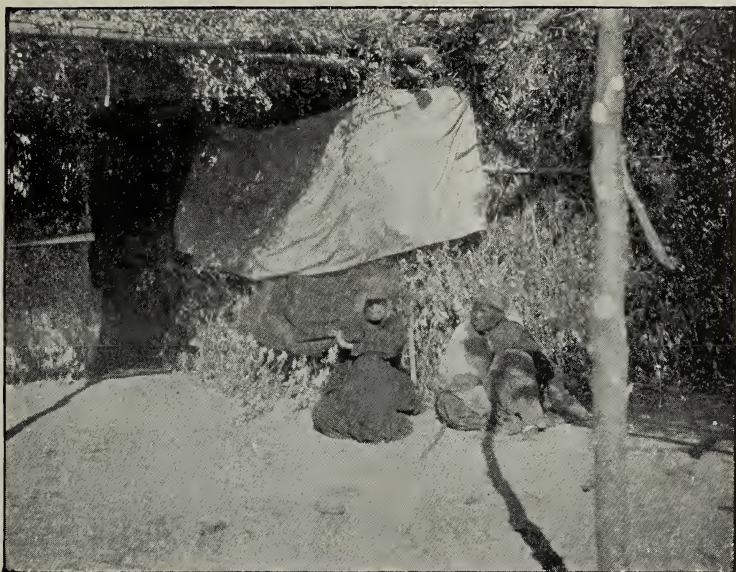
A single Indian grotesquely painted and garbed [the *Entremisero*, or "Delight-maker"] gave zest to the dance by his muscular capers and shrewd antics. A few children too small to look down on their fathers joined in the figures, to the great applause of their elders; and in a booth I saw two girls of about six singing to appreciative friends, the little songs they had learned at school.

The population of Agua Caliente is 156, in 31 families. Each family lives in an adobe house of one to three rooms. All are farmers, and self-supporting. Their staple winter food is acorns, ground to meal in a mortar and leached in the hot springs till the bitterness is gone. The meal is then very palatable, and has a nutty taste.

Eighteen out of the twenty children in the village attend the government Indian school. The teacher has the confidence of the people, whom she has befriended for eight years.

On the west side of Warner's ranch we found the *rodeo* in progress, and saw the cowboys lassoing, throwing and brand-





C. M. Davis Eng. Co.,

OLD WOMEN OF THE TRIBE

ing the calves—a routine full of awe for the stranger, and, thanks to the dexterity it involves, never dull to the “oldest settler” on the frontier.

South Pasadena, Cal.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.,

BRANDING CALVES.

BY THE SEA.

YONE NOGUCHE.

The moon came sadly out of a hill ;
I from the city silently stole :
Many an hour had passed since I shook
The sorrow-thoughts to the wind.
The moon's beautiful cold steps were my steps,
In silvery peace, apart from paths of men :
The dewy mysterious beams, as love-whispers,
Stole into my hair which zephyr stirred
As cloud ; I was as in the mazy sweet,
I knew not why. I smiled unto the moon ;
The moon understood me : the silence was profound,
On the sea-face unearthly dreams
And greenly melancholic autumn voicelessly stepped :
The moon threw a large soft smile over the sea.
The sea was verily proud to sing :
The sea's passions wooing the shore,
Taught me the secret how to win woman ;
But the love of woman was left far behind.
I slowly thought how beautiful to sink
Into the moon-sea and to rise
With worshiping face unto the moon :
A sea-bird suddenly sprung from the wave,
Scattering sea-pearls with lavish wing.
I sat me down on the shore,
With tragic eyes upon the stars,
With my ears unto the sea ;
The silence of the stars was as great
As the voice of the sea ; it is so
Since the First Day, that the stars
Keep the silence and the sea the voice.
I walked with the moon, by the sea,
Till the dawn : what I thought was that
The moon thought, I knew not what.

CALIFORNIA PIONEER SCHOOLS.

BY M. E. DUDLEY.



L. A. Eng Co.

OLIVE MANN ISBELL.

The first American school-teacher in California.

OF COURSE the first schools in California were those founded by the Franciscan missionaries in 1769 and continued through the three score years of the Mission régime. They were old-time polytechnics, where the pupils of all ages were taught not only religion and to read, write and speak a new tongue, but architecture, weaving, soap-making, shoemaking, brick-making, carpentry and many other such homely arts as might be of use to the sons of the wilderness.

Later, the Spanish colonists in towns like Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and Monterey, established intermittent schools, supported partly by the municipality, and partly by private moneys. The archives of Los Angeles contain quaint entries of supplies—"one bench and table," and the like—contracts with the teachers (important personages then) and other unconscious tokens of the difficulties of the public school in the farthest corner of the world. In 1846 the course of study in the Los Angeles public school (founded with a solemn mass and a gathering of all the leading people, and taught by Manuel Requena) was reading, writing, the first four rules of arithmetic, and Father Ripoldi's catechism. The Ayuntamiento (town council) had appropriated \$500 for the school. The equipment consisted of "36 spelling-books, 11 second readers, 14 catechisms, 1 table without cover, 6 writing desks, 1 blackboard." The hours were 8 to 11 a. m. and 2 to 5 p. m.

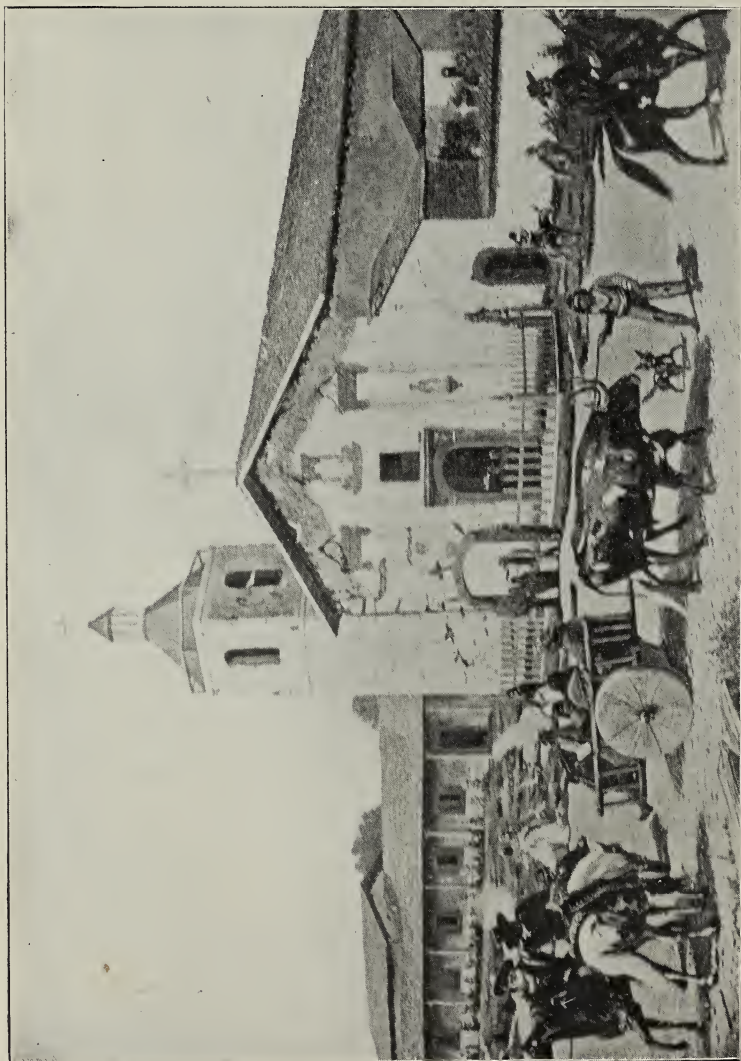
The first American school in California was taught by Olive Mann Isbell, a venerable woman still living in Santa Paula, Cal.*; and the first American school-house was a room of the Mission of Santa Clara—now, alas, only a memory.

Olive Mann was born in Ashtabula county, O., in 1824. At twenty she married Dr. Isaac Isbell and removed with him to Warren county, Ill. In the beginning of the "California Fever,"—due mostly to Frémont's wonderful journeys, and long before the gold discovery—the Isbells left Mt. Pleasant, Ia., April 17, 1846, with a company in 23 wagons, on the long and perilous journey to the Coast. At a pass in the

* Mrs. Isbell died March 25, just as these pages were being printed.

Sierra Nevada they were met by Frémont himself and escorted to the Mission of Santa Clara, where they arrived Oct. 16th—having been exactly six months in their overland journey.

About the middle of December, 1846, in compliance with the wish of her companions, Mrs. Isbell began school. The whole overland company was housed in the old mission buildings, which enclosed (as always in the missions) four sides of a great court; and the school was



L. A. Eng. Co.

SANTA CLARA MISSION (1820).

Where the first American school in California was taught by Mrs. Isbell, in 1846.



L. A. Eng. Co.

A COUNTRY SCHOOL IN THE SEVENTIES.

held in one of the rooms opening upon this pátio. The floor was earth, the seats were boxes. An opening in the tile roof, over the center of the room, allowed the smoke to escape when, on rainy days, a fire was built on a rude platform of stones set in the middle of the floor. Later, Mrs. Isbell taught a similar school of American immigrant children in a similar room in Monterey.

The Isbells were among the first Americans to know of and profit by the gold discovery; and were in the thick of it before the great "Cal-



L A. Eng. Co.

ONE OF THE PRIMITIVE SORT.

fornia Rush " began in 1849. In 1850 they returned to the East, via Panama, and lived in the old Ohio home for seven years. Then they bought 10,000 acres in Texas and settled on it ; but the war ruined them and they had to flee between days. They never recovered their land or its equivalent, nor a large sum of money they had in Texas banks. To-day several Texas families are rich on the spoils of these pioneers.

From Texas they naturally reverted to their old love, California ; and here Dr. Isbell died in 1886. His aged widow, now almost helpless, lives in a humble cottage in Santa Paula, largely paid for by her own hands since his death. It would seem that the school teachers of California could pay no more graceful tribute to the profession they follow and love than by some substantial remembrance of the brave woman who is their dean.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

OUTGROWN.

The early school-houses built by the American settlers in California were apt to be as uncompromising as the pioneers themselves. Set, in general, on an eminence ; naked of grace as of convenience, they were unpromising forerunners of the commodious modern school-houses with which the California of today is so abundantly supplied. High above the heads of the scholars, the small-paned windows glared, unshuttered and uncurtained. Often there were not even small panes—nor glass whatever. There were a few rude benches, abundant pegs in the wall for hats—and little else.

In the forest regions these first school-houses were of logs, unhewn ; roofed with shakes or with the *tule* [toó-ly] or California bulrush, *scirpus lacustius*.

In some remote corners, whole terms of school were held under some



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

A VETERAN.

great live-oak. Within the writer's memory, at least two consecutive terms of school were held, not 30 leagues from Los Angeles, in a structure of wattled boughs.

As in other pioneer communities, the early school-house in California was the social rallying point. Here the itinerant minister held his rare services ; here was the polling-place ; here the local musician plied his tireless bow, while young and old danced upon the uneven floor from



C. M. Davis Eng. Co

A TYPICAL COUNTRY SCHOOL, TODAY.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

THE SHUTTERED SCHOOL-HOUSE.

early candle-light till the red flush of dawn, while the children slept upon the benches lined along the wall.

The pioneer days and the pioneer schools are far behind us. Only a few years by the calendar—but how very far in achievement! California is now dotted everywhere with fine modern school-houses, her teachers are trained in the best normal schools, her children are as an innumerable host, and wear another dress. But after all it is worth while sometimes to look back to the sterner days when a few Americans bought with heavier sacrifice the thing we still hold dear.

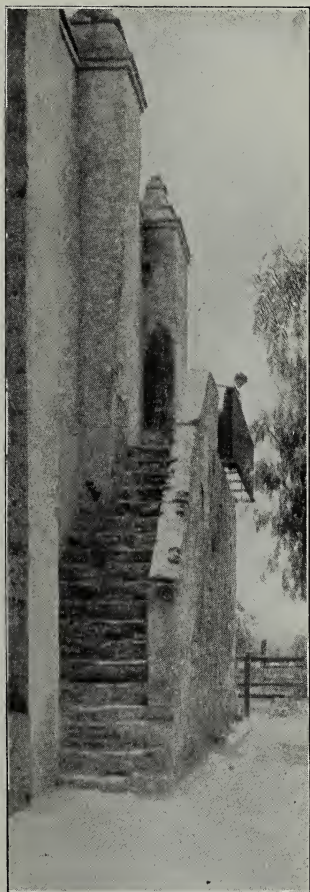
San Buenaventura, Cal.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

A TYPICAL CALIFORNIA GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

THE OLD MISSIONS.



L. A. Eng. Co.

Photo by Linsley.

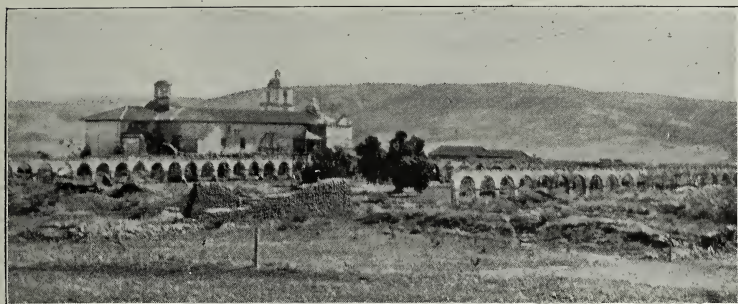
AT SAN GABRIEL MISSION.

 CALIFORNIA, it is true, is the newest of States; a sister so young and so far that her elders in the federal family cannot realize that she is growing up. To have been born a little quicker by the calendar is so much more important than to have robust health, a liberal education and a light heart, that the elderly sisters are quite right in assuming that the chit on the Pacific is to be snubbed. And on the other hand youth is quite content to let the waddling matrons and sour old maids find what comfort they may in their condition, while she runs barefoot in the joy of life.

The Caucasian history of California turns back only 130 years—though the State was discovered 60 years before New England was. And yet, if New England had anywhere within its historic limits one building from the last century so romantic, so picturesque, so noble in architecture, so great an achievement for its time and circumstance, as an average California Mission, the English-speaking world would ring with its fame; Hawthorne and Whittier and Longfellow and Holmes would have immortalized it, and millions would make pilgrimage to it.

Unfortunately for American literature, "there's no such a person." There is not in New England—nor in the whole United States, east of Colorado—a single old building remotely to be compared with the Franciscan Missions, of which California has 21. The Atlantic States were a century and a half old when the first European sat down in California for good; but in all that time they had not erected an edifice so masterful as he began at once. The Easterner who knows anything about his own history stands astounded before such enormous structures as the monastery at San Fernando, the





L. A. Eng. Co.

SAN LUIS REY MISSION.

Photo. by C. F. L.

temple of San Luis Rey, and other buildings of the Franciscan missionaries.

The Puritan (and the writer is proud to be of that strenuous breed) came to hunt room for his own faith; he sat down on the first shore he reached; he hanged, whipped and boycotted every other fellow that had another faith. And while he believed in God as hard as ever man did (and a cast-iron God at that), he built his temples of the nearest logs.

The Franciscan after sailing farther from the Old World, tramped on his feet as far again, to give someone else a faith. He hung no Quakers; but he built, in place of little log "meeting-houses" for himself, enormous stone churches for the Indians. Instead of the shrewd, earnest labor of the Puritan's co-workers, he had no masons nor carpenters except absolutely raw savages. And by moral suasion, not by blue-



L. A. Eng. Co.

AT SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

Photo. by C. F. L.



SANTA BARBARA MISSION.

Photo by T. H. Palache.

laws and force, he got nomads who had never built a house for themselves to help him build imposing structures for his alien but amiable God.

This is not a California guess. It is proved historic truth, which no scholar would any more deny than he would deny gravitation. And it is food for thought. Take, for instance, the stone church at San Juan Capistrano. It could not be rebuilt, even in this easy day, with a railroad at its door and skilled masons "hunting a job," for less than *one hundred thousand dollars*. Yet it was built in what was then a deeper wilderness than Daniel Boone trod, a country more distant from the civilization of its time than central Africa is to-



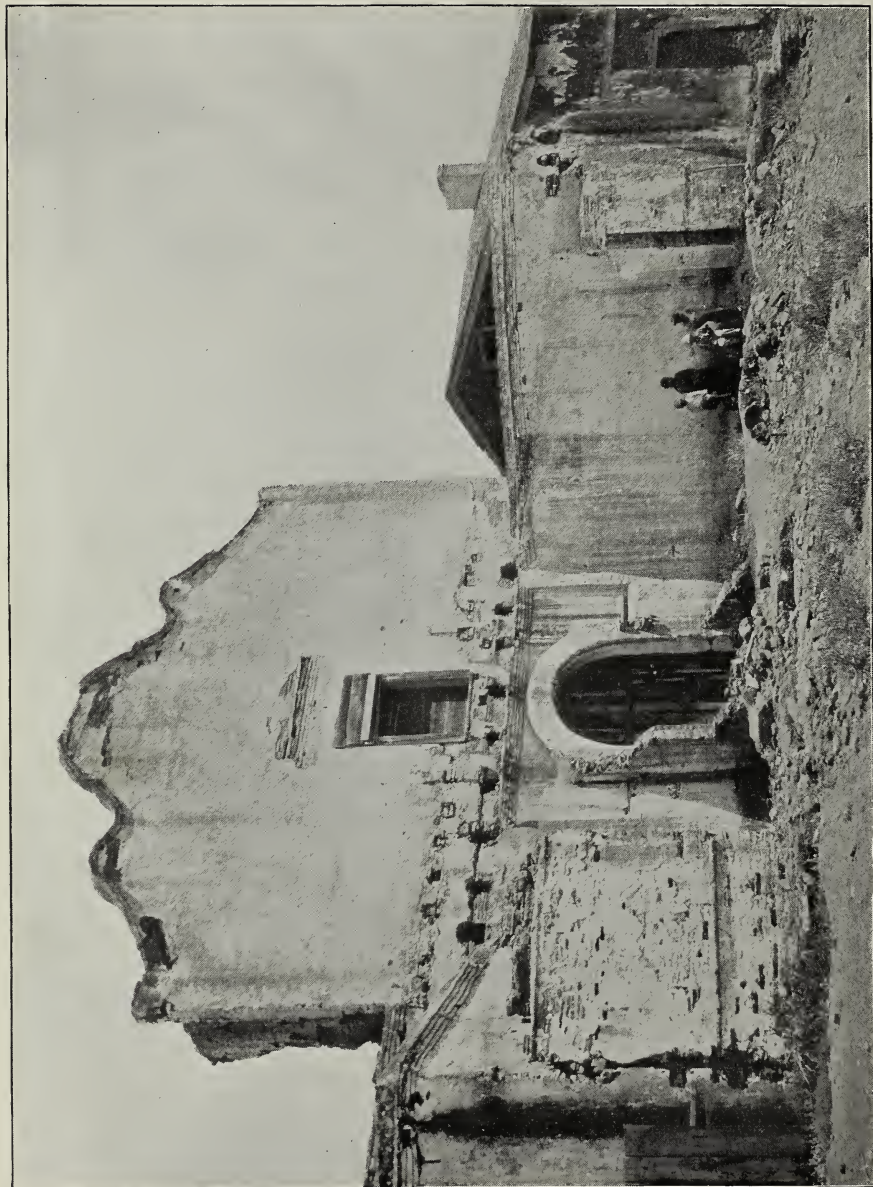
L. A. Eng. Co.

MISSION SAN CARLOS.

day, and with stupid savages for workmen—held to their task not by an army, but by the magnetism and diplomacy of a couple of brown-robed missionaries.

To those who know something of history, the California Missions are, as a physical achievement and a "business success," among the most wonderful things in our country. To those who know anything about architecture, they are, collectively, the noblest monuments in the United States. To those who have some insight of beauty and picturesqueness, they are precious beyond speech.

The brutal and thievish "disestablishment"—for the early Mexican "republic" was as bitter a jest as the Mexican Republic of today is honorable and substantial fact—broke the backs of the Missions and gave their dismembered properties



SAN DIEGO, THE MOTHER MISSION, 1769.
(Now about to be safeguarded by the Landmarks Club.)

over to be looted. Since the American occupation and the coming of security, carelessness has continued the destruction that greed began. Their proselytes scattered or dead, their revenues stolen, their temples robbed to make one man's house and another man's pig-pen, the Missions have fallen into irremediable decay. Not one keeps, or will ever have again, the splendor of the good old days when each Mission was a little commonwealth, self-sustaining and self-sufficing; producing everything within its own walls; a "business management" which no American Trust surpasses in efficiency, a work of love and conscience that Americans might profitably pattern by in their dealings with minor peoples.



L. A. Eng. Co.

CLOISTERS AT SAN LUIS REY.

Photo. by C. F. L.

A few Missions are still occupied by the meagre heirs of the patriarchal pioneers; many are gone to swift decay—pillaged by man and the elements. And some are safeguarded and loved by a devoted little band of the newcomers, who care for romance and beauty, for sincerity and skill and self-sacrifice, and who mean that the monuments of learning and faith and infinite zeal shall not perish from off the face of California. Even in ruin, the Franciscan Missions are the noblest architectural landmarks our nation owns. There is no question that the United States is smart. If it is also wise, it will preserve and honor its finest antiquities.

C. F. L.



THE CHILDREN'S PARADISE.

O, in sober truth, California is. It is also the paradise of the aged—and even those who are in their prime find unfading joy in a climate so motherly. But particularly to the young who are building the bodies that must serve them through life, and to the old who are clinging to the worn tenement, these genial skies are a godsend. The weather is *never dangerous*. We do not freeze to death nor roast to death. We can go out in perfect security every day of the year; and open our homes to the air every day.





C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

"DON'T NEED MUCH CLOTHES HERE"

People can be foolish with their children, here as elsewhere, but there is no need of shutting up a child at all. The writer knows two robust youngsters who have never slept without a window open near their bed. They tumble into a cold bath, in a room whose windows never were shut, every morning of their lives. They get out of doors every day in the year. Some days whip their cheeks to a glow with the frosty air, but they need no wraps;



American Eng. Co. ; "WE'LL HAVE TO THINK ABOUT THAT."

Photo. by Scholl.



American Eng. Co.

"WHY, I LIKE TEETH!"

Photo. by Scholl.

and in the whole twelve months there is never an hour when the heat wilts them. They romp outside as vigorously in August as in February.



L. A. Eng. Co.

"I SHOULD SMILE."

Photo. by Steckel.

Now a country where children can do these things is the right place for building the young bodies. A country where sunshine and flowers and fruits innumerable are their regular environment, is a pretty good place for shaping temper and mind.

California children are less peevish, less warped than English-speaking children elsewhere.

THE LONE STAR'S BONANZA.

BY BATTERMAN LINDSAY.

(Dramatic Rights Reserved.)



IT was high noon; the tri-weekly stage had come and, after a brief halt for dinner, gone again, amid a cloud of red dust; the mail and express had been distributed; and Wells-Fargo's agent had just lifted a slim girl in a dust-colored alpaca habit to her saddle, and was carefully tying an assemblage of letters, papers and small parcels to the pommel. Across the street, in front of the Sierra Hotel, a young man, enveloped in a linen ulster, was lighting his cigar, before stepping into a buggy, wherein

an older man was already seated, awaiting him.

The express agent seemed to require a long time to adjust everything to his liking, about the parcels and stirrup, whilst the girl preserved a somewhat exaggerated unconsciousness of demeanor under the smiling observation of a dozen loungers about the store and postoffice. Meanwhile, she was regarding out of the tail of her eye the young man with the cigar, who for his part, seemed totally oblivious of her vicinage, which piqued her, for she was not accustomed to be unheeded by the male eye.

She wondered if he could be the Lone Star's new superintendent? Must be; he was English, unmistakably. She reflected, but aloud she said—

"I'm all right now, Mr. Herbert, thank you. Good bye—when are you coming up?" She was off through the red dust, sitting a little sideways in her saddle, every curve in her supple body responding to her pacer's rocking stride.

"Rides well," remarked the young Englishman, "if she sat squarer."

"That's Miss Georgia Sloane, old Hard-Luck Sloane's daughter," said the man in the buggy, with an inflection of proprietary pride in his voice. "His end line abuts ours on the south. He has been pegging away at his hole in the ground for twenty years, and never found anything yet, worth mentioning. It's too bad. Georgia ought t' gone to school and had advantages; she's just as smart as they make 'em. But she's always had her own way about everything, and grew up here in the mountains pretty near as wild as a Digger Injun."

A few miles out from town they overtook and passed Miss Georgia, horse and



ANNIE BATTERMAN LINDSAY.

Annie Batterman Lindsay, of the LAND OF SUNSHINE staff, is one of the very few California writers who were born in California—perhaps the only one in her class. She made her first venture in literature something over four years ago, and has done good work in Eastern and Western periodicals. The most important has been in two series of sketches (published serially)—"Extracts from Mrs. Loft's Diary," and "Under the Headin' of Truth." Of the latter sketches it has been said that they are the "best Irish dialect ever written by an American."

rider still rocking away unweariedly at the same pace they had first struck. The Englishman stared frankly, though not rudely, at the fair equestrienne, and she returned the stare as frankly. The rencontre inspired more biographical reminiscences, and the new superintendent learned that Georgia's mother had died in her infancy, but not before naming her baby after the dear State whence fate had exiled her to die among strangers. "Fine family, Georgia's mother was. Old Hard-Luck belonged to good people too, back in New York, but luck was always agin him." The young man listened to it all with a tenderfoot's curiosity about his new environment, but he was more interested in the outlook for game. He said his dogs and guns were coming on later by express. He had been told the patridge-shooting was excellent, quail you call them here, I believe; and that a man might even get a shot at a bear.

In less than two weeks Archie Blair had made up his mind that Georgia Sloane was quite the most interesting girl he had ever met. For her "family," on which Mr. Provin laid so much stress, he did not care a pin. One American "family" was as good (or as bad) as another, he fancied in his barbarous tenderfoot ignorance. Since the inconvenient accident of being not only a younger, but a youngest, son had exiled him to these far-off wilds, he had no scruple in appropriating such good as the gods provided therein. When they provided a handsome girl who could sit a little sidewise on a saddle and rock away up hill and down dale, over places that none but a mountain-bred horse or woman would have attempted, he was not such a fool as not to follow her lead. It was certainly a distinct advantage not to be bothered with chaperones or grooms. He admired the scenery tremendously, drew in long breaths of crystalline atmosphere, perfume-laden from white-blossomed acres of wild syringa and spirea, or aromatic with the spicy exhalations of the pines, and waited with equanimity for the hunting season to begin. He never thought of being homesick. As for the Lone Star of the West Mine—he had been through it once as a matter of curiosity, and went through it perfunctorily every morning afterwards with his foreman, Mr. Provin, because it seemed to be expected of a superintendent to do that sort of thing. But it was a dirty business, and Provin evidently understood it better than he. The old duffers in London who had bought the property had no doubt got swindled, as Englishmen usually did when they made a deal with Yankees. But that was their affair, and as long as they chose to assess themselves to pay his liberal salary, he had "no kick coming." He thought that an expressive bit of slang, and made haste to adopt it. After this morning inspection, he made out his daily report to the London office, in which he painstakingly incorporated all the local mining terms he had acquired up to date; and then he devoted the remainder of the day principally to Miss Sloane.

The young Briton was an entirely new type to that young lady, and notwithstanding her isolation, she had known a good number of men. There had been a varied succession of superintendents and book-keepers at the Lone Star; and ever since she was out of pinafores all of them not previously bespoke (and some of them that were) had made love to her more or less seriously. There was a mischievous, though innocent, challenge in her dark eyes extremely provocative of love-making. Any man failing to respond to it would have formed a poor opinion of himself. But Georgia, forced to chaperon herself all these years, had acquired great skill at it. She was a past mistress in the art of drawing around herself an invisible, but not the less impenetrable cordon, over which no daring postulant crossed, however provocative those eyes might be. Of all the world of conventionality, Georgia was as ignorant as a cherub; but for her understanding of man, and all his little ways, many a society bud would have given all her back teeth. Notwithstanding which, she did not know what to make of Archie Blair. He

was certainly very stupid—but was he then? Apparently he believed everything that was told him, and all the men about the place joyed in “filling” him from morning till night, and yet she had a perception that in another sort of life of which none of them knew anything, or ever would, he had been cognizant of people and things which go to make up that Great World beloved of story writers and readers. His conversation was deficient in fluency and perspicacity, the majority of his sentences lacking some of their due parts of speech; he affected a totally unnecessary roughness of attire, and often misapplied slanginess of phrase—evidently from a praiseworthy desire to be in harmony with his Wild West environment as he had preconceived it; he sprawled his long limbs about in postures anything but elegant.

Nevertheless, there was a certain air of finish about him and all his belongings which there was not about her quicker-witted, better dressed, more supple and more subtle countrymen.

One afternoon Georgia took the Englishman to Josefita to get his fortune told. Josefita lived in one end of an old adobe house; the other end, from lack of a patch on its roof, had got wet and melted back to its original unbaked mud; and amid the ruins a lean-to of shakes had been erected which served as a kitchen. Garlands of onions, red peppers and potherbs were festooned about it, drying in the sun, and over the doorway a scarlet bean flaunted luxuriantly. Josefita herself, fat, pock-marked and mustachioed, had nothing left but her eyes to tell of lissom beauty which had once danced its way over the hearts and through the purses of mankind. The dollars so lightly earned had gone as lightly, mostly to a horde of chronically impecunious relatives; and now Josefita made tamales, and did washing and mending.

“Josefita!” cried Georgia gaily, poking her head into the kitchen, where the sorceress was enshrined amid odors of garlic, “Here is Don Blair wants his fortune told!” With gracious and unembarrassed hospitality, Josefita emerged and conducted them to her room, whose principal furnishing was a spotless bed, arrayed in exquisite drawn work. From some recess, she presently produced a much handled deck of cards, and motioning Archie to a seat opposite her at a small table, began to shuffle and cut with profound seriousness. “I see,” she said, “I see—oh! what is this I see? I see enemies, I see trouble. Beware a short middle-aged man. He hates you. He will try to ruin you. I see a young woman with dark eyes, who warns you—but shame overtakes her. I see fire. I see death—and death—and—I will not tell this fortune!”

Josefita threw down the cards and rose abruptly; evidently she believed in her own witchcraft, for she looked pale and anxious.

“Why, Josefita!” cried Georgia, “I am ashamed of you! The idea of a gentleman coming all the way from England to be told such dreadful things about himself!”

“It is a bad fortune to come so far to seek,” replied the prophetess, gravely. “If I were Don Blair I would go back to England.”

Don Blair looked a good deal amused and somewhat bored.

“It all might just be waiting for me in England, you see,” he said.

“That is a ferocious old dame,” he remarked on the way home. “Is she often taken like that?”

It was not long after this that Blair went down the path to Josefita's with a parcel under his arm containing various articles of his wardrobe which needed a woman's renovating touch. As he approached he heard the twanging of a guitar and the click of castanets; and after knocking a couple of times without being heard, he pushed open the door and looked in with curiosity. In a far corner sat a Mexican woman, picking at a guitar; in the middle of the floor a radiant vision posed and postured with snapping castanets. A gaudy Spanish costume of red and yellow and black clothed it; its heavy unbound tresses swept far below

the waist; its cheeks glowed, its lips were parted, its eyes shone like stars; its round arms swept to and fro in graceful curves.

It required a breathless moment for Archie to realize that he saw before him Georgia, clad in some of Josefita's old finery, and dancing the cachucha, as taught her by a once famous mistress of the art.

As for Georgia, she did not see him at all; she was lost in the ecstasy of her own rhythmic motion, as her graceful body melted from one alluring pose to another. For the time she was a mere creature of the senses, and to the senses she appealed with an overmastering power that made the young man's head swim with surprise. After a moment or two, she saw him, and with a girlish shriek of dismay cast herself down on the nearest stool, with an instinctive attempt to cover simultaneously her face with her mantilla, and her shapely limbs with her too abbreviated skirts. Archie could not help but laugh.

"Go away! Go away!" she cried with a child's vehemence. "Josefita! Shut the door!"

Blair waited outside, watching the minnows in the brook, until Georgia came out, rosy and self-conscious. It was the one thing needed to make her completely charming. A woman who habitually treats her beauty and its effects as a matter of course, loses its most supreme power.

Blair had admired her, been fascinated and interested by her individuality, but never thrilled by her till this moment, when her unintentional self-revelation had smitten his whole man's nature into sudden tumult.

He had thought her too well-poised, too self-controlled, to be entirely lovable. But now it seemed she was not lacking in that spice of Mother Eve which the prettiest woman must needs have to render her wholly delectable. There was an unmistakable new light in his eye and new eagerness in his bearing, when he came up from the brook to meet her in the path a few yards from Josefita's door. * * *

Blair went off on the stage next day to "Frisco," as he called it, being a tenderfoot. The native never slights its sonorous name, but says "The City" or "The Bay" if he wants a nickname. His departure had been premeditated for some days, and he went without seeing Georgia again. His head had been in a whirl the night through, and he felt the necessity of getting away somewhere and taking account of stock, so to speak, before committing himself further. He was not prepared to say, off-hand, that he desired an American wife, or any wife at all. On the whole, he rather thought he did not.

"By Jove, she's the only woman I've seen for two months! No wonder she's gone to my head," he said, and betook himself, not unwisely, where there were others. He had intended to remain for a few days only, but he found "Frisco" a pretty amusing burg, and if he were back at the Lone Star in time to sign the payrolls on the first of the month, what more could be asked of a superintendent? That damp and unpleasant hole-in-the-ground certainly could not run away with itself. Meantime, in the course of nearly a month there was time for a good many things to happen at the deserted post of duty. In the first place Georgia fell violently in love with him—a thing that probably would not have occurred had he remained—but she was piqued beyond measure by his abrupt departure without explanation or adieu, immediately succeeding that evening hour surcharged with emotion, when their two natures had vibrated to each other as urgently as the two poles of a magnet.

Thus Archie had ensured, as if with the most consummate calculation, that he should never be absent from either the waking or sleeping thoughts of the mountain maid.

That is a woman's way.

But Archie had calculated nothing. He had gone away to find out "where he was at," as he himself said to himself, again finding the

American slang tersely descriptive. And he stayed away because he was having a good time.

That is a man's way.

But much more practical and material consequences were also following in the wake of his dereliction from duty.

It was the very evening after his departure, that Old Hard-Luck Sloane confided his latest piece of ill-fortune to his crony, Mr. Provin. And it certainly did seem to justify the habitual arraignment of his luck which had earned his sobriquet. After all these years of toil and disappointment he had found his bonanza at last—and found it for another man. In the extreme end of his long and tortuous tunnel he had struck a deposit "lousy" with free gold, and which bore every indication of being as extensive as it was rich—and within fifty feet the vein pitched across his end line and went into the Lone Star ground!

No wonder that poor Sloane gave up at last, and after confiding his tale of woe to Provin, sat with his head in his hands, glowering moodily at the sputtering logs in the big fireplace. But Provin was alert, excited. "Come," he said, "let's go and take a look at it! Let's go now." The men spent some hours underground, examining and discussing the find in all its bearings. And when they came out, in the small hours of the morning, they sat again over the fire in Provin's cabin and entered into an evil compact.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LITTLE LIGHT MOCCASIN.

BY MARY AUSTIN.

Little Light Moccasin swings in her basket,
Woven of willow and sinew of deer,
Rocked by the breezes and nursed by the pine tree,
Wonderful things are to see and to hear.
Wide is the sky from the top of the mountain,
Sheltered the cañon from glare of the sun,
Ere she is wearied of watching their changes,
Little Light Moccasin finds she can run.
Brown is her skin as the bark of the birches,
Light are her feet as the feet of a fawn,
Shy little daughter of mesa and mountain,
Little Light Moccasin wakes with the dawn.
All of the treasures of summer-time cañons,
These are the playthings the little maid knows,
Berry time, blossom time, bird calls, and butterflies,
Columbine trumpets, and sweet brier rose.
Bear meat and deer meat, with pine-nuts and acorns,
Handful of honey-comb dripping with sweet,
Tubers of joint grass the meadows provide her,
Bulbs of wild hyacinth, pleasant to eat.
Holes in the rocks for the wild bee's hiving,
Leaping of trout in the sun-dappled pool,
Down dropping cones of the broad spreading pine tree,
Piping of quail when the mornings are cool.
When on the mesa the meadow lark stooping,
Folds her brown wings on the safe hidden nest,
Hearing the hoot of the owlets at twilight,
Little Light Moccasin goes to her rest.
Counting the stars through the chinks of the wickiup
Watching the flames of the campfire leap,
Hearing the songs of the wind in the pine tree,
Little Light Moccasin falls fast asleep.

A SOUL IN BRONZE.

A NOVEL OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY CONSTANCE GODDARD DU BOIS.

Author of "*The Shield of the Fleur-de-lis*," "*A Modern Pagan*," "*Columbus and Beatriz*," "*Mariha Corey*," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.



For Burke, he did not intrude upon Dorothea. He felt that time and absence were his most powerful allies. By his advice Mrs. Hereford had taken her guest to a seaside resort, while Mrs. Aguilar returned to her school. Burke felt that Dorothea had been under a spell which rapt her into a world of unrealities where the conventions of ordinary life had no force; and it would be well for her that this dream should fade into the light of common day. He had stood near Antonio when sentence was pronounced; he had followed him to press his hand in sympathy; and he had then tried to take up the interrupted current of daily affairs.

He changed the hour of his meals to a time at which the restaurant was unfrequented; and thus found himself alone at table, one evening, with a man who had followed his movements and at last seated himself near him.

"Mr. Burke?" asked the stranger, "I have been trying to meet you ever since I read about the trial of the Indian for murder. I have a piece of evidence that would have helped your case. I don't know but you might get a new hearing on account of it."

"What is that?" asked Burke with eager interest.

"My name is Josiah Jackson," said the stranger, "I'm a commission merchant at Mazatlan, and I often run up and down on these coast steamers. The last time I landed here on the nineteenth of September, the day but one before this murder was committed. I sold a dagger like the one described in this paper to a man on board the steamer. He was not dressed in a rough outing suit, but like a gentleman, and he smoked first-class cigars. He was an unsociable chap, and kept off by himself until the very last day, when he noticed the Spanish dagger that I was using as a paper-cutter. It is of the best Ferrara steel. He asked me to sell it to him; said he was collecting curious weapons, and had a South American belt with a silver buckle, made after a pattern of the Incas, which would suit the silver handle and sheath to a T. As he had set his heart on it, I let him have it for a good price."

"You would recognize the dagger?"

"You bet."

Burke left his supper untasted. "Come with me," he said briefly.

As they went Jackson minutely described the weapon; and when Burke drew it from his desk he identified it immediately.

"It only remains to find the sheath," he said, and he drew a picture of it with the skill of a practiced draughtsman, added some verbal memoranda to the sketch, and looked at Burke triumphantly. "With that little bit of information you might have come out better," he said.

Burke stood in deep reflection. He remembered Antonio's obstinate refusal to consider a new trial and he wondered if it would still hold good in immediate view of death.

"This is extremely important, Mr. Jackson," he said, "and I thank you heartily. If you will leave me your address I will send for you if I need you. I suppose I might count on you?"

"I'll be glad to help you out," Jackson answered. "One Indian more or less don't signify much; but I'd really like to know if that high-toned unsociable chap was planning a murder all the time he was smoking his cigars."

Antonio heard with alarm of the identification of the dagger. He absolutely refused to allow his lawyer to petition for a new trial. To waver in his purpose would be to falter in devotion to Dorothea. He realized more particularly than before the nature of that disgrace and contumely, from association with which he had delivered her. Through Burke he had begged her not to visit him before the end. "She must not be seen speaking to an Indian convict," he said, and Burke agreed with him.

Failing to persuade his unreasonable client, Burke did not communicate to him another possibility which he had been considering, and quietly left on the night train for Sacramento. The Governor's wife was his cousin. The Governor was not a man to yield to personal influence; but his wife possessed infinite tact, and by those indirect methods which clever women can employ unsuspected she was able to advance causes which she had deeply at heart. Burke's family was one of the most influential in the State, with an enviable record of public service. He was the last survivor in his line, but his name had weight, and his father's memory was still a power to conjure with.

The Governor listened with strict impartiality, yet in spite of himself his knowledge of Burke's absolute honesty and unemotional rectitude led him to yield an easier credence to his view of the case. He entered into it heart and soul. It possessed peculiar features which interested him. He sat up at night, alone, reviewing the evidence.

Burke did not dare to urge haste. He spent a couple of weeks with his cousin, being feasted and lionized beyond his wishes.

He was impatient for release; and at last the Governor spoke.

"I have taken all the time you have given me," he said. "I suppose you are growing as nervous as if your own neck were in peril. Well, I cannot grant a pardon. There is too great a gap in the evidence. How did the Indian become possessed of the dagger, supposing still that he committed the crime? The stranger disappeared. Who can tell that he was not himself robbed and murdered in the mountains? The Indians were most of them drunk that day. On the other hand, it is quite possible that your suppositions are correct. We cannot proceed upon a mere supposition; but I do feel justified in commuting the sentence to imprisonment for life. I hope that will in a measure satisfy you."

Burke expressed his gratitude. He was not satisfied as a man; but as a lawyer he felt that this was as much as he had dared hope.

Father Gaspara was with Antonio in his dismal cell when the news of the commutation of sentence reached him, grudgingly announced by the warden, who felt the chagrin of a stage manager whose star actor disappoints him at the eleventh hour.

Father Gaspara wrung Antonio's hand with kindly sympathy, feeling an emotion which surprised himself. This Indian heretic had won the heart of the soldier-like priest by the genuine manliness of his patience. "I prayed that you might be given space to repent and to find the way home into the church," he said. "Now you will have time, a lifetime, for thought and reflection. There may be grace, not punishment, in that."

Antonio was glad. The instinct of youth rejoiced in the grant of a new life—any life, the narrowest, most fettered—in exchange for the cruel ignominy of the halter and the convict's grave. His thoughts

sang a pæan of joy as he considered Dorothea's satisfaction. She had escaped a lifelong regret. His death upon the gallows, he had foreseen, would cast a haunting shadow across the background of her happiest thought. Now she would be able to forget him. The convict in a distant prison would have her sympathy, but his image would fade little by little from the heart that would be full of other loves and interests. Antonio had walked too far within the shadows of the dark valley to feel a selfish sadness upon reaching this conclusion. He was uplifted as far beyond the things of this earth as if he had already died, and could survey the future with the clear vision of a disembodied spirit.

He rejoiced in the success of the sacrifice which he had made. Each day that he should spend in prison would be a day dedicated to her service. His life could not be useless, vague and empty lived in the inspiration of this consciousness.

CHAPTER XXXV.

DOROTHEA was seated on the sand watching the waves in their slow retreat across the shelving beach, where they spread out a wide strip of foam like a flounce of delicate lace upon the swaying garment of a Nereid advanced and withdrawn to the rhythm of her dancing feet. There was a peachy bloom in the sky, and the water shone with opalescent tints melting into the soft color of the distant headlands.

She was glad of loneliness and the wide outlook over the ocean. There is consolation in vast spaces where the soul can lose itself in a realization of the pettiness of life's grinding cares.

"Like as the waves make to the pebbly shore, so do our moments hasten to their end." These words sung themselves over and over in her mind. Yes, there was an end to everything! To joy, and grief, and life and love, and every passion of the restless human heart, beating as ineffectually against the barriers of fate as these fretted waves against the shore.

There was a step upon the gravel, and Dorothea looked up in surprise as Burke's voice spoke her name. He threw himself beside her and took her hand and kissed it as his habit was.

"I bring good news," he said quickly. The sentence is commuted to life imprisonment."

To his surprise Dorothea burst into tears. "It is almost as cruel" she said, "and quite as unjust. He is innocent."

"But that cannot be proved," said Burke. "I have worked hard to save him, and this is the best I could do."

"Thank you," she answered. "It was good of you."

Her tone and the manner in which she accepted his work, thinking far less of him than of Antonio, gave Burke a pang of jealousy. He rose and walked along the shore until, at a distance from Dorothea, he seated himself upon a rock and began flinging pebbles into the sea. His thoughts were in a tumult. He had been patient, but patience was at an end. The personal side of love, its eager demands, its imperious desires absorbed him.

Dorothea watched him wonderingly at first, then with quick comprehension of his mood, she followed him and stood beside him.

"My friend, I have done you an injustice," she said in a constrained voice. "I made you a promise which I cannot keep. I won your assistance under false pretenses. I have conceded too much, and I have been false to you. There is the ring you gave me. I ask my freedom, and I give you yours."

Burke took the ring, looked at it as it lay within his palm, looked up into Dorothea's eyes; then turned and with a quick motion flung the shining circlet into the sea. Dorothea regarded him with grave wonder, as one might observe the action of a pettish child.

"You have reason to be angry," she said. "I have treated you very badly. I humbly ask your pardon; but I meant no harm. I did not know that my heart would turn to dust and ashes. I can never love you, and you would not wish a wife who gave only duty."

"No, no," said Burke. "I wish you heart and soul, all for my own. I wonder how I could be so patient, could consent to such an unnatural position." Here he paused, remembering the unselfish impulse which had moved him to offer her the protection of his name. He had descended far from that lofty plane. He hesitated, regretted his words; but Dorothea had turned away.

"I thank you heartily for all your kindness to me and Antonio," she said over her shoulder.

At the sound of this name, Burke drew his brows together. A physical pain pierced his heart. He did not move nor speak, but sat with bent head watching the gravel tossed by the surf as if looking for the return of the diamond which he had flung into the waves.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BURKE returned to Hilton and resumed his practice. He found that he had lost the popularity which is dependent upon phenomenal success, and that he had a certain amount of prejudice to live down; but with dogged fidelity of purpose he set himself to this end. He realized that youth was over, and was conscious of his three or four gray hairs. At such a time business possesses an absorbing interest. Hard work, well directed, never fails of its end. Burke soon regained his prestige, and was regarded as a rising man. When he was in the city he was made much of, and maids and widows with shy persistence set their caps for him.

Habit, which crystallizes fast at thirty-five, attached Burke to Hilton. When Mr. Wilson sold the place, Burke became its purchaser. Its former owners now lived in San Francisco. Bessie was married, and Mrs. Jennings, who had become mildly deranged, was in a private sanitarium.

As owner of Casa Blanca, Burke withdrew the suit from the Superior Court against the Indians and they were allowed to exist undisturbed upon the barren reservation, where each year the ratio of deaths exceeded that of births, and the slow process of the extermination of the race continued. Mrs. Aguilar's health having failed, she had taken a reluctant farewell of her charges, and had gone to live with a relative upon a ranch near the coast. Her place was supplied by a young woman who had red hair, wore eye-glasses, and knew no Spanish, which conjunction of circumstances made her universally unpopular.

In his leisure hours Burke devoted himself to the improvement of his property. He remodeled the house; replanted the grounds, and by an elaborate irrigating system transformed the garden into a wilderness of palms and roses. His orchards doubled their yield of plums and peaches, apricots and figs. His vineyard spread where the chaparral had once grown undisturbed; and the winery which he started under the direction of an Italian foreman bade fair to gain a reputation for its vintage.

Mrs. Hereford was his regular correspondent, and through her he learned of Dorothea's movements. She was traveling abroad with friends, but had completed her three years' tour and was soon to return to California. Burke thought of her constantly. When he planned for the future, she was foremost in his dreams. When he fancied the pressure of children's forms against his shoulder, it was with her eyes that they regarded him.

One day in early spring he was strolling over the mesas of Casa Blanca, enjoying the exhilarating quality of the air. As far as the eye could reach the blue lilac had spread a mantle of tenderest azure upon the hillsides until the color of the sky was reflected from the earth as if from a mirror. He walked upon a carpet of many-colored flowers, and as he

descended the slope, guided by a mountain brook, he trod on verdurous grass, while lace-like ferns hung within touch of the rushing water. Following its course Burke came upon the site of the Bonanza mine. The path which he descended was the one which Fairfax had climbed, hounded by terror, when long drought had dried the waterfall.

The Bonanza mine was no longer a scene of desolation and decay. Men and horses were busy here. Carts were being loaded and unloaded; a steam pump was noisily declaring its unremittent activity, and hammers were resounding within the stamp-mill.

Burke paused in surprise to inquire the cause of the sudden transformation.

"Haven't you heard, Mr. Burke?" said the foreman. "The mine is to be pumped out and set to running again. There is the boss and her engineer over on the rock yonder. The boss is a lady, Miss Dorothea Fairfax."

Burke colored in boyish agitation as he saw Dorothea, and was aware that although she had recognized him she delayed to greet him, being in earnest conversation with a well-dressed and self-assertive young man, who was earnestly enlarging on a subject which seemed to be of equal interest to both.

Burke sat down on a heap of stones and waited. Dorothea gradually approached him, and he had time to observe every detail of her appearance—the trim, dark dress, the straw hat set upon the shining hair, the face and figure which had grown rounder and more mature, and were newly endowed with the subtle charm which years bring to the woman whose girlhood has just been left behind. There was more alertness in her movements, more decision in her looks. Her smile was bright, but there was a tender melancholy in the curves of her mouth. To Burke she was in an instant what she had always been, the dearest object in life.

He felt a pang in the thought that she could be near him, yet not his to claim and cherish. He regretted the pride which had kept him silent during the absence of years. Other influences had crowded him from the place that might have been his.

Dorothea stood before him, pronounced his name, and gave him her hand. She introduced Mr. Hamilton, of San Francisco, for whom Burke felt an immediate ill-will.

"Perhaps you do not know that I am to be your neighbor, Mr. Burke," she said. "I heard long ago that you had bought Casa Blanca. I am going to operate the gold-mine in what you will consider a very foolish way. The Indians are to work it for me, and the profits are to be divided on the co-operative plan. Perhaps for some time there will be no profits, but the Indians will get their wages as day laborers; it will be a great help to them."

Burke had noticed that the foreman alone among the workmen was a white man.

"Of course it is going to be immensely expensive," said Mr. Hamilton, with the air of one who conferred a favor by the explanation, "to pump out the mine, and put in new machinery, and the ore is low grade; but we are going to use a new process that will save a great deal after the first outlay is accounted for. We do not expect to make our fortune, do we, Miss Fairfax, but in two years, I venture to say, we will be making our running expenses, in five years a good profit."

Burke looked keenly at Dorothea, who blushed a little, reading jealous interrogation in his eyes. Burke did not know that this assumption of partnership applied only in a business sense.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HE became suddenly conscious of middle age, of awkwardness, of miserable inferiority to this active young man of affairs who sprang about at Dorothea's side, tracing a new tunnel, describing improved machinery, and insisting that she should know and understand each detail. Dorothea's spirits drooped. She looked anxiously at Burke, who felt ashamed of his ill-humor.

"When you are tired perhaps you will both come up to my house to luncheon," he said. "I have just settled for a month's vacation at Casa Blanca. You remember the house Doro—Miss Fairfax; but you would not know it. Leonor is my cook, and she will be happy to serve you and your friend."

"Some other time," said Dorothea. "I am tired, and I will go home now. The school-house still seems like home."

The young engineer refused to be diverted from his occupation, and Burke found himself walking down the narrow path at Dorothea's side. Half-way to the road she paused and hesitated. "It was on this spot they tell me the murder was committed," she said; and stood looking at the ground as if she could detect the trace of blood. "I could hardly bring myself at first to pass the spot. A horrible nervous dread took possession of me every time I came into the cañon; but I determined to overcome it."

"Do you remember the time of the sand-storm?" asked Burke, "and how you sat beside me and held my hand when you were nervous?"

Dorothea grew rosy red. "It is impossible to meet again without those old days coming back to memory," she said. "It makes our position very difficult. I dreaded that, too, when I came back to Casa Blanca; but since I mean to live here, we may as well become accustomed to it. I am to build a house on my land in the cañon, and Mrs. Aguilar is coming to live with me."

It was Burke's turn to feel a shudder. "Oh, Dorothea, not on that land. Not in the cañon where the murder was committed! I cannot allow you to do that."

"It is my own feeling," she said, looking at him in surprise, "but I thought it a foolish weakness."

"I will tell you what I will do," he continued. "I have been looking for a tenant for my house. It is absurd for a lonely bachelor to occupy a place like that. I will move out tomorrow and rent it to you and Mrs. Aguilar on your own terms."

"Are you in earnest? Are you really meaning to rent?"

"To the first comer. I should prefer a reliable person like you for a tenant. It will be very convenient for you, and an advantage to me."

Dorothea invited him into the school-house to discuss the proposition. "In the presence of the red hair?" asked Burke reluctantly. "No, come to the white house, Miss Fairfax. Leonor will be chaperone, if you need one; and on the spot you can decide more satisfactorily."

Dorothea assented, her heart beating fast as she followed him along the garden path she had last trodden so long ago. She exclaimed with delight at the changes he had made, wandering about the garden among the tropical plants, and dipping her fingers in the restored fountain that plashed upon blue and yellow water lilies, among which the Egyptian lotus reared its stately pink blossoms.

"How beautiful it is!" she exclaimed. "Exactly as I used to fancy it must have been in the Englishman's time. I used to believe he must have planned it for some one he cared for, and that he was disappointed in love. How strange it is to think that I am now the owner of his gold-mine and am going to live in his house! Are you very sure you do not wish to live here yourself, Mr. Burke?"

Burke's heart yearned with its unspoken eloquence; but he answered

grimly, "A man who lays out the money which an independent water system costs cannot afford to gratify his wishes."

Dorothea forthwith plunged into business. She offered a generous rent, and Burke let her have it for a third less, considering that she would be a careful tenant. He added that he would require a lease, and led her into the ground-floor office where he prepared to draw it up. The room was transformed into a luxurious study, but on the wall still hung the map upon which Mr. Wilson had traced the boundary of the Indians' land. Dorothea paced the floor as Burke wrote, now and then pausing to look at the map and the pictures on the wall.

"How strange, how very strange it seems!" Then with a change of tone she added, "I have not told you of my great sorrow in papa's loss. He disappeared. He never came as he had promised. His friends do not know whether he is alive or dead, but I know he would not desert me if he lived."

Burke stopped in his writing and watched the tears that stole upon her cheeks, feeling an almost irresistible impulse to kiss them away.

"Never mind," she said, stifling her grief. "Go on with your writing. I must be going home."

"Shall I make it for a year?" he inquired. "Can I count on you for as long as that?"

"I shall spend my life here," she answered, "but you may make it for a year, and I will renew it annually if you are willing. My trip about the world was my last outing. I mean to give my life, the rest of it, to work among these Indians."

Burke's look clouded a little. The invincible barrier was still between them. He hoped that Dorothea had forgotten.

"I started to tell you," she continued, that "Papa's gold-mines in South America have realized a fortune, and I am a rich woman. I wanted to give a great deal to these Indians here, but Antonio advised me to give nothing but work. The gold-mine scheme is his plan." She hesitated and blushed, meeting Burke's sombre look. "I have not seen him since he has been in prison," she added, "but he writes to me once a month."

Burke signed the lease and handed her the pen in silence. She affixed her name and turned quickly away.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A WEEK later, Dorothea and her aunt were settled in the white house on the hill. Dorothea, in the midst of crowding interests, was still conscious of a vague regret. Something was lacking in her life, but it was not Antonio's presence, for she had long since adjusted herself to the inevitable.

She felt uneasy in the consciousness that Burke loved her and blamed her for the ruin of his happiness. She read as much in his eyes, though with a new humility he forebore to speak, yielding precedence to others, and seldom appearing at Casa Blanca.

"I believe that Harry Burke thinks, as some of our gossiping neighbors do, that you are interested in Mr. Hamilton," said Mrs. Aguilar one morning when she was alone with Dorothea.

"What an absurdity!" said Dorothea indignantly.

"But it is natural enough, you are always together, your ages are the same, he is devoted to your interests, and nothing is more probable than that he should hope some day to be rewarded."

"If I thought that, I should discharge him tomorrow! But no, I do not mean that, for it would be unjust. He thinks as little of it as I do. I hope this is so," she added, as if on reflection she lost confidence in her conclusions. "A woman has no right to allow a man to hope, and then disappoint him." Her agitation was so evident that Mrs. Aguilar felt that she had touched a sensitive chord.

"If Harry did not think it," she continued, "he would not keep so persistently in the background. It is easy to see that he loves you as much as ever; and he is a very unhappy man."

"I have treated him badly, that is what you mean," responded Dorothea, pacing up and down, "but the only way in which I am guilty is in having once encouraged him."

"Perhaps you can say that with a clear conscience," said her aunt severely. "I could not in your place, but you know yourself best."

"I am going for a ride," said Dorothea irrelevantly. "I have had no exercise today. If I am late, do not wait lunch for me."

Conscious that her aunt's eyes were upon her, she made a long detour before she took the road to Hilton.

"Why did I do that?" she asked herself guiltily, and for answer she smiled and blushed and patted her horse's neck. "You will never tell, will you, Dandy?" she said.

Within sight of the little town, set in the middle of a mesa upon which the sunlight blazed unrelieved by shade, she drew rein and rode slowly. Why had she come? She wished to make no purchases at the store. She had no acquaintance in Hilton to whom she stood sufficiently in debt to make the idea of a morning call tolerable. She might visit her landlord. During a sudden rain-storm the woodshed roof had sprung a leak. It was hardly of more pressing importance than the leaky roof of the Arkansas farmer, for there might not be another rain storm in months. Still, a careful house-keeper will prepare for emergencies.

She descended by Burke's office door and entered. Burke was absent. There was a smell of fresh tobacco in the air. His desk was strewn with books and papers. Doubtless he would soon return. She seated herself in the arm-chair where he had sat when she engaged him to defend Antonio—at what price? She had made him a promise; he had kissed her lips to seal it; she had accepted his work, the best results of his skill, only to break the faith which he had trusted. Had she acted honorably?

She rose and moved restlessly about. Upon the desk lay a fresh sheet of paper, originally intended for some legal document; but across its surface Burke had scrawled a name, in some idle pause, or in a lonely moment. The name repeated with many curls and flourishes was always the same, "Dorothea."

She read it with a new stirring of remorse. "If he had forgotten me, as I thought he would," she said to herself, "if he had married Bessie Wilson, or poor Mrs. Jennings who lost her wits for love of him, I should be quite free from responsibility; but as it is I cannot escape from my duty to him. I owe him all I promised."

She blushed at the thought; then with a sudden tremulous smile she took up the pen which Burke had used, and over the rest of the paper she wrote his name, "Harry, Harry," twenty times repeated.

"How foolish he will think me if he finds me here!" she thought. "What will he say? What will he do?"

The door opened, and a rusty-garbed client, wearing a battered sombrero, stuck his head within. "Mr. Burke in?" he asked.

"He is out," stammered Dorothea. "He will soon be in;" and she fled, pursued by shame, and remounting, took the hill-road to Casa Blanca at the best speed of her fleet horse.

As the cool wind fanned her blushing cheeks, she asked herself again and again, "what will he think of me? What will he say? What will he do?"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE client was still waiting when Burke returned to the office and sat down to hear his story. It was while he was listening to a rambling tale from which strict attention alone could have elucidated a coherent statement, that Burke saw Dorothea's addition to his legal notes. He took the paper in his hands and stared at it, while the sound of his client's voice receded and became like the murmur of a distant wind.

In the first pause, Burke roused himself to say: "Come again tomorrow, Mr. Simmons."

"Why I can't! I come down thirty miles to see you today, Mr. Burke."

"I am called away on important business," said Burke. "Not a moment to spare. Stay all night at the hotel at my expense. We must take time to look into your case."

"I thought it was simple enough. I thought you could give an hour's time and finish it up."

"Very complicated, important to go slow," called Burke over his shoulder. He was already half-way to the door. "Stay a week at my expense, if necessary. I will be back if I can."

Burke was quick in deduction, and quick in action. He ran to the stable, flung the saddle on his horse, and was half way across the mesa before his client had recovered from his astonishment.

"He must be in a hurry, I vow. Somebody must be dying, and sent for him to make a will." Mr. Simmons had reached this conclusion after the consumption of his third pipe. Burke by that time was in sight of Dorothea, and gaining rapidly.

When she saw that she was pursued, her first impulse was to flee yet faster, her second, to draw rein out of consideration for Dandy's wind, and for Burke's chestnut, which flung flecks of foam upon the breeze as he tossed his head resenting the urgency of spur and whip.

She waited, trembling and blushing, but steadying herself with a predetermined resolution.

"Why did you run away?" called Burke. "Am I to take my wife by capture?" He rode close to her and bent and looked into her eyes, which she lifted shyly to his face. "Speak, Dorothea!" he added. "Tell me what you meant. I am not to be trifled with. Disappointment now would make me desperate."

"I meant what you did when you wrote my name," she answered.

He put his arm about her waist. The horses stood close together, head to head, questioning each other with sensitive nostrils.

"I am under a vow," said Burke in a broken voice. "I promised never to kiss my betrothed until she offered me a kiss."

"Take it," said Dorothea. "Take me! I love you, Harry, and am lonely without you."

The horses wondered that, after putting their mettle so severely to a test, their riders let them have their way during the remainder of the ascent. If they chose to swerve aside and nibble at the fresh young shoots in the thicket there was no one to resent the dereliction.

"You must wear the blue lilac in your wedding veil," said Burke, and he plucked a spray of ceanothus and fastened it in her hair.

"It will soon be out of bloom," she answered. "The orange blossoms last all the year."

"But I am not going to wait all the year," he responded. "Our engagement has now lasted four years. I believe in God's sight it has never been broken."

"Antonio has been four years in prison," sighed Dorothea, and tears stood in her eyes. Burke drew her toward him and kissed the tears away.

"Will you marry me tomorrow?" he asked.

With a quick change of feeling she laughed merrily. "I cannot marry you till my lease is up," she said. "You have no house to offer me."

"I will beg you to share your house with me," he replied. "Seriously, Dorothea, I have made up my mind to an immediate marriage."

"It takes two to make a bargain," she reminded him.

"You offered yourself to me," he declared.

"But next year will do as well as tomorrow," she answered; then as Burke gave her a look of real reproach, she held out her hand to him and added, "It shall be before the lilac is out of bloom."

They were married by an Anglican priest in the little brush church on the Indian reservation. The sylvan edifice was rebuilt with fresh boughs and covered inside and out with the delicate sprays of the blue lilac. Dorothea wore a simple white muslin dress and a tulle veil confined by a wreath of the same blue blossoms.

The Indians were in gala attire. Poverty no longer reigned on the reservation; and on the bridal-day of their beloved patroness they were to have a banquet which should outvie all former feasts. Each woman had a new dress, and each man a new coat.

The Indians presented the bride with a dozen gold spoons fashioned from the first product of the mine. It was not yet in running order; but this gold had been dug with picks from the ledges, and ground, and panned out, and wrought by native workmen. Antonio sent Dorothea a letter of congratulation; and she kissed it before Burke's eyes on the very morning of her wedding day, and he smiled indulgently and felt no pang of jealousy.

"It is a beautiful letter," he said when she read it to him. "Antonio has a beautiful soul;" and Dorothea kissed him for his generosity as she had kissed the letter, perhaps a shade more warmly.

"The love of an ideal is a wonderful thing," thought Burke, "for it is deathless."

But walking in the open sunshine with his bride beside him, he could not grudge Antonio the simulacrum of that reality which he himself possessed.

CHAPTER XL.

DOROTHEA'S son was born the following year, at the time of the blossoming of the lilac, and she declared his name was to be Anthony, the less melodious English equivalent for a name dear to her. "We can call him Tony," she said to Burke, who looked his objections, but did not dare to formulate them. What will a man deny to the wife who holds his first-born in her arms?

Life at Casa Blanca ran on like a peaceful stream from year to year, ever more and more absorbed in the growing life of the little Anthony. Its anniversaries were all connected with his history—the day his first tooth came, the day he took his first step alone, the day he first rode out before his father on his horse; and it was well for all when this sole despotism ceased at the birth of his sister Dora.

Tony was now five years old and could talk in English and Spanish, and lorded it over the little Indians as he did over his parents and his godmother, Mrs. Aguilar; but he was shy in the presence of the newcomer, and confided to the father that he was afraid to touch the baby for fear of breaking her.

Burke was allowed the more frequent company of his son, now "a big boy" by sudden promotion; and he took him about the country with him; took him to court, and was proud of his answers and his sunny sociability; took him to the office at Hilton, and let him sit upon the desk where his father and mother had scribbled their mutual declaration of love, and gave him the freedom of his pencils and a delightful old ledger to write in.

One day Burke rode to Hilton alone, and feeling the accustomed solitude, he pitied his old chum Nelson, who was walking toward him along the road, in the same old hat he had worn a year ago, in a coat unbrushed and fringed at the lining, the sorry picture of an unambitious bachelor.

Nelson came toward him with an excited air. "I was looking for you, Burke," he said. "I knew you would be going to Hilton, and I waited here to head you off. I want you to leave your horse at my house yonder, and come back with me up into the mountains. I want to show you something."

To all questionings he refused an answer. "You must see for yourself," he said. "I was hunting up there on the shoulder of old Bald-head, and I left my rifle and game bag to mark the spot. It is something that will interest you. I want you to see it before anyone else."

Burke was impatient of this mystery, and unwilling to scramble on a wild goose chase up precipitous heights and through tangled thickets; but Nelson's impatience urged him on. "I tell you it is important," he said. "You would have given all your old boots and shoes this time ten years ago for a sight of what I am going to show you, though time has changed it a little. We all change with time," and he laughed grimly.

Burke followed with uneasy curiosity. An hour's upward progress brought them to the edge of a steep declivity.

"This is the spot," said Nelson. "Look down there and tell me what you see." Burke leaned over the brink of a cleft in the rocky mountain side, and started in surprise. "A human skeleton!"

"That is it," said Nelson. "I saw it first from this place, and then I went down and took a nearer look. Come on, I want you to do the same."

Burke obeyed eagerly, clambering down the cliff until he reached the flat rock which had been for many years an open sepulchre.

"A couple of bones are broken," remarked Nelson. "The man met his death by a fall. Now this is what I wish you to observe: He wears a belt which once was leather strengthened by silver, and the silver buckle still remains, and here at the side is a silver sheath which is empty. It once held a dagger, and as soon as I saw it I knew this was the murderer of Samuel Jennings. He stabbed him with his dagger, and took to the mountains to escape. Straight down yonder you look into the cañon of the Bonanza mine. You can see the roof of the power house. A climb up by the waterfall and over the mesa would bring you to the rise of the mountain. It was evening, you will remember, and you know what a storm there was that night. Wandering about here he lost his footing and fell into this cleft of the rocks, where he would remain unseen by any one approaching except in the direction I happened to come. A man might lie in such a spot till doomsday undiscovered. It was a mere chance I climbed so far. Now I thought you were the one who would be interested. I am as sure of all this as any one can be. But you still have the dagger. All you need to do is to fit it to the sheath."

Burke had stooped and quickly removed the belt. He rubbed the buckle free from the dust and sand which encumbered it. It was black with oxidization, but he could trace the figures deeply engraved upon it. It appeared to answer the description given by the man who had sold the silver-handled dagger to the owner of the belt.

"This comes just ten years too late," he said, "but it will secure the Indian's release. I will take immediate steps to that end." He looked up quickly at his friend. "This will make a nine-days' wonder," he added. "I want to have time to arrange matters undisturbed. Please say nothing about it until I give you leave."

"As you please," replied Nelson. "It will make a thrilling article for the papers."

"It is a strange thing," Burke reflected. "Murder will out at last."

A few hours later the two men were together in Burke's office at Hilton where the lawyer unlocked an unused drawer and took out the famous dagger. It fitted the sheath as a hand fits a glove. While Burke sat and mused Nelson went to a closet where a rifle stood and where materials for cleaning it were stored, and extracting the latter he busied himself with rubbing up the silver buckle, sheath and handle until all shown as bright as new. Burke aroused himself, went to his desk and began to write hastily. Time had flown during the long tramp up and down the mountain. Dorothea had promised to call for him in her low cart and drive him home. It was the first time she had been so far in months, and it was to be a gala occasion.

A tap came at the door, and his wife entered. "I meant to take you by surprise," she said. "I fastened the horse at the store. How do you do, Mr. Nelson. I have not seen you for a long time. I hope you will come oftener now to Casa Blanca. We have a little new lady in the house to help do the honors."

While Nelson answered her with his brightest smiles Burke hastily gathered up his papers, as well as the dagger and its sheath, and thrust them within the desk, which he locked—forgetting the buckle which Nelson was rubbing.

Dorothea smiled at her husband, then turned at some remark of Nelson's and noticed the shining object in his hand.

"What have you there?" she asked, while Nelson, at Burke's warning frown, refrained from explanation. "Why, where in the world did you get this?" she continued in an agitated tone, taking the buckle from him. "It looks like—yes it is, papa's belt buckle! I cannot mistake it. There could not be another like it. It was given to him by an old Peruvian silversmith, who made it with his own hands, engraving on it a copy of the inscription of the sacred stone of the Incas; and here are papa's initials on the back, E. F. What does it mean, Harry? What are you keeping from me?" Her voice rose almost to a scream.

"Wait for me outside," whispered Burke to Nelson. "Say nothing till you see me again."

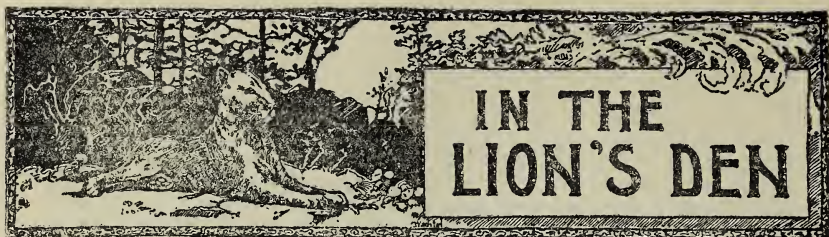
"Tell me! tell me!" urged Dorothea. "Have you any news of him? Tell me what you have discovered!"

[CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

IN THE DESERT.

BY JULIETTE ESTELLE MATHIS.

A dream of Egypt thou, whose mountains lift
 Their time-carved pyramids to brazen skies,
 Where fiercest flame in scarlet silence dies.
 Mysterious ruins scarred with storm and rift,
 Half buried by long centuries of drift,
 In eloquence profound majestic rise.
 Thy desert sphinx with apathetic eyes
 Sees unappalled the shifting sand-waves sift,
 Maintains inviolate her watch and ward
 O'er secrets safely sepultured, nor shows
 For prayers or tears where lost love found repose;
 In desolation infinite doth guard
 Thy drear domain, a land of many woes
 Where men must sicken for the sweet green sward.



It isn't nearly so lonesome as it was a year ago to be an American who stops to think.

The Colorado volunteer in the battle of Manila hit it off like a philosopher all unconscious. "It was just like a big rabbit drive." He liked it. But does the United States really mean to go in for human rabbit drives?

There are good people whose major premise it is not to be vaccinated. There are people equally good who resolutely decline to tell a lie in the summer—because then the rattlesnakes are out, and a rattlesnake loves to bite a liar.

A peculiar misfit in the ministry, the Rev. J. T. Coyle, of Oakland, Cal., approves of killing the Filipinos because Herod slaughtered the Innocents. He thinks Christ responsible for both massacres, and he believes in the "discipline of slaughter." If the foolkiller would only take time to shuffle off this mortal Coyle!

There was a time when it was enough for Americans to know that a thing was right. Now they laugh at that standard, and ask if it's "business." We have got far enough along to understand that it doesn't pay one little shopkeeper to lie and cheat; possibly we shall have brains enough to learn that it doesn't pay a nation.

HOW WE "GROW!"
The Prince of Peace is as old-fogy as the Fathers of the Republic. We have "outgrown" them all. The Syndicate in Washington (how little that name fits that city!) is sure that it can "serve God and Mammon." But the devil must laugh to note how ill the buttered fools serve both. For as simple "business," this 'expansion' is the most short-sighted speculation in our history. It will be our costliest blunder.

POINTS OF CONTACT.
The Lion is glad once and again to agree with the *Argonaut*—which the gravest critic in America ranks with the LAND OF SUNSHINE, calling the pair "the two best periodicals published on the Pacific Coast." The *Argonaut* is making a powerful fight against the material folly of swallowing the Philippines. The morals of the matter ought to be enough; but the *Argonaut* shows that "expansion" is not only bad morals but bad "business."

TWO KINDS OF MEN.
The Sampson-Schley quarrel is amusing, to Americans who are not devoid of American history. Each admiral had a record before the Cuban campaign, and neither has changed his complexion. Admiral Sampson never had any Chilean embroilment—an episode which was either inconceivably stupid or wantonly wicked. Now Schley is not wicked. He merely knows no better. But an American admiral who doesn't know any better, either at Valparaíso or at Cienfuegos, is a — well; he isn't a Dewey by a great deal. He also falls a good way short of being a Sampson.

Travelers are probably mistaken in declaring that Americans are the most spiritless people among nations. We are not without spirit—we are simply too busy to notice when we are walked upon. This is the reason why we “stand” worse government in city, state and nation than England would “stand” for ten minutes. Even France and Spain would mob a Chicago mayor or California legislature—maybe even that worthy successor to Lincoln, Mr. Marcus Aurelius Hanna. Why don't we? Well, it is partly because we are pretty busy, but mostly because we do not see.

Unsnuffled speech is hardly to be expected of those who have caught cold in their morals. By what grace of God are the Filipinos “rebels?” Cannot the Associated Press find a man with enough trepanning of Noah Webster to comprehend what the word means? A rebel is one who rises to dispute the established and recognized authority. We have mowed down a few thousand naked poor devils in Luzon; but we never were their government. If France were to come upon us, we would rather resist her entrance—but that would not make us rebels against France.

We are used to the newspapers, of course, and do not expect much of them. For a generation they have been letting down the public standards of morals, manners and taste; and daily they debauch our noble mother tongue before our very eyes—these pampered princes who might, with conscience, lead their people upward, but who prefer to be Tarquins.

Doubtless there is no other man alive whose return from the jaws of death could so much warm the cockles of the universal heart as Kipling's. We “thank whatever gods may be” for longer grace of him. Bravo, Man That Is—and Shall Be! And “Good Hunting!”

Why? Do they who would give their heads for half his fame, who fever themselves in vain entreaty of the thing he picks up so carelessly and will so carelessly lay down—do they ever wonder why this stripling of thirty has, as the cowboy says, “the world by the tail, and a down-hill pull?”

Is it because he is more brilliant than any other person now extant? No. More learned? Hardly. Luckier? Not at all. It is because with as much genius as any one of twenty men now in the public eye he has more sincerity than all of them put together. His Homeric eyesight for the broad of things is no more from the Homeric head than from the Homeric heart. And that is the secret of Kipling—Heart. Naturally with brains enough to give it speech fitly.

Imagine our presidential “Liberator” writing the “Recessional.” Nay! Imagine him trying to translate it!

The Youth's Companion which is read by over a million young Americans of the stage wherein minds are molded, quotes approvingly from a book called *A Ranchwoman in New Mexico*, several silly and serious libels on some hundred thousand American citizens. Poor New Mexico has had to stand the books of Mrs. Wallace, and the Eickemaiers, and Mr. Reed, and others, who knew little and cared less about the country; but the “Ranchwoman” is not only the most ignorant of the list, but certainly the only one who is wilfully mendacious. Her assertions and her stories are as false as foolish, and could impose only on those as ignorant as herself.

The Mexicans of New Mexico are not “a mongrel race.” They do not “speak a mongrel tongue.” They speak better Spanish than the “Ranchwoman” writes English. It is archaic—the Spanish of the Conquest, enbalm in the amber of desert isolation. But the Spanish of Don Quixote is good enough for scholars still, if it isn't for the illit-

erate tourists. The Lion knows the language and the people of New Mexico, and respects them both.

The unconscioned "Ranchwoman" will never know anything thoroughly. She doesn't care to. Her aim is to be smart, and she isn't within a mile of hitting.

She says, for instance, that there is no "umbrella" in New Mexico Spanish, but that it's called "article-to-be-held-above-the-head-as-a-protection-from-the-weather." Now no one in these days is surprised at a falsehood, but so silly a falsehood is rather rare. Probably no periodical in America, outside of Boston, would be provincial enough to swallow it. The lady and the editor evidently never heard of such a word as "parasol." If they did they didn't know it was Spanish. Parasol is "for the sun." An umbrella in Spanish is *paraguas* "for the waters." It is *paraguas* in New Mexico, Mexico, Central America, Peru, Chile, Spain, the Philippines, everywhere that Spanish is spoken. Only a very loose-minded prevaricator would invent Mrs. Ranchwoman's stories, and only a very provincial could ever believe them.

AGAIN
THE
FIST.

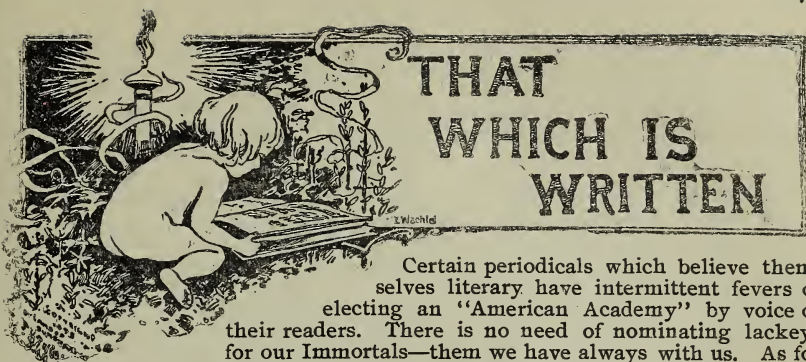
And speaking of hands (as we did last month), what does the average American with them even when he has two instead of one and a half? Handle his knife and fork properly, dress himself and "make change?" That's nearly all. And as evolution never makes a mistake, what he does will pretty soon be all he can. Animal organs retain only the uses to which they are put. The horse once had as many toes per foot as man, and twice as many feet. But since he got into the habit of walking on his thumbnail, the four thumbnails are all he has left.

Now in all the providence and love of our all-mother, Nature, the human hand is the most wonderful mechanism. She meant it to be adequate for any mundane utility. It is furnished for any task on earth. It can do anything any machine can, and do it far better. Only those whose world is machine-made, those who have not known the finer workmanship of the unhurried fist, are ignorant of this great truth—a great truth, but a very simple one, since it resolves to the formula "God, who made man, is bigger than man, who made machines."

God put just as many bones in your hands and mine as in anyone's, yet Herrman was a marvel to us, and lived off us, fatter than we did ourselves, because he got use of his hands. We are as full-sinewed as carpenter and jeweler and shoemaker—but we pay to have a box made or a stone set or a slipper erected. Partly because we think we can use our time better, and leave specialties to the specialists—but partly because we have buried our own hands beyond large hope of resurrection. Often we could use better the money we give these men who have taught their hands to one thing well, and who live upon the fact that we have mostly thrown away our own hands. Nature gave man the fins (for by a late "deal" we are ascended from the fishes) to do well enough anything on earth that needs to be done. Whereby he falls short of the ability he disregards his mother, robs himself of pleasure—for the largest joy on earth is mastery—and is degenerate. It is a bad time for the world when it forgets the dignity of the human paw.

ON THE
OTHER
FOOT.

The Cubans fighting for independence were "patriots." The Filipinos fighting for independence are "murderous natives." Spain shot them down by the dozen to confirm her brutal tyranny. We shoot them down by the hundred to civilize and uplift them. Gomez is a hero. Aguinaldo is a rebel dog, and we cannot do much until he is "eliminated." Which means, in polite language, until he is killed off *somehow*. We do not condescend to treat with the Philippine "rebels." What business have they to a voice in the disposition of their lives and liberties? Let them come begging like dogs, and in our great mercy we will let them live—under our thumb.



Certain periodicals which believe themselves literary have intermittent fevers of electing an "American Academy" by voice of their readers. There is no need of nominating lackeys for our Immortals—they we have always with us. As for the tin Academicians thus straw voted, there cannot be much comfort to them in being used for a paper doll election. And unhappily, at this writing, most of the American Immortals are dead.

In all the Cadmean crop of "war books," not one outranks KENNAN George Kennan's *Campaigning in Cuba*; only half a dozen, perhaps, at the outside, come into the same category at all. ON THE CUBAN WAR. With a clearer head, a larger experience and a higher conscientiousness than almost any of the other writers who have exploited the late unpleasantness, this quiet, balanced fellow who long ago learned that the first requisite in honest literature is to *find out*; this genuine explorer who made all the world ring with Siberia in his time, has done something for the Cuban campaign as different from what anyone else has done with the same theme as reason differs from the mouth.

Mr. Kennan went to Cuba as vice-president of the Red Cross. He had facilities for seeing whatever was worth it. He has nothing to say for or against the war; no cheap trash about Spanish cruelty. But he saw the campaign and he tells what it was. His account is a terrible arraignment of the management of Alger and Shafter. He never shouts. He has no sore head in sight. He tells the truth as he saw it, coolly, dispassionately and without fear or favor. It is a quiet book throughout, a remarkable piece of war literature; and as engrossing as it is convincing. The brilliant "roasts" of Shafter by Richard Harding Davis carried no weight with any thoughtful person, for Mr. Davis is known. He is wonderfully smart, but shallow, vain beyond credence, and lacking the fine conscience which makes a man bound to *know* before he tells. But Mr. Kennan is of other stock; and it will require something apocalyptic to acquit from his measured charges those who were responsible for what seems to have been the worst managed campaign in civilized history. The Century Co., N. Y. \$1.50.

If there are a good many things to dishearten an American THE OLD FUR TRADE. these days—in the tuberculosis of our politics, our literature and our conscience—so, thank heaven, there are many things to prop his liver and give him a hopeful digestion. One very large comfort is that there are such men at work as Dr. Elliott Coues, the historian of Lewis and Clark, and, by growing stages, of our Saxon pioneering of the Far West in general. Such men as this veteran of the frontier, this ripe, sane scholar, this tireless crusader for the whole truth and nothing but the truth in history—well, they are what the United States is shortest on. We have been developing more Trusts than scholars; but there is something besides money in American blood, when it has a chance to work out.

A keen eye for fact, and one as keen for shams and for the curbstone history that does so much overtime in the West; a sound judgment; a wide learning in books and in the larger documents of the field; a gen-

ial humor and a sharp wit—these are part of the equipment Dr. Coues is "heeled" withal. No other one man at present is doing so much for Western history; none has ever done it better on any considerable scale.

Dr. Coues's edition of Fowler's *Journal* has already been mentioned in these pages. His second issue in "The American Explorer Series" is a still more important work—the "Personal Narrative of Charles Larpen-teur," *Forty Years a Fur Trader on the Upper Missouri* (1833-1872).

No original document ever before threw quite so much light on the wild, mean, gallant era of the great Western trade in pelts; the romantic heyday of the Hudson Bay Company and the American Fur Com-pany. The dangers, the hardships, the robust honesty to an employer, the heartless dishonesty toward the Indian customer—these have never been (and again never will be) more unconsciously or more clearly painted than in this narrative of a man who was so much in the thick of it all. The fur trade was more than half the foundation of our West; and Dr. Coues has given us, in form as interesting as it is valuable, and peppered with his critical but human notes, our very best view of it. If he had never done anything else for American scholarship, this Larpen-teur document, in two handsome volumes, would give him a monument in the heart of every American who thinks brains are as important as brass buttons. N. Y., Francis P. Harper.

DR. BARRY'S
SECOND NOVEL. There is a charm of its own about *The Two Standards*, a vital novel of modern English life by Rev. Wm. Barry. It is written from a full heart and a full head, and has thereby the human quality which is the soul of fiction. There is a rich store of color, the characters are real, and the story as a whole is genuinely interesting. The Century Co., N. Y. \$1.50.

HOW
OUR FATHERS LIVED. An unusually handsome book, and a book of almost universal interest, is Alice Morse Earle's *Home Life in Colonial Days*. Mrs. Earle, of course, is conceded to be of the highest authority on this and kindred topics. She writes with infectious enthusiasm, and she has the saving sense of real discrimination.

Now to all of us, this work is of vital use. Nearly all of us had fathers; few of us know half as much of their lives as we should. And Mrs. Earle makes vital that old, untelephoned, but substantially better life of the simpler, happier men and women who had the honor to beget us. The book is rich with admirable photographs of scores of things we never knew—the slow but dignified furnitures of our forefathers. The Macmillan Co., N. Y. \$2.50. Los Angeles, for sale by C. C. Parker.

AND
STILL THEY FAD—*The Gospel of the Stars* is one of the ever increasing class of books for leaky minds. It is a sober reversion to the super-stitions of astrology—which of course it calls a "Science." Every half-baked guessworker is a "scientist," nowadays. Myth is one of the most interesting of studies; and, properly approached, astrology is as fascinating as any other savage superstition. So this volume, written eagerly and rather well by an Oxford graduate (for colleges do not guarantee sanity) may well interest the judicious as showing how easily a little unhinging can bend the modern mind back upon the first crude attitudes of human thought. The trouble is that such books are more read by the people who are of their own grade of intelligence than by those who are above it. The Continental Pub. Co., N. Y. \$1.

An audible noise is making over Edwin Markham's "The Man with the Hoe," and amid it all comes considerable justice to the California poet. It seems, however, to fit California newspapers to be provincial. As *Life* remarks, California may think it has "discovered" Markham; but the slow East discovered him long since, and is not surprised even by "The Man with the Hoe."

A real loss to American literature was the fire which destroyed the establishment of A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. One of the largest book houses in the world, one of the most honorable and unsullied publishing firms, the McClurgs were also among the foremost bibliophiles; and the fire destroyed a vast collection of rare works, of which many cannot be replaced.

Sinaloa Ilustrado is a "write-up," in English and Spanish, of the Mexican State of Sinaloa. The illustrations are mostly commercial; but they are of use in showing the material progress of one of the minor but promising members of the Sister Republic. J. R. Southworth, San Francisco.

When *The Book Buyer* was younger than it is now, this critic remarked that its book reviews were rather "too good to be true." Since then the *Book Buyer* has fully emerged from trade optimism, and is now not only a genuine magazine but one of the most useful and artistic.

Bird Lore is a very attractive and authoritative little bi-monthly just launched by the Macmillan Co., "devoted to the study and protection of birds." Frank M. Chapman is editor. Harrisburg, Pa. \$1 a year.

For the Honor of a Child is a love-story by Beulah Downey Hanks; with clean love, considerable plausibility and more excitement than the average. The Continental Pub. Co., 25 Park Place, N. Y. (Cloth) 75c.

One of the gravest critical reviews in America announces the publication of a new "Plane and Solid Germany." An authoritative text-book on this subject will have no more interested reader than the Kaiser.

A brave candle in this naughty world went out in the death of M. A. Woolf, whose drawings of Poorer New York in *Life* have been for many years among the most human things in American illustration.

The Bookman shows large footprints of prosperity. However one may incline to measure Prof. Peck's gambols, his monthly is as far as possible from being dull.

The University Publishing Co., N. Y., issues the following standard works in cheap but neat editions (single numbers 12½ cents, yearly subscription \$1.75; double numbers 20 cents, yearly subscription \$2.50.)

The Last of the Mohicans, Cooper; cloth; condensed for use in schools.

Bound neatly in paper all the following:

No. 2. The Pilot, by J. Fennimore Cooper; condensed for use in schools, with introductory and explanatory notes.

No. 4. The Alhambra, by Washington Irving; condensed for use in schools.

Double Number 8. The Deerslayer; by J. Fennimore Cooper; condensed for use in schools, with explanatory notes.

Double No. 9. The Lady of the Lake, by Sir Walter Scott; with introduction and explanatory notes.

No. 12. Harold—The Last of the Saxon Kings, by Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton; condensed for use in schools, with introductory and explanatory notes.

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Double No. 19. Two Years Before the Mast, by Richard H. Dana, Jr.; abridged for school reading; with an introduction and explanatory notes.

No. 20. The Snow-Image and other Twice Told Tales, by Nathaniel Hawthorne; abridged for school reading; with introductory and explanatory notes.

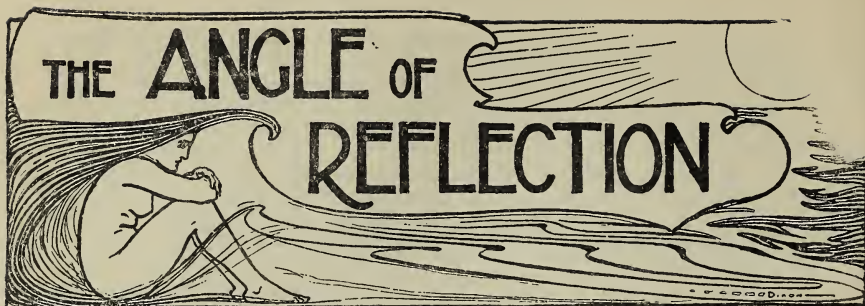
No. 21. Evangeline. A Tale of Acadia, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; edited with introduction and notes by Edward Everett Hale, Jr., P. H. D.

No. 22. Little Nell, from Old Curiosity Shop, by Charles Dickens; abridged for school reading; with introductory and explanatory notes.

Double No. 24. Ivanhoe, by Sir Walter Scott; abridged for school reading; with introductory and explanatory notes.

Double No. 26. Poems of Knightly Adventure; selected and edited by Edward Everett Hale, Jr. (published quarterly)—yearly subscription for four numbers—7 cents).

Double No. 27. The Water Witch, by J. Fennimore Cooper; condensed for use in schools; with an introduction and notes. Published quarterly; yearly subscription to four numbers, 75 cents.



BY MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM.

A MATTER
OF POISE.

Happiness does not depend so much upon the approval of others as upon our ability to bear their disapproval with fortitude.

Restiveness under any man's displeasure implies the same subtle compliment involved in the desire for his good opinion. To expect, therefore, the admiration of snobs indicates inherent snobbery. When we forsake a man's ideals we must be prepared to forego his admiration. Strength of character consists in ability to endure with serenity the pity of one's inferiors—and one's inferiors are all those who possess fewer internal, and therefore require more external, sources of happiness.

A CIVILIZED
THEORY.

The line of demarcation between the civilized and the uncivilized is capacity for the enjoyment of an idea. The uncivilized enjoy nothing but the tangible. With them happiness is synonymous with content. The higher we go in the scale of development the more ungratified wants we find; but these are never a source of unhappiness, being always based upon intellectual desire and therefore possible of realization. Even unrealized they furnish an antidote for disappointment. The man or woman who wants a beautiful copy of a book because he loves the author and loves beauty has a source of unfailing joy in his two loves beside which the gratification of his wish to externalize it fades into shadowy insignificance.

NOT WHAT,
BUT WHY.

The gulf between the state of this man or woman and the gnawing discontent of him who wants a gold-mounted harness because his neighbor's horses are bound in silver, is the gulf which yawns between civilization and barbarism. It is not in what we want but in why we want it that the good or evil lies.

TO REASSURE
OURSELVES.

We all need to say these things to ourselves over and over, commonplace though they are. And the American woman who commits so many crimes against beauty in her zeal for fashion should not cease to say them until she acknowledges, to herself at least, that she covers the source of her alleged intellect with the dead bodies of birds that once sang, and with flowers that never could have bloomed, not, as she tries to think, because she loves the beautiful but because she fears the foolish.

ITS PRACTICAL
SIDE.

If those who cry out against the study of art as unpractical could be persuaded that its influence would ever be felt in millinery, Schools of Design would spring up among us as by

magic; but so long as the modern woman continues to skewer to her lovely head a tray of cotton violets and stuffed poultry when she goes forth to join others of her feathered tribe in the study of the "Influence of Mediæval Art on the Evolution of Morals," the ordinary mind will continue to reel a little in its effort to follow the windings of her logic. Charity is not the only virtue that should begin at home.

The fitness of anything to its use is a patent of nobility. It is THE APPLICATION OF IT. for this reason that the working man's dress, no matter how cheap or coarse, is dignified—even picturesque—while his wife's is tawdry. The women of a republic where mistress and maid have a right to the same ideals and access to the same fashion plates, carry a burden of responsibility to art unknown to those who live where class distinction forbids poverty to imitate wealth. The vagaries of the American woman of fashion, repeated in sleazy material and frowsy feathers in every assemblage and on every street corner, are becoming a public torture for which she should be called to account; nor should she be allowed to wipe out her debt to society by writing a paper on the Renaissance. How are we to know that she is artistically "in her right mind" except as she is "clothed"?

We are all prone to excuse ourselves for blindly following the blind by urging our unwillingness to be conspicuous. This OUR READINESS TO FORGIVE. shallow pretense is forever on the lips of those who throw aside even their light burden of common sense in the race for social display. When good taste, dignity, and unselfishness become eccentricities, conventionality becomes a vice. Even the most modest soul prefers to be conspicuous when visiting a "Home for the Feeble Minded."

Social conventions are valuable only in so far as they conserve mental force for higher ends. Politeness is the fractional currency of good will and enables us to hoard our originality for larger effort. We always merge it in the thing it represents. The man does not doff his hat to the woman he snatches from under the feet of a runaway horse. To uncover in her presence has been his lifelong expression of willingness to sacrifice himself for her when the occasion should arise. It is his tribute to maternity. As she will risk her life that men may live, he will risk his that women may not die. THEIR ONLY WEIGHT.

To neglect or sneer at the amenities of life argues a selfish disrespect for one's kind. To say that if one's heart is right he need acquire no formalities, is to say that if one have ideas he has no need of speech. When Stevenson wrote of "absolutely mannerless Americans" he did not mean that we were devoid of that which good manners represents. There is no lack of humanity among us, but traditional modes of expressing it are few and much too lightly esteemed. That we as a people should be without deportment, courtesy, and decorum is perhaps inevitable. These things belong to courts. But having made every man a king and every woman a queen it might not be amiss for us to treat them with some of the outward deference which belongs to their state. Certainly something is needed to help them keep in mind the solemnity of their office. THE VIRTUE OF FORMS.

Deep down in our democracy we find an inherited love of titles. The least gentle among us is jealous of his right to be called a gentleman. Men have stabbed each other to prove themselves of gentle blood. Is there no significance in the American rummaging among the relics of his dead and dust ancestors for some claim on the royalty they fought to free him from? Did we shed our symbols before we were rid of our superstitions? Or are we but affecting new superstitions because of our innate love of symbols? UNDER THE SURFACE.



TO CONSERVE THE MISSIONS
AND OTHER HISTORIC
LANDMARKS OF SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA.

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The Club will give a public excursion to San Fernando Mission April 22, leaving Los Angeles about 1 p. m. and returning about 6. Exact notice of trains and fares will be given in the dailies. No trip in Southern California is more interesting. The Club's centennial celebration at San Fernando (1897) will be remembered for years as a delightful outing. There is always good company—and no other sort—on Landmarks excursions; and always something worth going for. These excursions are found effective missionaries. Intelligent people need only to see and understand the mission ruins to become earnest Landmarkers themselves.

The Club is undertaking some further repairs at San Fernando; and is now taking active steps to preserve what little is left of San Diego, the Mother of the Missions.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE CAUSE.

Previously acknowledged, \$3372.31.

Excursion to Capistrano, \$28.20.

\$1 each: John F. Francis, Mrs. John F. Francis, Mrs. Dominguez, Rev. J. Adam, Mrs. Percy Hoyle, P. Campbell Hoyle, Rt. Rev. J. H. Johnson, R. W. Poindexter, Los Angeles.

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A CALIFORNIA SCHOOL OF FORESTRY.

BY PRES. GEO. W. WHITE.



PROBABLY few people realize the vast interests involved in the preservation of the forests of our country. The forest is nature's great unaided contribution to the welfare of the human race. Its magnificent crops are yielded simply by the harvesting, after they have been in course of unwatched growth from 100 to 2000 years. The total annual product of wood material consumed in the United States is estimated by the Forestry Division of the Department of Agriculture of our government, to be of the value of \$1,000,000,000, at least. It represents 18,000,000,000 cubic feet of wood, or the annual increase in wood growth on 400 000,000 acres. This is eight times the value of the entire output, annually, of gold and silver; three times the value of the combined annual output of gold, silver and coal, and also three times the value of the annual wheat crop.

Ranking manufactures of all kinds as first in importance of all our industries, and putting agriculture in the second place, the forest product occupies the third place. Indeed it is a close second. More than 300,000 people are engaged in the direct manufacture of forest products alone. At the present rate of consumption the forest lands of the United States cannot long supply the enormous demands made upon them. Already the greater part of the white pine has been cut.

Yet this country had originally a magnificent heritage of forest resources. This will be clearly seen when it is remembered that the total forest area is estimated at 700,000,000 acres, or 36½ per cent. of the total land area, not including Alaska.

The timber losses by fire alone, amount to an aggregate of \$20 000,000 annually. So serious is the menace to our forest resources both from too rapid consumption and from fires, that at last the United States government, and the various state governments, are awaking to the fact that something must speedily be done to prevent, or soon our forests will be destroyed beyond all possibility of restoration.

It seems strange that with the European systems of forestry in operation so long, in some form, and showing such immense benefits, the proper care of our American forests should have been so long neglected.

It is only since 1891 that the government has been taking active steps to preserve these vast resources. Since that date up to 1898 by authority of congressional action, the president had set apart nearly 40,000,000 acres as forest reserves. By act of congress in 1897 the Secretary of the Interior is authorized to institute measures for the proper care of these reserves; under this act, also, large additional reserves have been made—some in California. Several of the States have taken up the matter; notably New York, Maine, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Minnesota, South Dakota and California.

In these laudable efforts at forest preservation, one serious difficulty has already been encountered, viz., the lack of trained men to undertake forest management. In Europe where this important business has been so long prosecuted, schools of forestry were early established, and they have sent out a large number of skilled foresters, whose efficiency is proved by the important place which forest products hold in the list of European sources of revenue. The magnitude of this industry in Europe may be seen from a single illustration. For the care of the State forests belonging to the Kingdom of Prussia, consisting of 6,000,000 acres, there are employed about 5000 officers of whom 900 have received thorough technical education in the schools of forestry, in preparation for their duties. Although the total cost of this service amounts to the

enormous sum of \$2,500,000 annually yet so profitable is the industry that this large cost constitutes not more than 20 per cent of the gross receipts from the forests thus cared for.

In this country the situation is very different. There are only three schools of forestry in the United States, none of which are more than two years old; one in connection with Cornell University, at Ithaca, New York, one at Biltmore, North Carolina, on the Vanderbilt estate, and one just established in connection with the University of Southern California, at Los Angeles—so the men trained in forestry in this country are few.

In California, where the reservations amount to 8,507,204 acres, about one-half of which are in Southern California, the forest covering involves more vital interests, perhaps, than in any other section of the United States, for here not only is the wood product to be considered, but the water sources, so vital to all agricultural and horticultural interests, are directly and strongly affected by the forest conditions. It was clearly seen that the situation in Southern California presents problems peculiar to itself, and which must be studied on the ground. Hence the necessity for a local school. The University of Southern California, already established in the city of Los Angeles, with various professional as well as literary departments, consented to undertake the organization of the forestry school, putting its fine laboratories, museum and library, together with the work of some members of its faculty, into the service of the new department. A number of gentlemen of large experience in forestry matters, and prominent in the movement for forest preservation, consented to become members of the Faculty. As the work is entirely for the benefit of the public interests, it was decided to offer the instruction practically free in order to induce students to enter upon preparation for service in this important industry.

The Faculty as at present constituted, consists of Mr. Abbot Kinney, who was mainly instrumental in the organization of the school; Mr. T. P. Lukens of Pasadena; Mr. A. H. Koebig of San Bernardino; Mr. H. Hawgood of Los Angeles; Mr. J. B. Lippincott, Los Angeles; Mr. T. S. Van Dyke, Los Angeles; Mr. Harvey C. Stiles, Redlands; Mr. A. Campbell-Johnson, Garvanza; S. M. Woodbridge, Los Angeles; L. J. Stabler, Professor of Chemistry and Physics, and O. P. Phillips, Professor of Biology, in the University of Southern California. President Geo. W. White of the University has the direct supervision of the school. The course of study will cover the following ground:

1. *Silviculture*. Principles of arboriculture, crop-production, nursery practice, and forest planting.
2. *Forest Protection*. Methods of guarding against fires, insects, erosion, and trespass.
3. *Forest Regulation*. Principles of systems of management, both State and National.
4. *Forest Administration*. Plans of forestry service, both as to superintendence and actual labor in care of reserves.
5. *Forest Hydrography*. Relation of forest covering to rainfall, water supply, irrigation systems, storage reservoirs, etc.
6. *Timber Physics, Wood Technology, and Soil Physics*. Properties of woods, by-products, physiology of trees, preparation of woods for market, relation of soils to tree growth, and forest botany.
7. *Relation of Forests to Game and Fish*.
8. *History of Forestry in Other Countries*.

As the organization of the school was not effected until late in the year, the course this year will cover only three months, consisting of three lectures per week. It is planned to expand the course for another year, and to make the instruction sufficiently extensive to render the graduates expert foresters. Field practice will be taken up in the summer. It is expected that graduates will be able to find ready employment as patrolmen on the reservations.

C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

SAN PEDRO HARBOR AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

1, Point Fermin Lighthouse. 2, San Pedro. 3, Terminal Island. 4, Long Beach. 5, Los Angeles. 6, Southern Pacific Ry. 7, Los Angeles Terminal Ry.

J. Gleason, Art.



SAN PEDRO HARBOR.

BY H. E. BROOK.

THERE will be held on the 26th and 27th inst., in Los Angeles and San Pedro, a grand jubilee, in celebration of the actual commencement of work on the government deep-water harbor.

The final letting of the contract and the commencement of preliminary work on the big breakwater at San Pedro is undoubtedly the most important event for Los Angeles and Southern California that has happened since the arrival of the Santa Fé railway system. The latter was the immediate cause of the great boom of 1886-87, and the subsequent wonderful growth of Los Angeles. The establishment of a deep-water harbor at San Pedro promises still greater things. It means not only a third transcontinental road, but the development of far-reaching commercial activity.

San Pedro is a seaport town of Los Angeles county, 22 miles south of Los Angeles city, with which it is connected by the Southern Pacific and Terminal Railways. It also has regular communication with the main ports along the coast of California between San Francisco and San Diego, by



Photo. by Flower.

American Eng. Co.

THE FIRST LOAD OF ROCK.

means of the vessels of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, which call regularly every few days.

The parties to the dispute regarding the selection of a site for a government deep-water harbor on the coast of this county have been the people of Southern California on the one side and a wealthy corporation on the other. Most of the shipping of Southern California has, from the earliest times, been done through San Pedro, where there is a harbor that has been gradually improved by the government at an expense of less than \$1,000,000, until the depth of water on the bar at low tide has been increased from eighteen inches to over fourteen feet—sufficient to accommodate coasting vessels but not foreign commerce. After several previous reports favoring San Pedro as a site for a government deep-water harbor, a board of army engineers, appointed in 1890, again, in the following year, awarded the preference to that site. The Southern Pacific Company, which favored the open roadstead at Santa Monica, where it could control the situation at the big wharf, brought influence to bear in Congress and defeated an appropriation for San Pedro. Public bodies and public-spirited citizens of Los Angeles worked diligently, and another board of five army engineers was appointed to examine the San Pedro and Santa Monica sites. In December, 1892, the board reported, once more strongly in favor of San Pedro.

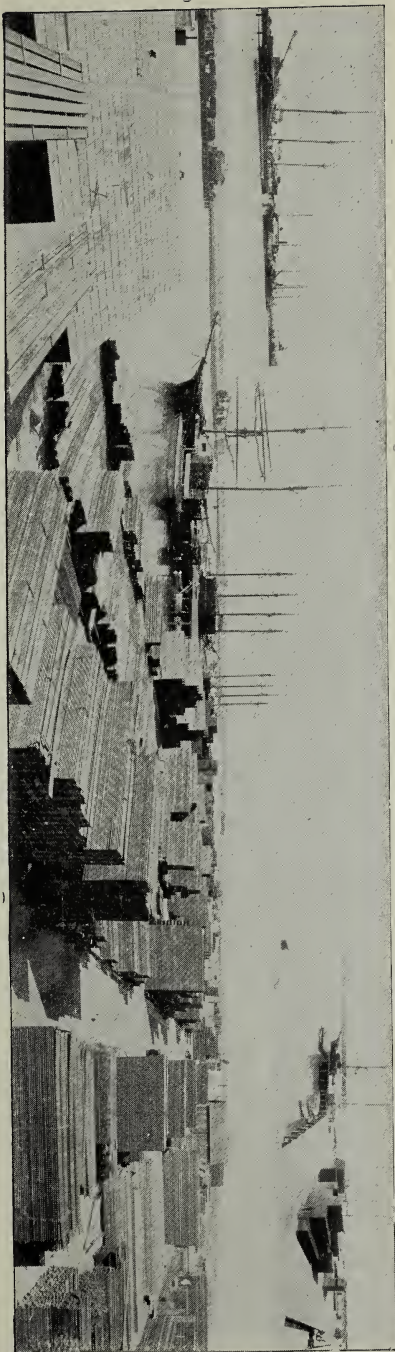
It was supposed that this would end the matter, but it did not. When Congress met, the influence of the company was again manifest. Surreptitious work was carried on in Washington to cajole legislators, and in Los Angeles, to influence public opinion. In spite of this, all public bodies of this city, and all political conventions which met here in the fall of 1892, declared in favor of the people's site—for a free harbor, open to all lines of transportation that might desire to reach it.

The struggle then became exciting, when an organization known as the Free-Harbor League was formed in Los Angeles to further the cause of the people's harbor. Delegations were sent to Congress to present the



L. A. Eng Co.

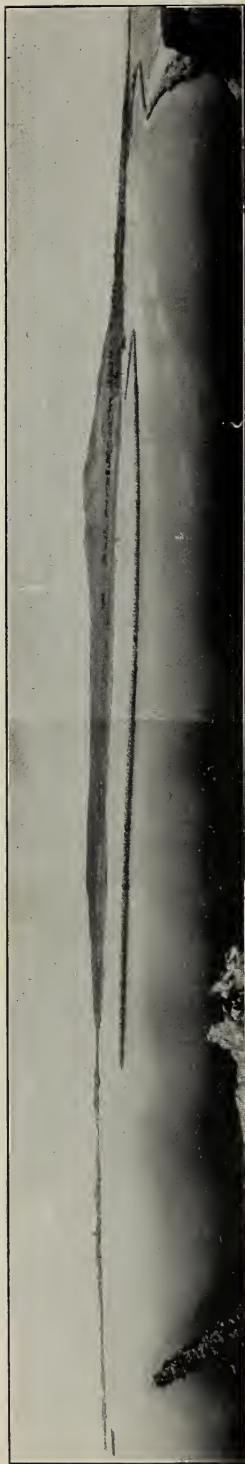
YARDS OF THE SAN PEDRO LUMBER CO., ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE INNER HARBOR.



American Eng. Co.

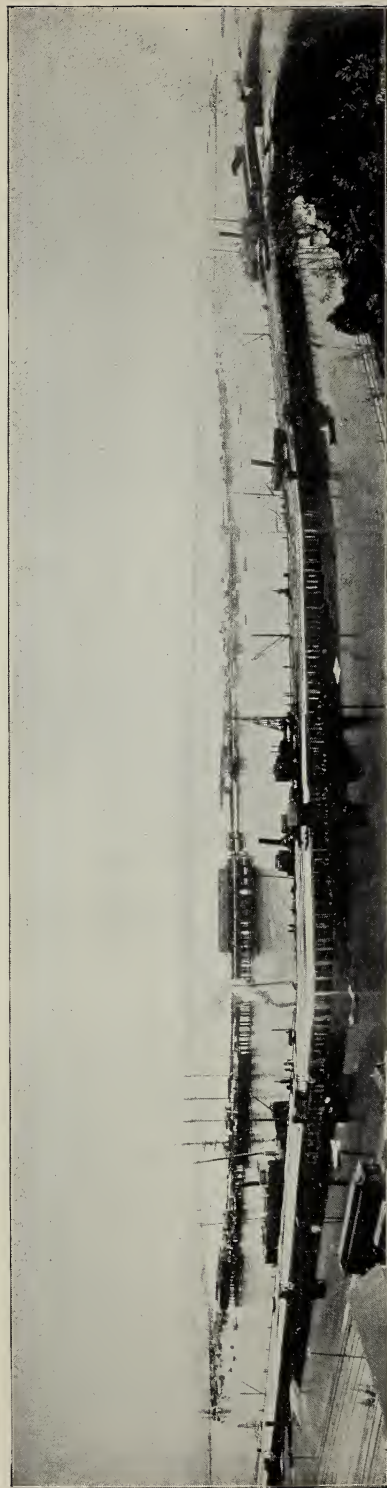
YARDS OF THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA LUMBER CO., EAST SIDE OF INNER HARBOR.

Photo. by Putnam.



L A Eng Co

THE PRESENT HARBOR, FROM DEAD MAN'S ISLAND, LOOKING WEST. Photo. by W. L. Watts, of Cal. State Mining Bureau.



Mausard-Collier Eng Co.

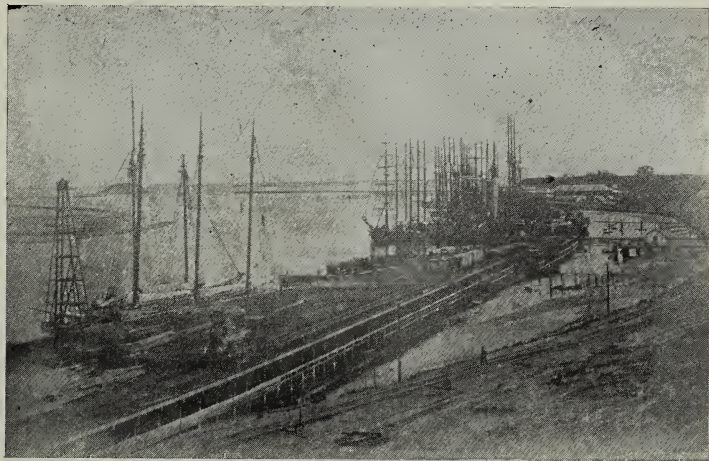
THE INNER HARBOR, LOOKING EAST, ENTRANCE TO THE RIGHT. Photo by Pierce

case for the people, where they were nobly supported by the representatives of California in both houses, notably by Senator White, who made a grand appeal for San Pedro.

In spite of desperate efforts, and after the House committee had taken the remarkable course of recommending the large appropriation of \$2,998,000 for Santa Monica, the question was finally referred to another commission of five persons, composed of three civil engineers to be appointed by the President, one member of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, and one naval officer, to be appointed by the Secretary of the Navy, their decision to be final as to the expenditure of \$2,998,000, either at San Pedro or at Santa Monica.

This committee met in Los Angeles. After holding sessions and examining the two sites, during a period of several weeks, the members returned to Washington to make out their report, which was in favor of San Pedro.

Since then a contract has been let to Heldmaier & Neu of Chicago, the lowest bidders, for a sum amounting to less than half of the appro-



SHIPPING IN THE INNER HARBOR.

priation, namely, \$1,208,641. This is a striking refutation of the argument advanced by some who opposed the appropriation on the ground that the work could not be done for the amount named. The contractors have already commenced preliminary work in building lighters and taking out rock on Santa Catalina Island.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of this work to Los Angeles and to Southern California. The expenditure of over a million dollars, mostly for labor, is of itself something, but that is to be the least important feature. The location of the harbor at San Pedro renders certain the immediate construction of a third transcontinental railroad to Salt Lake City, through some of the richest iron, precious metal and coal fields of the country, besides shortening the route to the East about three hundred miles. Then, the construction of the harbor insures the supremacy of Los Angeles as the commercial metropolis of the Southwest—as a great entrepot on the line of shortest communication, by the easiest grade, between the Orient and the Occident. When that other great enterprise, the Nicaragua Canal, shall be completed, Los Angeles and the southern country will be in a position to take full advantage of the benefits that will accrue therefrom.



SHOWING PROTECTION AFFORDED BY CATALINA ISLAND TO
SAN PEDRO HARBOR.



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA POINTS OF INTEREST.



CORES of interesting places may be visited in a day's journey from Los Angeles at small expense, while a trip of two days' duration will cover almost any point in the seven southern counties. Residents of Los Angeles are fortunate in being located within easy distance of the ocean. There is no thickly settled section of the county that is more than thirty miles from the beach, and probably 90 per cent of the population of the county live within a distance of twenty-five miles of the breakers, so that a sea

bath is easy of accomplishment, without relinquishing the business of the day.

The mountains also are within easy reach of the city, and improved means of communication have made them attainable even by invalids.

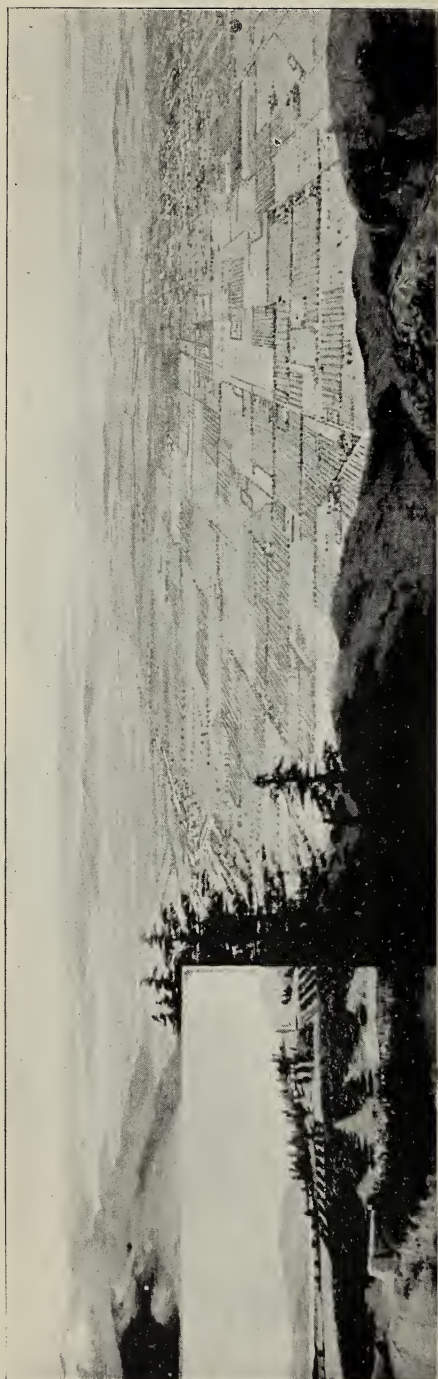
SANTA MONICA. Santa Monica, seventeen miles from Los Angeles, is one of the best known and most popular of the seaside resorts of Los Angeles county. It is located on a wide bay, that bears some resemblance to the Bay of Naples. It is a well improved and progressive little city, with paved streets, cement sidewalks, business blocks and hundreds of charming residences, surrounded by flower gardens and shade trees. The climate is almost perfect, there being little difference between the summer and winter temperature. There is a pavilion and hot plunge and a large modern hotel. About three miles north of town is Santa Monica Cañon, a picturesque ravine. Near by is a State agricultural experiment station. Here, also, is the long wharf of the Southern Pacific Company. The National Soldiers' Home, with about 2000 inmates, is three miles inland from Santa Monica. The transportation facilities of Santa Monica are unexcelled. It is reached by the Southern Pacific and Santa Fé railroad systems, also by an electric line, the Los Angeles Pacific, which runs cars every half hour, from early morning until after 11 o'clock. Round trip fare 50 cents.

REDONDO. Redondo, seventeen miles from Los Angeles, is a seaside resort and shipping port that was laid out about twelve years ago. It



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

SURF BATHING, LONG BEACH.



From painting, courtesy Santa Fé Ry.

VALLEY OF THE SANTA FÉ'S KITH-SHAPE TRACK.

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

has become quite an important shipping point, and is visited by thousands of health seekers during the summer. There is a large hotel, swimming bath, pebble beach and a fine nursery, where a specialty is made of carnations. Redondo is reached by the Santa Fé and Redondo railways. Round trip fare 50c.

LONG BEACH, distant twenty-two miles from Los Angeles, is a quiet family resort, with one of the finest stretches of hard level beach on the coast. There is a pleasure wharf and pavilion and a park, also several bath houses. Long Beach is the home of the Chautauqua society, which meets there every summer. Southern Pacific and Terminal railways. Round trip 50 cents.

SAN PEDRO. Twenty-two miles. San Pedro is the oldest shipping point of Southern California. The government is now commencing work on a large breakwater to deepen the entrance to the harbor. Lumber and fish are the chief industries. There is a sardine packing establishment at East San Pedro.

Across the bay is Terminal Island, a long narrow peninsula, where a number of attractive summer cottages have been built by Los Angeles people. There is a pleasure wharf here and excellent fishing and bathing. San Pedro is reached by the Southern Pacific and Terminal railways and Terminal Island by the Terminal railway. Round trip 50 cents.

CATALINA ISLAND. Santa Catalina Island is a picturesque mountainous island, about 30 miles in length, and twenty miles from the mainland. The water here is remarkably calm and clear, so that marine growths may be seen at a depth of fifty feet or more. There is fine still-water bathing, fish in immense quantity, stage riding, goat hunting, and other attractions. A comfortable hotel furnishes accommodations to visitors, and a good band plays during the summer season. The island is conducted as an "up-to-date" winter, as well as



SEAL ROCKS, CATALINA ISLAND.

summer, resort, a steamship making trips from San Pedro. Catalina Island is reached either by the Southern Pacific or Terminal railway and steamship. Round trip from Los Angeles \$2.50.

SAN FERNANDO. San Fernando is noted for the old mission. Twenty-one miles north of Los Angeles. Southern Pacific railway; fare 65 cents.

PASADENA. Pasadena is one of the best known cities of Southern California, located ten miles from Los Angeles, at an altitude of 829 feet, in the foothills of the Sierra Madre range. Within twenty-five years it has grown from a sheep pasture to a beautiful city of nearly 10,000 inhabitants, with well paved streets, handsome business blocks, large and tasteful churches and beautiful homes. There are nearly a hundred miles of graded, curbed and guttered streets. Pasadena is reached by three lines of steam railroad and by electric cars, which make the trip every fifteen minutes. Fare 10 to 15 cents.

OSTRICH FARM. An exceedingly interesting point for visitors to Los Angeles is the ostrich farm at South Pasadena. Here are a number of big birds, which are raised for their plumes. Plucking takes place at regular intervals, notice of the same being given in the papers. Ostrich



ORANGE GROVE AVENUE, PASADENA.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

FUN ON MT. LOWE.

Photo. by Schnell.



L. A. Eng Co.

A CONTRAST.

Photo. by Maude.



L. A. Eng Co.

VIEW OF ECHO MOUNTAIN FROM PASADENA.

Photo. by Maude.

nests, eggs and chicks may also be seen. The electric and Terminal railways run to the farm. Admission is 25 cents.

SAN GABRIEL, nine miles from Los Angeles, is famous as the site of one of the old missions, which is still in a good state of preservation. It is in the heart of the beautiful San Gabriel valley, and surrounded by orange groves and vineyards. Southern Pacific railway; fare 30 cents.

MOUNT LOWE. Mount Lowe is reached by railroad, cable and electric cars, the latter forming an interesting and ingenious system of mountain railway, which extends to Alpine Tavern, at a height of 5000 feet. Here is a home-like mountain hotel, constructed of logs. Half way up is Echo Mountain, where there is another hotel and an observatory. A wonderful view of the San Gabriel valley, with Los Angeles and the ocean in the distance, is obtained. The balmy air of these pine-clad mountain heights is very invigorating. The crests are often covered with snow, when only an hour's ride below are oranges and roses. Some Los Angeles business men stop for several weeks in summer on the mountain, coming to town every morning. Round trip tickets to Alpine Tavern are sold at \$2.50.



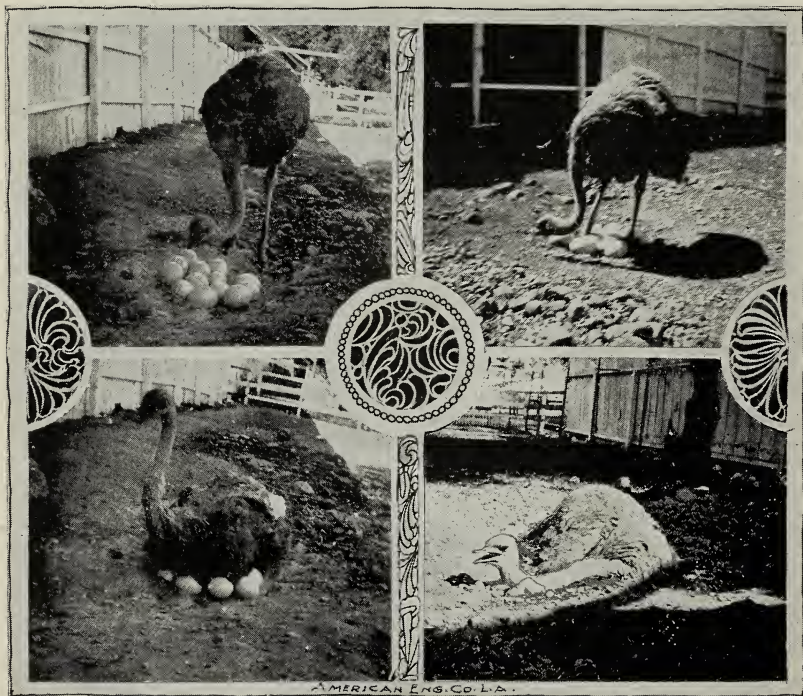
AMONG THE PINES.

MOUNT WILSON. This popular mountain resort is reached by two trails, one starting from back of Pasadena and the other from Sierra Madre. The distance from each is about eight miles, and the trip may be made from the bottom of the trail either on foot or horseback. A stage connects every day with the Pasadena trail at that city, and with the Sierra Madre trail at Santa Anita, on the Southern California railway, sixteen miles from Los Angeles, the fare from which point

is 30 cents. One dollar is charged for a burro from the foot of the trail to Martin's camp, a comfortable resort near the summit.

BALDWIN'S RANCH. This is a beautiful improved place in the San Gabriel Valley, belonging to E. J. Baldwin of San Francisco. It is a favorite resort for visitors, the trip being usually made in a tally-ho coach from Los Angeles, with Pasadena, Kinneloa, Sierra Madre Villa and San Gabriel Mission also as objective points. Parties are made up daily by hotel and livery men.

THE KITE-SHAPED TRACK. One of the excursions that should be made by all visitors to Los Angeles is that around the "kite-shaped track" of the Southern California railway. A special excursion is run



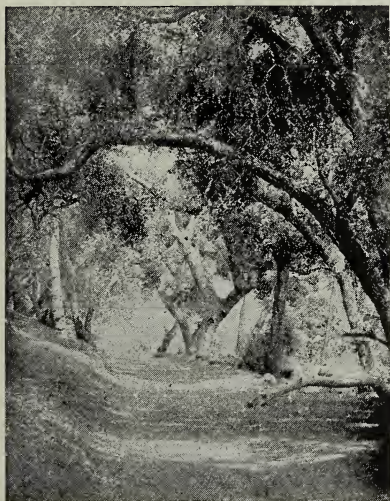
AT THE OSTRICH FARM, SOUTH PASADENA.

from Los Angeles twice a week, making the complete circuit of the kite-shaped track in one day, allowing time at Redlands for a drive to Smiley Heights, and at Riverside for a drive down Magnolia avenue. Leaving Los Angeles at 9 A. M., the traveler arrives home at 6:25 P. M., passing through the San Gabriel Valley, Pomona, Ontario, San Bernardino, Redlands, Colton, Riverside, Orange and Anaheim, the route traversing much of the highly improved territory in Southern California. The fare for the round trip is \$4.10.

BEAR VALLEY. From San Bernardino an interesting trip may be made to Bear Valley, located high up in the mountains of the San Bernardino range. Here is a beautiful lake, which is a source of supply for the irrigation ditches in the valley below. There are forests of fir and other trees. At several points comfortable home-like inns have

been erected for the accommodation of travelers. The valley is reached by stage from San Bernardino.

SAN BUENAVENTURA. San Buena Ventura—commonly known as "Ventura"—is the county seat of Ventura county, distant 83 miles from Los Angeles, on the Southern Pacific railway. It is a picturesque little seaside place, and many attractive excursions may be made from here, especially to the picturesque Ojai Valley, which Nordhoff, the



ON THE ROAD TO OJAI.

writer, considered the most beautiful spot in Southern California. There is a Mission at Buena Ventura, built in 1782, and still in a good state of preservation.

SANTA BARBARA. The coast of Santa Barbara county has been called "the American Mentone." With its mild balmy climate and sheltered location, between the foothills and the ocean, together with its wealth of semi-tropic flowers and plants, it bears much resemblance to the coast of the Mediterranean. Santa Barbara, distant 110 miles, is a beautiful city, in which many Eastern people of wealth and culture have made their homes. Fare, \$3 35.

SAN DIEGO. San Diego, noted for its magnificent bay and equable climate, is 125 miles from Los Angeles, on the Surf Line of the Southern

California railway, and only a few miles north of the Mexican line. It is a city of about 20,000 inhabitants, and has hotels, paved streets, electric railways, etc., and modern in every respect. Among the trips to be made from San Diego is that across the border to old Mexico; also the celebrated Sweetwater Dam. Across the bay from San Diego lies Coronado Beach, with one of the finest seaside hotels in the world, on the very edge of the broad Pacific.

A few miles from San Diego is La Jolla with its caves and picturesque shore erosions.

Few sections, if any, can compete with Southern California in variety of scenery and the number of interesting points within a small radius from its metropolis. Wide as is its fame for winter climate its summers are no less superior to those of the East. On the latter point the following expert opinion is in place:

LOS ANGELES A SUMMER RESORT.

It is no exaggeration to say that Los Angeles, with its mountains fifteen miles north and its seacoast fifteen miles south, is the most delightful summer resort in the United States. The average daily temperature on the Atlantic coast in the Northern States is about 73 degrees, while in Florida the average daily temperature is 83 degrees, but in Los Angeles the average daily temperature is about 68 degrees. The days are made delightful by ocean breeze, while the nights are cool, dry and refreshing, the temperature being modified by the nocturnal breeze from the desert. From years of personal experience in both sections, I can testify that at Lake Minnetonka and other Northern lake resorts



KINNELOA—RESIDENCE OF HON. ABBOTT KINNEY.

there would be many hot days and nights, too, during July and August ; while at Los Angeles the days during those months are rarely oppressive, and the nights are always cool and conducive to rest and sleep. Summer is the healthiest season of the year in Los Angeles, as the official reports will show. Los Angeles and her immediate seacoast form the popular summer resort for the counties adjoining, and for Arizona and New Mexico, and I can heartily recommend it to all.

WALTER LINDLEY, M. D.,

President California State Medical Society—1891.

Professor of Gynecology, Medical College, University of Southern California.

335 W. Sixth Street, Los Angeles, Cal.



LA JOLLA CAVES, NEAR SAN DIEGO.



C. M. Davis Eng Co.

BALDWIN'S LAKE, SANTA ANITA.

Photo by Maude.



AT SANTA BARBARA.



HOTEL DEL CORONADO.

LOS ANGELES HOTELS.

NO CITY of its size surpasses Los Angeles in facilities for the comfortable entertainment of visitors. From carefully compiled data, the hotels of various grades and the rooming houses of the city will accommodate, without discomfort, 25,000 strangers. This does not count several hundred private houses of which each has one or more rooms to rent.

As the hotel capacity is very large, so is the quality high. There is every class of hostelry; neither exacting taste nor limited purse need fail to find the precise standard of its requirements. Los Angeles has several hotels which in luxury of appointment, fullness of equipment and excellence of cuisine rival the famous hostelries of the Eastern cities.

The most modern and elegant caravan-saries are the Hotel Van Nuys (n. w. cor. Main and 4th sts.), the Hotel Van Nuys Annex (Broadway bet. 4th and 5th), and the Westminster Hotel (n. e. cor. Main and 4th). The Van Nuys is a hand-

some new 6-story structure of stone and pressed brick, sumptuously appointed and centrally located, 160 sleeping rooms, elegant parlors, dining rooms, offices, etc. American plan \$3 to \$12 per day, European plan



American Eng. Co. VAN NUYS HOTEL.



BELLEVUE TERRACE, SIXTH AND FIGUEROA STREETS.



COURT OF THE ABBOTSFORD INN.

\$1 to \$10 per day. The Van Nuys Annex is a new four-story brick building with 120 sleeping apartments, modern in equipment and furnishing. American, \$2.50 to \$4; European, \$1 to \$4. M. M. Potter & Co.

The Westminster is directly opposite the Van Nuys, has 250 rooms, 90 bath rooms, fine dining rooms, offices, etc. It has recently been renovated and refurnished throughout in very costly fashion. American, \$3 and up; European, \$1 and up. It

has been selected as headquarters of the National Educational Convention which meets here in July. F. O. Johnson.

The hotel Nadeau (s. w. cor. Spring and 1st) and the Hollenbeck Hotel (s. w. cor. Spring and 2nd), though less pretentious, are high class, commodious, handsomely furnished and with the conveniences usual in first-class hotels. Their location is central. The Nadeau has 175 sleeping rooms. American, \$2.50 and up; European, \$1 and up.

The Hollenbeck has 220 sleeping rooms, 70 bath rooms, parlors, reading rooms, etc. American, \$2.50 and up; European, \$1 and up. The hotel café has a seating capacity of 150 people. The café rates are 33⅓ per cent less than those of Eastern cafés of the same grade. The Hollenbeck has the advantage of the most central location of all the Los Angeles hotels. A. C. Bilicke & Co.

The Natick House (s. w. cor. 1st and Main) is popular in management and price, is in the very heart of the city and is one of the oldest good hotels here, founded in 1884. It is now being enlarged and construction



THE WESTMINSTER.

will be finished June 1. It will contain 155 outside rooms, besides offices, dining rooms and tiled court. All suites have private baths with tiled floors. American, \$1.25 to \$2; European, 50 cents to \$1.25. Hart Bros.

All these hotels, of course, have the best modern equipments of steam heating, electric lighting, elevators, sanitary plumbing, etc,

There are a number of smaller hotels, also in the business part of the city, where fair accommodations can be had at from \$1 (American) or 50 cents (European) upward.

Family hotels, such as Hotel Lincoln, the Lilly, etc., well furnished, conveniently and pleasantly situated in the best residence districts and near enough to business, abound. There are at least a score that range from good to first-class.

A good type is Bellevue Terrace (6th and Figueroa). American, \$2 to \$3. G. W. Lynch. 70 sleeping rooms; parlors, dining rooms, etc. Large and beautiful grounds, profusion of flowers, banana grove, etc.

The list of such accommodations is far too long to enumerate here. Details can easily be learned by those who plan to attend the N. E. A. Convention.

SOME LOS ANGELES BUSINESS BLOCKS.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co. BYRNE BUILDING, THIRD AND BROADWAY.



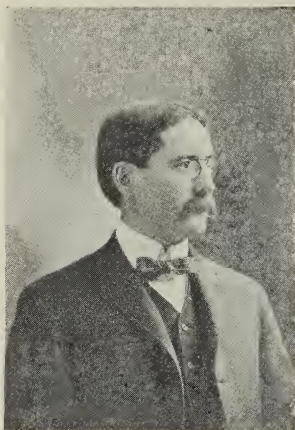
LANKERSHIM BUILDING, COR. THIRD AND SPRING STREETS.



FROST BUILDING, SECOND AND BROADWAY.

ORGANIZATION AND PLANS OF THE LOCAL COMMITTEES OF THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION CONVENTION.

BY RUFUS L. HORTON.



RUFUS L. HORTON.

THE delegates to the National Educational Association Convention which is to be held in Los Angeles, July 11, 12, 13 and 14, this year, will lack neither for care, entertainment, nor guidance. Each local committee has taken up with vigor, intelligence and enthusiasm the tasks assigned it. The committees provided are as follows:

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

Charles Silent, Ch'rman	Harry Chandler
W. H. Holabird	E. P. Clark
Herbert R. Yerxa	Elon G. Fay
Wilbur D. Campbell	H. C. Lichtenberger
F. Q. Story	J. F. Francis
J. S. Slauson	R. J. Waters
R. W. Burnham	Hancock Banning
F. J. Zeehandelaar	Gregory Perkins, Jr.
H. M. Sale	P. N. Daniel
Dr. Walter Lindley	George Montgomery
Louis F. Vetter	L. W. Godin
Gen. C. F. A. Last	A. W. Plummer
J. W. McPherron	R. L. Craig

S. B. Lewis

HOTEL COMMITTEE

H. P. Anderson, Chairman	Hancock Banning
R. L. Horton	W. A. Barker
N. B. Blackstone	A. B. Cass

HALL COMMITTEE]

J. R. Mathews, Chairman	J. O. Koepfli
W. A. Henry	I. A. Lothian
	Edmond Germain

MUSIC COMMITTEE

Burt Estes Howard, Chairman	D. H. Morrison
Harley Hamilton	W. L. Frew
J. W. Hendrick	Mrs. Gertrude Parsons
Mrs. Marian Mitchell Cook	Miss Jennie Hagan
Madam Isadore Martinez King.	Gregory Perkins.

RAILWAY COMMITTEE

C. B. Boothe, Chairman	A. B. Cass
R. H. Howell	Dr. M. L. Moore
	M. H. Newmark

PRINTING AND BADGES COMMITTEE

C. C. Davis, Chairman	George W. Parsons
W. J. Washburn	Ad. Petsch
	Russ Avery

RECEPTION COMMITTEE

F. Q. Story, Chairman

MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE.

J. A. Foshay, Chairman	A. E. Baker
Miss Mary A. Lang	E. E. Brown
Miss Franc Hawks	Miss Louise A. Williams
O. P. Phillips	T. J. Kirk
J. B. Monlux	Miss Rose Hardenburg
C. E. Hutton	J. H. Strine
J. A. Barr	R. H. Webster
	W. H. Chambers

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

F. Q. Story, Chairman; Frank Wiggins, Sec'y; H. W. Frank, Treas.

SCHOOL APPLIANCES COMMITTEE.

E. T. Pierce, Chairman
C. M. Davis
J. B. Millard
Prof. Seymour
Prof. Holway
Edward Hyatt

H. I. Jones
J. F. Chamberlain
E. P. Rowell
Prof. J. L. Sakett
Prof. Burke
Hugh Baldwin

EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT COMMITTEE.

W. H. Housh, Chairman
Mrs. C. P. Bradfield
C. A. Kunou
Wm. Wincup
J. D. Graham
F. L. Burk
W. T. Bush
George C. Edwards
A. H. Randall
S. T. Black
P. W. Kauffman
Miss Louise Hutchinson
Miss Ada M. Laughlin
Miss Kate F. Osgood
G. H. Chilcote

C. L. Ennis
Mrs. M. J. Frick
Miss Mary Ledyard
W. A. Edwards
Dr. J. H. Shultz
Mrs. F. H. Byram
G. L. Leslie
M. Dozier
C. H. Ritter
J. H. Francis
W. W. Tritt
H. T. Ardley
Miss Bertha M. Gordon
Mrs. M. A. White
M. C. Bettinger

GENERAL PUBLICITY COMMITTEE.

Abbot Kinney, Chairman
J. A. Hoose
R. G. Curran
A. R. Sprague
B. R. Baumgardt
Miss Estelle B. Smith
Prof. J. W. Henry
Margaret Collier Graham

Prof. C. F. Holder
C. C. Van Liew
A. L. Hamilton
Dr. Norman Bridge
Miss Edith M. Joy
Prof. J. B. Millard
J. H. Strine
Miss Grace A. Dennen

The Finance Committee expects to raise the funds necessary for the entertainment of the Convention and the delegates. It is estimated that \$15,000 will be requisite. There will probably be little difficulty experienced in securing this amount, as the tremendous material importance of the event being provided for cannot fail to impress itself on the people interested in the upbuilding of this section. It is the desire of the committee to provide a liberal program of divertissements for the visitors.

One of the most important of the list of committees is that on hotels. It is the intention of the Hotel Committee to prepare a guide book of all the principal hotels and lodging houses of the city, and place it at the disposal of the delegates so that they will have no trouble in finding hotel accommodations while here in the city. It will also see that minimum rates are made to the delegates. It has arranged already for the accommodation of twenty-five thousand guests.

The Hall Committee's duties consist in ascertaining the number of halls and edifices suitable for assemblages, with capacity and cost thereof, procurable during the time of the Convention's sessions. This committee has gone so promptly to work that it is already able to report that for the dates of the Convention fourteen halls and churches, with a seating capacity of 23,000 people will be available at a cost of \$450.

The Music Committee will give two or three concerts, and upon the last night will have a monster concert at Hazard's Pavilion in which all of the teachers of Southern California will assist. A band and an orchestra will be engaged, and some prominent soloists will sing.

In addition to the concerts an entertainment, which will be of the keenest interest to our guests from the East, will be had in the conversion, for one night, of Hazard's Pavilion, into a Chinese theatre, when a Chinese play, rendered by Chinese actors, will be presented.

The Railway Committee has secured from the transcontinental lines the lowest rate that has ever been given to a national convention held on the Pacific Coast, with the most liberal conditions attached to the tickets. It is settled that the rates, so far as promulgated, in no case exceed one full fare one way for the round trip plus \$2.00 for

membership fee. The roads terminating in Los Angeles have accorded rates from all points in the State of California on the same basis. The arrangements are to be perfected for all territory west of the Missouri River, to be brought under the same rates and conditions. Especially low rates have been secured from Los Angeles to all points of interest in the State. These rates are the lowest ever made, and the various resorts have given written assurances to the committee that very low rates for accommodations will be quoted, and especial arrangements will be made for the convenience and entertainment of visiting delegates. Arrangements are to be completed in Los Angeles for the restamping of transcontinental tickets and the issuing of side trip tickets with the least possible inconvenience to the holders of them.

The Reception Committee has not yet been completed, but one member, Mr. F. Q. Story, having been appointed. It is understood that it will be the province of this committee to receive the delegates as they arrive and see that they are quartered according to prior arrangements, or directed as they desire.

The Committee on Printing and Badges has designed an emblem which will go on all printed matter, badges, buttons, etc. This design, or emblem, consists of a palm leaf carrying an old Grecian urn indicating a lamp of learning. The design has not been entirely perfected but will contain this matter in substance. The committee will have many thousands of lapel buttons made and sent to the Eastern delegates and throughout the East generally. This will prove an effective way of advertising the Convention.

The Membership Committee was organized for the purpose of carrying out the promise that California would give 5,000 memberships, provided the meeting were held in this State. This was based on the fact that San Francisco, in 1888, when the meeting was held at that place, gave 4,278 memberships from California. The management of the N. E. A. hesitated about favoring California as a place of meeting, on account of small number of teachers west of the Rocky Mountains; also, the great distance from the largest cities of our country, where the main body of teachers is collected. The Membership Committee is thoroughly organized, and has issued a circular to superintendents, teachers, and friends of education in California, urging that the professional spirit should be shown by every teacher joining the Association.

The Committee on Books and School Appliances is in correspondence with a large number of firms to determine about what space is necessary for an exhibit. When this information is obtained a hall or large vacant store, on the ground floor, will be obtained. This will be centrally located and convenient to the hotels and different places of meeting. Space will be assigned the different firms and a sufficient charge made to cover expenses.

The General Publicity Committee is the medium that has been appointed for the dissemination of intelligence regarding the section soon to be visited by the educational army. The Committee is furnishing the Eastern press and magazines with interesting illustrated articles descriptive of this part of the State. This information, aside from its interesting character, will prove of much practical value to the convention attendants in arranging their itineraries hereabouts. The Committee has also arranged to provide literature from local publishing houses.

From this resumé it will be evident that the plans mapped out for conserving the comfort and pleasure of the educational legions of the republic when they convene in our city leave little, if indeed anything, of the least consequence unprovided for. There is every assurance that when the great Convention shall have adjourned, Los Angeles will have demonstrated her right to be placed permanently in the list of "convention cities."

A CYCLE PROBLEM SOLVED.

LOS ANGELES AND PASADENA TO BE CONNECTED BY A
UNIQUE STRUCTURE.



HORACE M. DOBBINS,
President California Cycleway Co.

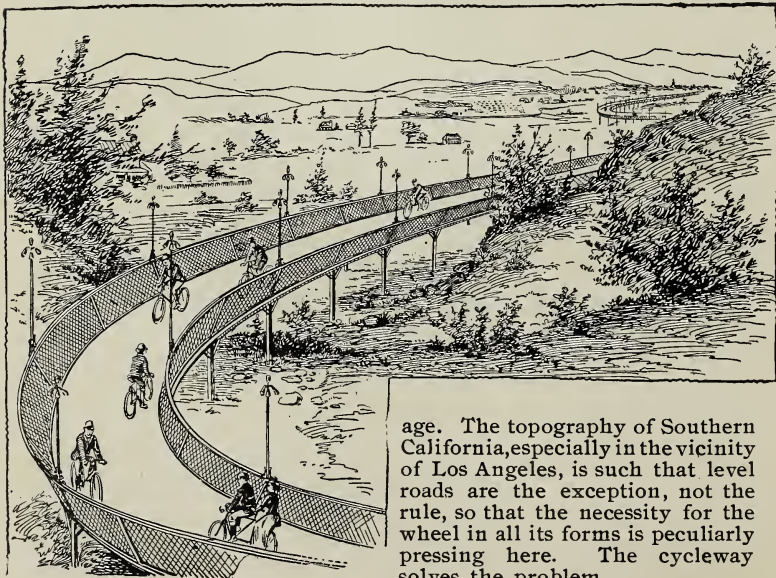
THE problem of transportation between Los Angeles and her sister city, Pasadena, was not completely solved upon the consummation of the project which added a fourth link to the railroad chain which binds them. With three steam railways and one rapid transit electric road in constant operation, there yet remains a large contingent of travelers who depend upon the bicycle as a means of locomotion, and who, for the sake of pleasure and exercise which the wheel offers, would fain use it more freely between the two cities. At best, they find few enough roads in this vicinity that invite them forth to do and dare beyond a mere breath-

ing spin. The prevailing bicycle path of Eastern towns is substantially an unknown factor in the Southern California sum of happiness contributed by the wheel. He must, perforce, labor over such highways as the carriage of the multitude and the traffic vehicle of the commercial world make common property. He must contend with their dust or be content to plod through their mud. He cannot escape their hills or circumvent their ravines. He is obliged to share these highways with pedestrians, horses, teams, dogs and fowls not only, but with the all-pervading street-car and the frequent steam train. The topography of the country and the unwisdom of our road-makers seem conjoined to mar the cyclist's happiness. He is not a well used individual, yet despite all disadvantages he thrives and multiplies mightily, so that in Los Angeles county alone his ranks have swelled to an aggregate of 30,000 at least. It is between this city and Pasadena that the wheelman feels most keenly the lack of good roads, for it is a favorite route of travel, as the passenger receipts of the four railways aforesaid testify. Many devotees of the wheel make the trip for business or pleasure, but the discomforts mentioned above are poignantly felt, and the difference in altitude between the two places makes the northward wheeling veritably uphill work. It must be regarded as fortunate that a way is now opening for changing all this and for ministering to the cyclist's happiness in a novel, yet completely satisfactory manner. Grade and hills being obstacles that prevent the construction of an ordinary bicycle path with promises of good results, the elaborate frame cycleway has been devised by the genius who is always ready for emergencies. In this case he is

found in the person of Mr. Horace M. Dobbins, of Pasadena, president of the California Cycleway Co., and originator of the plan of connecting the two cities by a structure that shall be for the exclusive use of the wheel. This plan seems to be so far advanced to a practical realization that right of way for it and the necessary franchises are nearly all secured, engineer's estimates are all figured out, and actual work is under way. The wonder begins to be felt why somebody didn't think of such a project before. The proposition is simple enough. It consists in building a floored trestle about ten feet wide, with sides enclosed to a height of about four feet, set upon strongly braced supports. Starting from a central point in Pasadena, the cycleway will wind down the Arroyo Seco on its eastern side, cross the Los Angeles river below Buena Vista street some distance, and terminate at the Plaza. The wheelman or wheelwoman will glide down this smooth way with very little exertion, stopping at a Casino and park to be established at a half-way point to refresh himself, if desired. He will have no tracks or roads to cross; nothing to distract his attention from the scenery en route. What could be more delightful from the cyclist's standpoint? The charm would not be broken in reversing the trip and going back to Pasadena, for it is said the 600 feet rise in covering the distance of nine miles is overcome so gradually that pedaling northward is as easy as on our city streets.

This achievement of the Cycleway Company is a notable one and not only patrons of the wheel, but Southern Californians generally, have a right to take pride in the solution of the bicycle path problem. The cost of riding on the new structure appears to have been figured down to a very low point by some system of issuing annual passes with a share of stock, and altogether the enterprise has a most promising look.

Its construction will mark a new era in the history of the bicycle, while it will afford opportunity for introducing the coming motor-cycle and perhaps, also, the motor-carriage. Both are working their way rapidly into favor in this country and Europe, and over the floor of the cycleway each type of vehicle could be run to the best possible advantage.



age. The topography of Southern California, especially in the vicinity of Los Angeles, is such that level roads are the exception, not the rule, so that the necessity for the wheel in all its forms is peculiarly pressing here. The cycleway solves the problem.



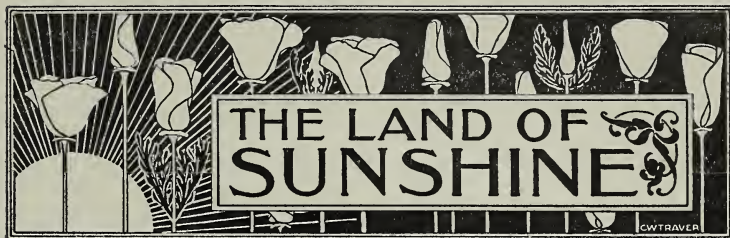
L. A. Eng. Co.

THE FIRST HOSPITAL IN CALIFORNIA.
Ruins of the Franciscan Mission hospital, in the Santa Ynez valley.

Photo. by C. Lord.



THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



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LOS ANGELES

MAY, 1899.

THE COMING OF THE SILENCE.

(After The Summer Tide.)

BY BLANCHE TRASK.

She doth not walk the village street,
Lest ways too smooth should harm her feet ;

She waits until the tide is low,
And there 'mid old rocks, see her go

(The rocks which long must buried be,
'Till winter's low tide sets them free).

She loiters on the long wet sand,
A trailing seaweed in her hand.

The gulls which loud, discordant cry,
Fly seaward as she passes by ;

The fog which long for her doth wait
Enthrones and mantles her in state.

The winds that pray her slaves to be,
As scepters holds she o'er the sea.

The low, low tides yet lower creep,
'Till all the world is lost in sleep.

* * * * *

The mantled fog she throws aside,
The sceptred wind she scatters wide,

And thro' long days she dares to be
What she meant—eternity.



THE HIGHEST PEAK IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY HAROLD W FAIRBANKS.

OUNT WHITNEY is the culminating peak of the Sierra Nevada. Their serrated, snow-crested peaks, extending half the length of California form an almost impassable barrier between the hot deserts on the east and the fertile valleys of the central and western portions of the State. Geologists say that this range is an immense earth-block elevated in past geological ages by a fissure along its eastern side, where the granite wall rises very precipitously and regularly from the valley to a height of twelve or fourteen thousand feet.

The isolated volcanic cones of northern California and Washington rise in solitary grandeur from a comparatively open country; but Mount Whitney, the most lofty peak in the United States outside of Alaska, is but one (although the highest) among hundreds of similar peaks terminating the skyward reaches of the lofty Sierra. The grandeur of the eastern wall for one hundred and fifty miles is beyond the power of language; and during our geological explorations of several months in that region we never tired of gazing at its changing aspects of day and night, of fair and stormy weather. Deep hidden cañons scar the eastern wall of these mountains. At their outlets the clear waters from the melting snows are led to irrigate the meadows and little gardens of the villages scattered along Owen's Valley. In this valley it very seldom rains, while but six miles away, on the lofty mountains which shut it in, snow falls more than half the year.

Mount Whitney attains a height of more than 14,522 feet and is of course snow-covered except for a short time in the summer. So far as known it has never been ascended earlier than July except once. During May our party was at work close under the mountain, and having a few days of leisure two of us decided to attempt the ascent. The previous winter had been a remarkably mild one and much less snow than usual had fallen. Our plan to ascend from the east by way of Lone Pine cañon did not meet with encouragement from the old mountaineers. They declared it was impossible—too early in the season, and above ten thousand feet we should find no trail.

But love of adventure and the thrill of exploring an unknown region with camera and geological hammer, as well as the fact that the mountain had never before been climbed from the east, decided us to make the attempt. A boy was found to

Illustrated from photos by the author.

guide us up the cañon as far as the first night's camp, and then return with the saddle animals. Our blankets, with provisions for four days, were tied upon the saddles and we were off. The trail led through the Lone Pine hills and then several miles over the boulder-strewn slope at the base of the mountains, and finally entered the cañon whose upper reaches form the great precipices about Mount Whitney. Real difficulties now began; for the trail, not having been traveled that year, was almost obliterated by rock-slides and fallen timber. The way at last became so obstructed that it seemed foolhardy to attempt to push on with the animals; but by dint of clearing the trail and giving them freedom to spring over breaks in the trail, we passed over the most dangerous spots. Below, on

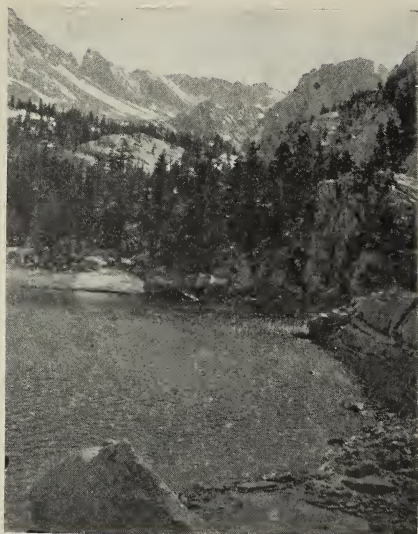


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OUR FIRST NIGHT'S CAMP.

the left, lay the roaring creek, while on the right rose the almost precipitous granite ridges to a height of 3000 feet.

At an elevation of 8000 feet we entered upon the lower end of a gently sloping valley filled with pine. Following this for three fourths of a mile we reached a pretty, open flat where the spring grass was just beginning to start. The cañon divided here, the trail turning to the left. After a lunch our course was again taken up, but difficulties increased so rapidly that even our guide hardly knew which way to turn when time and again we were confronted by cliffs and shelving rocks which seemed to present insuperable barriers to the further progress of the animals. At points we dismounted so as to give them a better chance to make particularly dangerous scrambles. The horse which our guide rode had been over the trail before, and



L. A. Eng. Co. A GLACIAL LAKE.

if it had not been for this fact the two mules must have been left ; but with the horse in the lead they made desperate, and finally successful, efforts to follow.

As the shadows began to lengthen an easier portion of the cañon was reached, and turning off from the main stream to a little side valley we came out on the shores of a miniature glacial lake, clear and cold and surrounded by snowbanks. On one side it was overshadowed by bare granite walls rising 2000 feet, while on the north a rim not over

1500 feet high separated it from a sheer descent of 1000 feet. This was the end of the trail and the camping place for the night.

We were up early and soon had breakfast disposed of. We stacked the bedding, coats and most of the provisions at the foot of a tree, and carrying only the camera, a geological hammer, some canned meat, crackers and tin cups, we turned up the cañon.

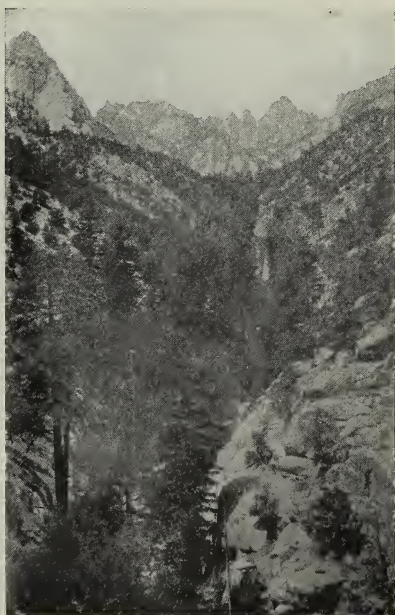
At an elevation of 11,000 feet we passed another little lake and shortly after left the timber. The way lay over steep granite ledges and huge boulders. The walls of granite shut us in so that as long as the cañon continued we could not go far amiss, but at last it opened out into a long amphitheater which reached to the very base of the great pinnacles on the south of Mount Whitney. Fields of snow replaced the bare rocks, while frozen lakes appeared here and there in the depressions. Directly in front of us one of the spurs of the main peak rose in a sheer precipice of 1000 feet. Which way to turn we did not know ; but as Whitney lay to the right we determined to go in that direction and endeavor to skirt the cliffs on the north. This decision, however, proved to be the serious mistake of the morning, for after climbing some time over the rocks and snow we suddenly came to the edge of a precipice. I crawled to the edge and peered over. Nearly 1000 feet below was a deep basin in which appeared a frozen lake whose green shimmer contrasted strangely with the snow

and rocks. So precipitous was the descent that the base of the cliff could hardly be seen. The lake was situated directly at the foot of the 3000-foot scarp which gives Mount Whitney such a majestic appearance from the east.

Much disappointed and fatigued we retraced our footsteps to the amphitheatre and sought for a way to the summit south of the pinnacles. In that direction the precipices were replaced by a long steep slope apparently terminating on the crest of the Sierra. Directly before us it was covered with snow, while farther away it consisted of masses of loose granite. Concluding to try the snow, we started on again. A recent storm had left the surface soft, and into this we generally sank sufficiently to make the foot-hold good, but there were stretches where the surface was hard and our long pointed alpenstocks proved indispensable. The higher we got the more difficult became the progress, for the slope grew steeper and the air thinner, making breathing most difficult. Toward the summit granite boulders projected through the snow, causing it to soften and adding greatly to our troubles. I became so exhausted that for the last quarter of a mile I had to sit down and rest every two or three rods.

However, the summit was reached at last, and about noon we stood upon the crest of the mountains at an elevation of 13,000 feet. Here came another disappointment. The road over the pinnacles between us and Mount Whitney appeared utterly impracticable. Below, on the opposite side of the crest from that which we had ascended, lay a great basin partly inclosing Mount Whitney, dotted with frozen lakes and bounded by precipitous walls 1000 to 1800 feet high. It appeared from the description which had been given us that we must descend into this basin in order to get the trail which leads to the peak.

Making our difficult way down over the loose and sliding granite debris, the southern arm of the valley was reached. By this time



L. A. Eng. Co. MT. WHITNEY.
Looking up Lone Pine Cañon.

we were so exhausted and faint from hunger that it seemed best to descend half a mile farther to some flats near the timber line. Stopping where the first dead logs were found we soon had a fire and something warm to eat and drink. Too exhausted to do any more climbing, we rolled a log around for protection from the wind and slept fitfully on the hard rocks. Toward evening our fatigue somewhat wore away and we examined more critically our surroundings.

To the west the view opened out to a great snowy range beyond the Kern river. At its base lay the deep valley of the Kern with its sombre filling of pines. These views, though grand in the extreme, were cold and cheerless as winter had hardly changed to spring over the enormous stretches of this alpine region. The clouds, which had been gathering through



L. A. Eng Co. THE SIERRA NEVADA, FROM LONE PINE HILLS.

(Mt. Whitney marked with a cross.)

the afternoon, broke away for a few moments just at sunset, and the wintry landscape was illuminated with a cold, glittering light. As the night came on it grew steadily colder, and in spite of our constantly replenished fire the lack of our coats or protection of any kind was felt in earnest. The heavy clouds settled down, and at times through the night snowflakes fell. Our position would have become exceedingly dangerous if a heavy snowstorm, such as actually did occur a few days later, had set in. We would not have been able to recross the valley to Lone Pine, and it was fully thirty miles to any habitation down the valleys to the west.

The interminable night at last wore away and a cold, cheerless morning dawned with the dense clouds hanging low along

the precipices. At daybreak the wind went down, and after eating our scanty lunch we waited anxiously for some change in weather. If the clouds did not lift it would be worse than useless to try to make the summit, and it would not be safe to wait long because of the danger of being caught in a storm.

A little before seven a northerly breeze sprang up and soon a rift appeared in the gray canopy. This spread, and at last the rays of the morning sun light-



THE EASTERN SCARP.



ed up our cheerless surroundings. This was our opportunity. While I took a number of photographs my companion was hunting for the dim trail which was said to lead up

through one of the little ravines between the pinnaced crags.

The summit still lay 2500 feet above us. Being fresh and with the cold bracing air to aid us, we made rapid progress up the icy and most precipitous portion, and reached a long slope strewn with loose masses of granite. The trail disappeared, but we continued toward the highest point in sight. The air grew colder and the light breeze more piercing, so that, in spite of the violent exertions we were making it was almost

impossible to keep our hands and feet from freezing. Every few moments a stop had to be made behind some projecting mass of rock, and by slapping the hands and stamping the feet, get the blood to circulating again.

At nine o'clock on the 27th of May we reached the topmost pinnacle of Mount Whitney. The ascent had been made from camp in two hours, the shortest time by far in which it was ever accomplished. We also felt proud of having reached the summit two months earlier in the season than had ever before been done. The summit was found to consist of an area of one or two acres, rather smooth and free from snow and having a gentle slope to the northwest. On the highest portion was a round stone monument, in the crevices of which appeared cans and broken bottles, which probably once contained records. Following this example we left our names and date in a secure tin can.

On the east the mountain breaks away in a precipitous cliff reaching to the frozen lake 3000 feet below. To the south, separated by a deep chasm, were the sharply serrated pinnacles. To the west and northwest rose a succession of jagged peaks and great snowfields as far as the eye could reach. Beyond the cañon of the Kern river a line of mountains, seemingly almost as high as that on which we stood, shut off the view toward the great central valley of California. The grandest view should have been eastward; but Owen's valley was hidden in a dense dust-cloud, so that the summits of the Inyo range, rising nearly 10,000 feet, were barely visible.

The piercing wind seemed to congeal the very marrow in our bones, and it soon became imperative that we descend. Good speed was made for a time, but attempting to crawl around a rock I made a misstep and dropped the camera. It fell about ten feet, then bounding down a rocky slope struck a point and broke open, the pieces flying in all directions. I reached the place as soon as possible, with the hope that the roll-holder had not been broken, but, alas! there it lay fully exposed in the bright sunlight. I quickly secured it, thinking that some of the interior negatives might yet be saved. The reader can scarcely realize my disappointment and vexation at this unfortunate accident. Many pictures had been taken of this rugged region at a time of the year when it had never before been seen by human eyes.

As no more pictures could be taken, we changed our plans and returned the way we had come. The basin where we had spent the night was again reached and the toilsome ascent began. After the severe exertions of the morning our strength soon ebbed and it was with the greatest relief that the crest was again reached. By the middle of the afternoon we reached our lower camp, greatly exhausted; but were somewhat re-



L. A. Eng. Co.

MT. WHITNEY FROM THE EAST.

vived by a warm meal. The exertions of the past two days made us almost too tired to eat, and it was several days before my heart got over its violent throbbing.

The sky grew cloudy again, and in the morning a white mantle lay over everything and the flakes were still falling. We congratulated ourselves that we had not been delayed another night in the high mountains, and as the storm did not cease, got up, had breakfast, and dividing the pack between us started down the trail. The snowfall at once grew heavier, and then farther down it turned to rain, which continued to fall on us until the mouth of the cañon was reached. Here a fire was built to dry the blankets so that our loads which had to be packed to the village, five miles away, would not be so heavy.

Thus happily ended an ascent of Mount Whitney which will probably not be duplicated for many a year.

Berkeley, Cal.

THE MOUNTAIN OF THE HOLY CROSS.

BY ALICE LEARNED BUNNER.

There is a mountain in the western lands
 Upon whose summit mighty storms have torn
 Two ragged chasms; evermore it stands
 With crossing fissures on its face upborne.

So some heroic souls who only know
 They bear the scars of dire defeat and loss,
 But to us standing on the plain below
 Are shown the outlines of the Holy Cross.

New London, Conn.

CALIFORNIA "SEAWEED"

BY E. A. LAWRENCE



SO VARIED and so vast is the flora of California—so bewildering is it to see square miles tapestried with a single wild flower (as in the enormous "poppy" fields) and square leagues vivid with unnumbered varieties—that comparatively few turn their attention to the less showy plants of the California seas, the marine algæ or so-called seaweed or "sea-moss," both foolish misnomers. But they repay study.

These interesting plants are ordinarily divided into three classes; Red Algæ (rhodophyceæ), Brown Algæ (phæophyceæ) and Green Algæ (chlorophyceæ),

The first is by far the largest class, and usually the most sought for by the plant collector, for from the great red fronds of the "Gigantina Radula," down to the delicate *Ceramium*, or tiny *Polysiphonia*, they attract by their beauty of form and color the botanist, the collector, and even the careless observer.

In a list of marine algæ compiled in 1875 Dr. Farlow credits this coast with over ninety species of this class. Dr. Anderson, in his list compiled in 1891, credit California with 151 species, and Prof. McClatchie in his



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NITOPHYLLUM UNCINATUM.

Illustrated from specimens mounted by the author

list of "Seedless Plants of Southern California," gives 115 species south of Santa Barbara. Yet none of these lists contain all the species, which are constantly being added to by new discoveries, and by sub-dividing the old classification.

Plants sometimes appear upon our coast that have never been seen there before. Whence they come no one seems to know, but they usually make themselves very much at home, and have evidently come prepared to stay.

About three years ago a new species of the *Nitophyllum* family made its appearance at San Pedro. Now it can be found growing on rocks, empty shells, and upon other algæ, and can be seen floating in every tide



pool. It can readily be distinguished by its bright red color and narrow, shining leaves. Its scientific name is *Nitophyllum uncinatum*.

A smaller class, no less interesting to the student, though perhaps least attractive to those who care only for beautiful coloring, the Brown Algæ include those giant plants which trail their graceful lengths for miles along our coast, and often serve as a break-water, protecting the land from the wild beating of the waves.

Among these is the "Great Kelp of California" (*Macrocystis pyrifera*), which is often found many yards in length. The peculiar splitting of its growing tip, where a scimitar-shaped leaf splits off and forms new



L. A. Eng. Co.

ULVA LACTUCA.

leaves, makes it an interesting plant to botanists, and these tips make fine herbarium specimens for the plant collector.

"The Great Elk Kelp" (*Nereocystis gigantea*), sometimes called the "Great Bladder Weed," is another of this class. Its long, slender stems and great air-vesicles or bladder, are often seen on our beaches; but the leaves are nearly always gone or so torn that they give but little idea of their size. It is said that the Indians use the stems of this plant for fish-lines. A species of the *Laminaria* is converted into artificial stag-horns, and is used for knife-handles and other ornamental purposes.

The Sargassum, which, floating in the currents of the Atlantic, collects and forms what is known as the Sargasso sea, has three representa-



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CERAMIUM CALIFORNICUM.



L. A. Eng. Co.

CHRYSOMENIA PSEUDODICHOTOMA.

tives on our coast. The slippery "rock-weed" (*Fucus*), which makes the rocks at low tide such treacherous standing ground, is of this class, and has three species.

There are something over 30 species of this class, according to the latest classification, but it is not a well understood class, and doubtless many other species will be added to it when it shall be better known.

The third and smallest class is the Green Algæ. The most common genus of this class is *Ulva*, or "Sea Lettuce." It can easily be found growing on the rocks between tide marks, or lying in the drift on the beach, where its light green forms a beautiful contrast to the red and golden-brown of the other classes. Prof. McClatchie gives but 10 species to this class. Most of these are small, and only the microscope can reveal their beauty.

Many plants on the beach, which belong to the Red and Brown Algæ, are often mistaken for Green. Chlorophyll, the coloring matter in plants, is present in all Algæ, and is not soluble in water, while the red and brown pigments are; and when plants in the drift are exposed to the dew, fog or rain they often turn a bright green. By holding them to the light, however, one can usually find some trace of the red or brown.

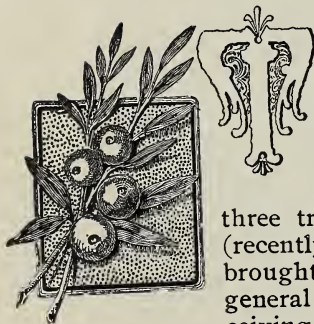
If carefully dried and preserved from moisture, the red plants can be kept for months; and when put in fresh water will assume the appearance of life.

Strange in form, peculiar in habits of growth, this great branch of seedless plants appeals deeply to the lover of nature. These forms seem to partake of the mystery of the sea, and defy while they invite investigation. Man will ever know but little of the rich and glowing plant life, thick spread in the "infinite meadows" of Old Ocean.

Los Angeles.

TREES THAT HAVE MADE MILLIONS.

BY HERMAN H. MONROE.



THE Washington Navel (Bahia, Riverside Navel) is now the most sought after of all oranges grown in California, if not on the continent. The variety was imported from Bahia, Brazil, in 1870, by the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and in 1874, through friends in the Department, three trees were forwarded to Mrs. L. C. Tibbits, (recently deceased) of Riverside. Two of them were brought into bearing, and the fruit first brought to general notice at a citrus fair in Riverside in 1879, receiving prompt recognition. From that time forward its propagation was rapid, until today vast areas are devoted to its culture.

The trees originally imported from Brazil still stand in the greenhouses at Washington, but those that were sent out to the growers of the citrus-producing sections of the United

States were small stocks budded directly from the imported ones. It is worthy of most careful note that the valuable qualities, which make the navel the greatest of oranges, developed in their entirety only upon the Pacific Coast. The Mediterranean Sweet had introduction in this State under quite as peculiar circumstances, which are already a matter of history in our horticultural achievements.

To do honor to the locality in which the remarkable characteristics of the Department Navel were developed, and to distinguish it from the Australian Navel, imported into California by Louis Wolfskill at about the same time (an unwelcome intruder which it has taken years to eradicate), the colonists gave it the name of Riverside Navel, a cognomen



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LUTHER C. TIBBITS AND WIFE.

The parents of the orange industry in California

which, by common consent, gradually merged into that of Washington Navel—carrying, perhaps, some of the sterling qualities of the proverbial cherry tree.

The peculiarity from which this orange derived its name is a navel seal, or trade mark of great importance to its grower—an unmistakable protuberance at the apex or blossom end of the fruit, not unlike the navel of the human body. In a seeming effort to break forth from its confinement the bud often takes the form (especially in late blooming) of a diminutive orange; this mark varies greatly in size from a dim outline to oftentimes a monstrosity—readily distinguished in the accompanying engravings from nature. Besides these ab-

normal developments, specimens are sometimes found with a section of the fruit in raised or sunken panel with pronounced difference in coloring. While some are disposed to believe that through its gold-bronze skin shines the lighter blood of a remote ancestry, others in turn find an excuse for its sporting in the theory that adjacent trees bearing fruit of a different variety may, by pollination, stamp upon it the insignia of their species—for the navel is more susceptible to change than any other type.

From the Year Books of the Minister of Horticulture, in which are embraced reports from United States Consuls in the



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

THE TWO ORIGINAL TREES.

At the Tibbits homestead.

orange growing countries of the entire world, it is clear that in no other country on the face of the globe is the culture of the orange so successful as in the Golden State, where the climatic conditions and soil are so adapted to its perfection of character.

There are two colossal old trees, "Los Migueletes," in Mairena del Alcon of Seville, which are recorded to have borne each 38,000 oranges in a single season ; and those in the garden of the Alcazar at Seville, said to have been planted at the time of King Pedro I.; and others whose hollow trunks still



L A Eng Co.

Photo, by the author.

Most remarkable orange "sports" on record. A "navel" with a perfect orange outside its fruit-bud; and one with a perfect orange, skin and all, inside it.

support luxuriant foliage which might have afforded shade for Charles I., for they date back 340 years.

While the original California pair may not command the admiration that do the historical ones cited, they should merit the fostering care of a grateful people, for they revolutionized the orange industry in its infancy throughout California and



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FREAKS IN NAVEL ORANGES.

made possible great profits in the development of an orange which is unsurpassed in the world.

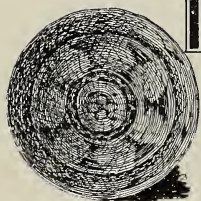
Mr. and Mrs. Tibbits, foster parents of this pair of trees, told the writer that for ten years they sold from their branches great quantities of buds at ten cents each, and surely the extensive territory planted to this variety (producing over one-half the output of the State) verifies the truth of the statement.

Today these trees, whose progeny has amassed millions, stand apart from their fellows, receiving meagre attention, but still producing "golden apples" in limited quantities—one which I was allowed to pluck showing a measurement of twelve inches in circumference and weighing a trifle over a pound.

The property upon which stand these royal stocks has now changed ownership, and the hands that helped to foster and train the tender scions to an issue that has equalled in wealth that of the mythical Monte Cristo, have become withered and feeble. But the tender care and devotion (known only to a few) displayed by this eccentric old gentleman, who at one time owned vast acres, toward an invalid companion, now gone on before, is worthy of emulation. Riverside colonists might each spare from a laden orchard just one box of golden globes for the maintenance of the remaining god-parent of this industry; and the city might well exhibit her wonted public spirit by obtaining possession of, and transplanting to its pretty park, these sturdy trees, for from the sap of their existence has evolved every industry within her borders. For that matter, probably no other two trees now in the world have fathered so much wealth.

AN OMAHA TRIBAL FESTIVAL.

BY JOHN COMFORT FILLMORE.*



IN the first week of July, 1891, I found myself at Bancroft, Nebraska, some seventy-five miles northeast of Omaha. It is a little frontier town on the western edge of the valley of the Logan, a tributary of the Missouri, and just outside the limits of the Omaha Indian Reservation, which extends some twenty-five miles eastward from thence to the Missouri river. I had an Indian companion, Mr. Francis La Fleche, a son of the last chief of the Omaha tribe before their tribal organization was broken up and they became citizens of the United States, holding their lands in severalty, cultivating them and voting like any of their white neighbors. This young Omaha had been for several years in the employ of the Indian Bureau at the national capital; where his intelligence, his uprightness and his intimate knowledge of the condition of his people and of their relations to their white neighbors had been of incalculable service in preventing them from being overreached in innumerable ways during the critical period of transition from the life of hunters to that of self-supporting

*Prof. Fillmore, the foremost authority on Indian folk music, died last summer during a visit to the East. This interesting article is one of the last he ever wrote.—Ed.

husbandmen. I ought also to say that he had become the adopted son of Miss Alice C. Fletcher of Washington, D. C., who is a Fellow of Harvard University, and is connected with the Peabody Museum of American Ethnology and Archaeology of that institution. She formerly lived for some years among the Omahas, going to them for the purpose of ethnological investigation, and enjoying the hospitality and friendship of Chief La Fleche and his family, finding opportunity to befriend the whole tribe and earn their entire confidence and lasting gratitude by forcing the tricky politicians at Washington to do justice to the tribe instead of cheating them out of the lands which rightfully belonged to them by solemn treaty.

It was through her that I made the expedition of which I am now to give some account. Among her other studies, she had paid much attention to the folk-music of the tribe, singing their songs with them,



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THE WAWAN OF THE OMAHAS.

reducing them to writing and afterward transferring them to me for the special scientific study which needed to be done by a professional musician. I had already given a great deal of attention to her transcriptions of these songs, both religious and secular; and now I was to hear many of them from the Omahas themselves, on the very ground which they and their ancestors had occupied from time immemorial. The occasion was that of a great tribal festival at which the whole tribe was gathered; the object being to commemorate the deeds of their ancestors, keep alive the memory of their tribal customs and traditions, celebrate their tribal religious ceremonies and indulge in a good deal of merrymaking. For these purposes they were encamped, in two divisions, on the high rolling prairie about midway between the western boundary of the Reservation and the Missouri River, which bounds it on the east. There were, in all, some fifteen hundred Indians in the two camps, including

perhaps three hundred visitors, most of whom were Sioux from the neighboring reservations in Dakota, the rest being Poncas, and perhaps a few others, from the Indian Territory.

My first night in the Indian country was spent at the home of Mr. La Fleche's sister, who was married to a white man and lived on the western edge of the reservation. In this house I found a library of English books much larger and better selected than is to be found in the houses of most Yankee farmers, pictures on the walls, the latest magazines, a cabinet organ and other evidences of intellectual tastes and interests, such as people of our race do not usually associate with their ideas of our aborigines. The house was on the western slope of the Logan valley. Across this rich alluvial vale, filled with black soil covered with waving grass, wheat and corn, one looked toward the great



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THE OMAHA "FELLOWSHIP PIPES."

expanse of rolling prairie which makes up the bulk of the Omaha Reservation. A twelve mile ride over trails along the sides of the ridges and across the hollows of this wave-like district, brought us to the larger of the two Indian camps. The teepees were pitched on a comparatively level space on a high ridge. There were enough of them to accommodate a thousand Indians. The arrangement was, approximately, a circle, or round oval, enclosing a broad space for processions, dances, ceremonials and festivities of all sorts. Outside the ring of teepees, the wagons were drawn up; and down the sides of the ridge the ponies were picketed.

The sight, on entering the camp, was a brilliant one. There was bright color everywhere. Everybody was in gala attire; the women, especially, gay in blue and red of the brightest, with bright and jingling metallic ornaments. Under a large fly-tent dancing was going on. A number of stalwart men were seated around an enormous drum with a head of rawhide, beating it with all their might, in strict rhythm. Around them a semicircle of women and girls of all ages, from ten to sixty, were dancing a peculiar hitching step and singing a "scalp-song," one of the old songs formerly used to celebrate a victory of the tribe when the men came home bringing the scalps which were the evidence of success. In the absence of a written language, the memory of these events (and indeed all the historical records of the tribe) were preserved in songs carefully handed down from generation to generation. One of the main objects of such festivals as I was now witnessing was to keep alive the memory of the heroic deeds of their ancestors. In the revolution which has befallen the Indians as regards their mode of life, especially considering the total lack of literary records, the ancient customs, and indeed the whole memory of the tribal history, would speedily pass from the minds of men if they were not kept alive by some such expedient as these tribal festivals, where the people assemble in tribal costumes, relate, or rather sing, the war-like deeds of their fathers, commemorate the great names among them and the important events in the tribal history, and celebrate the religious rites and ceremonies which were handed down to them from time immemorial.

The reception given to the strange white man who came in the company of the son of their old chief and as the friend of their beloved benefactress, was a kind, though not an effusive one. These Indians were less stolid, more given to letting their feelings of mirth or grief be seen, than I had expected; but they were always dignified, treating the white stranger with grave courtesy.

As a striking example of this, I recall particularly a scene which occurred when I was witnessing the dramatic dances of the Haethuska Society. I had watched them intently for some time and had rapidly transferred to my notebook the song to which they were dancing, a simple one which I had not before heard, since it was not in Miss Fletcher's collection. There was a pause in the proceedings, and a tall Indian of middle age, arrayed in war costume, approached me and with dignified courtesy addressed me, in Omaha, to the following effect, as I can remember: "We are assembled here for the purpose of celebrating our tribal customs according to the traditional rites of our ancestors. For us, these ceremonies have become only a reminiscence, a remembrance of deeds and of a mode of life which belong to the past. Now all is changed. In a few days we shall return to our homes and resume the work on which we depend to support our wives and our children. But while our tribal festivals last, we welcome you, as a stranger, among us."

In one case only do I recall any appearance of relaxation of this dignified behavior toward the stranger. I was standing rather apart, my companion being occupied with some of his relatives. There were In

dians near me, all of whom were keenly observant, although one had to look very sharply to perceive the fact. I was gazing rather idly on the motley groups which enlivened the open space of the camp, and humming softly, and unconsciously to myself, one of their war-songs which was running in my head. Happening to turn, I caught the eye of an elderly warrior and found him smiling with undisguised amusement. He smiled frankly at me and I responded in kind. Just then my companion came up, and turning to him the old warrior said: "One would think that man was going on the war-path, by the songs he sings."

The Haethuska Society, whose dances I have just referred to, was a society of warriors. My companion had told me a good deal about its constitution and aims. No one was admitted to it unless he had distinguished himself in battle and his rank in society was carefully and scrupulously graded according to the number and quality of his valiant deeds. Admission to it was granted by the priests who had in charge the sacred tent of war. Candidates for membership were obliged to appear before these priests and furnish evidence of their valor. They must show the scalps which proved that they had killed their enemies, present the testimony of eye-witnesses, if there were any, and furnish other such evidence as might be available. Whenever the correctness of the account depended on the warrior's own testimony, the priests sang a song to the Thunder-god (their war-god) praying him to strike the warrior with lightning if he failed to tell the exact truth. My companion assured me that no Indian would dare to lie, under such circumstances. The rank of the warrior, once admitted to the society, was indicated by his paints and ornaments. For example, there were three grades of warriors who were entitled to wear the eagle's feather. Those of the highest rank wore it perpendicularly in the hair; those of the second rank wore it stuck sidewise in the hair; while the third grade were obliged to suspend it by a string. By these and other signs, the rank of a warrior was as patent to every member of the tribe as is the rank of our army officers to us when they are in full uniform, with shoulder-straps.

The business of this society was to keep alive the memory of the valiant deeds of the warriors of the tribe. I do not know what else it did; but it was certainly the Historical Society of the Omahas. These records were kept, not in writing, for the Omahas have no written language, but in songs and dramatic dances. The stated meeting of the Haethuskas began with an invocation to the Thunder-god. Charcoal was prepared, with which the leader's face is painted black, as symbolic of thunder, and while this was doing, a song was sung, which is thoroughly poetic and full of awe. The picture in the Indian's mind is of the thunder-cloud rising in the distance, black and threatening, shot through with lightnings; the air hushed in expectant awe; the leaves tremulous; the birds seeking the shelter of the thickets at the dreadful approach of the war-god. Nothing could be more poetic or more reverent. Then the society joined in prayer, not to the war-god, but to the Wakanda, "The Power that Makes." This prayer, like all the prayers of the Omahas, was sung, not said; and all joined in singing it in unison. After this religious ceremony, the long session was taken up with dramatic songs and dances, picturing forth different important events in the tribe's history. The dances were imitations of the movements of battle; the advance, the retreat, the dodging of arrows, etc. In the intervals of the dancing, "Resting songs" were sung commemorating events which did not need to be dramatically set forth in action. One which I remember recalls a dreadful defeat of the tribe, in which more than half of the Haethuskas were slain. The song is semi-religious, as are most of the Haethuska songs. The thought of it is: When we go out to battle we do not know whether we shall ever return; it will be as the Wakanda wills. "The affairs of men are in the hands of the gods; when they speak, men obey." This strong religious feeling is habitual and univer-

sal among them. I know of no sacred music anywhere that is more genuinely reverent and devout than that of the Omahas. The parting song which invariably closed the meetings of the Haethuska society is a sort of doxology. The words as given by Miss Fletcher in her "Study of Omaha Indian Music," published recently by Harvard University, are simple enough. There are two verses: "Friends, let us stand;" and "Friends, let us go hence." But the word which is translated "Friends" means a great deal: it implies not only the idea of persons who are bound in the ordinary ties of friendship, but those who have stood together and fought together under the guidance and protection of the gods.

I knew many of the songs of the Haethuskas before I went to the Reservation, and had received the information contained in the above paragraphs. It struck me, therefore, with some surprise, when I came to witness the Haethuska dances, to see that the dancers were all young men. Some of them could not possibly have been on the warpath, and I saw no evidences of the presence of veterans among those who were actively engaged in the ceremonies, although there were old warriors enough standing about and looking on. Turning to Mr. La Fleche for an explanation, he said: "These are only sons of veterans who have inherited the rank and titles of their fathers. The Haethuska is no longer a society of veteran warriors; but these young fellows still keep up the tribal traditions and records in this way." Before the dancing began, indeed, I had a surprise. A number of young Indians were rushing about, nearly naked, in war paint and eagle-feathers, with strings of sleighbells about their knees and ankles. One of these came rushing up to my companion and grasped his hand with "Hello, Frank, how are you?" in perfect English; then off he went to begin the dance. All the older Indians spoke nothing but Omaha, in my hearing.

The dance itself I found extremely exciting. The drum-beat, given by as many stalwart arms as could get around the big drum, was tremendously emphatic, and must have been heard for miles. Indeed, I myself heard it afterwards distinctly when I was at least six miles away, on the prairie. It was a rebounding double beat, and gave me such an idea of accent as I never before received in my whole life. The song was high and shrill at the beginning and was sung with all the power of lungs which must have been excellent, in full chorus and in unison. The women joined in with shrill imitations of the scream of the sparrowhawk, a proceeding which had an important significance to them, although I am not quite clear as to what it was. The dances themselves were grotesque enough, unless one understood the dramatic significance of them; but the figures of the dancers were magnificent, and the display of brawn and of muscular movements would have delighted the heart of a gymnast or an anatomist. I never saw finer physiques.

Indeed, there was ample opportunity to study the male human figure in this camp. There were many besides the dancers who were at least half nude; and splendid specimens of physical manhood they were. The women made no such display of their figures. Most of them were dressed in the gala costume of the tribe; but some wore the garb of the white people. I saw in a teepee a man nude to the waist and a young girl in a plain black such as an American farmer's daughter might wear. She was sitting in a corner reading a book which I presently discovered to be Macaulay's History of England. Mr. La Fleche told me that she was just back from the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa.

Later on, I witnessed the sacred ceremony, or religious service, of the Wawan, or Sacred Fellowship Pipes. This is a full choral service, requiring several hours in performance, the whole being sung, with accompaniments of drums and rattles. The central ideal of it is "Peace on earth, good-will to men." Both the service and the pipes, which are the symbols of peace and good-will, are held in extreme reverence. It

was consequently a matter of some difficulty to me to be allowed to see it, notwithstanding the favorable circumstances under which I had come among the Omahas; for all Indians are extremely suspicious of white people, as they have good reason to be; and they do not reveal their religious ideas and feelings to any one whom they regard as likely to look on them with any degree of contempt. Mr. La Fecche's first request of some of his personal friends to allow me to see the ceremony was met with a flat refusal. "No," said they, "we will not do that for anybody but Miss Fletcher." "But," said my friend, "Miss Fletcher sent this man here on purpose to see it; it is her desire." And so, notwithstanding the fact that I was a stranger who might despise their most sacred feelings, the influence of their beloved benefactress was such that they consented to give a special performance of their most revered religious ceremony on purpose that I might witness it. Apprised of their objections, I tried to assure them, through my companion, that I cherished none but respectful feelings toward their religious ideas and feelings; yet I am sure that they entered upon the performance of the ceremony with considerable reluctance and a greater or less feeling of distrust.

Nevertheless, they did it, and a very impressive scene it was. It was night when the service was performed. The only light was that of a blazing camp fire, which shone on the barbaric figures and costumes of the Indians with telling effect, and made the whole camp a weird and fascinating spectacle. The sacred pipes were brought out and their coverings removed, the officiating Indians treating them with a reverence comparable only to that with which a priest of the Roman Church treats a crucifix. These pipes were not to be smoked; indeed they had no bowls, and their use was symbolic only. They were painted and ornamented in elaborate symbolism, their most prominent decoration being a long and broad plume of eagle's feathers depending from them. When these were waved in the act of laying them to rest ceremonially, they described the most graceful acts imaginable.

The significance of these eagle feathers is to symbolize Power turned into the service of Peace. The eagle here plays precisely the same part as is played by the lion in the scripture text: "The lion and the lamb shall lie down together and a little child shall lead them." In both, the thought is of an animal of prey, the strongest, fiercest and most successful, using all his powers in the interest of peace and good-will. The Indians who have become acquainted with the scriptures have noticed this resemblance, and a Christian Indian pointed it out to Miss Fletcher. To complete the parallel, a little child is introduced in the latter part of this ceremony, and the presents, which are given as they are given at Christmas among us, are given over the child's head and in his name. He is the symbol of innocence and of peace. The Indian mind is highly poetic and imaginative, and all their religious songs and ceremonies are brim-full of poetic imagery.

Not only the dances, but all the movements employed in the Wawan ceremony are dramatic. For example, when the Pipes are ceremonially raised, the image in the Indian mind is of the eagle rising from his nest to take his flight. He is pictured as repeatedly fluttering his wings preparatory to flight, and the songs and the movements of the pipes are meant to suggest this. The drum and rattles accompany each phrase of the song with a tremulous motion until the point is reached when the eagle is imagined as about to take wing; then the regular beat of the drum begins and is kept up until the end of the song. In the songs sung when the Pipes are ceremonially laid to rest the process is reversed; the drum-beat continues until the eagle is imagined to have reached the branch where his nest is. Then a tremolo of the drums and rattles accompanies the fancied flutterings of his wings as he prepares to settle down into his nest. There are corresponding movements of the Pipes, with their long hanging plumes of eagle feathers; move-

ments which are exceedingly beautiful and graceful and dramatically effective.

The religion of the Indians is a natural polytheism. To their minds everything which manifests power has life ; has a spirit in it. And as the natural forces which surround them transcend their own bodily powers, they are naturally objects of reverence. The power manifested in the thunder-cloud strikes them with awe ; it is the most natural thing in the world that the spirit which they conceive to reveal himself in this way should be their war-god. The sun is another manifestation of power, which naturally becomes an object of worship. He makes everything grow. But the earth brings forth and produces under his fructifying influence ; she is Mother Earth, as he is Father Sun. And so of the whole list of natural powers and forces. The Indian has not risen to the conception of one Infinite Being who manifests Himself in all these different ways ; to him, each separate phenomenon is the revelation of a separate spirit. But he nevertheless has the idea of a creator, the Wakanda, "the Power that Makes" ; and every Omaha mother teaches her child to sing a little prayer : "Wakanda, I am poor and weak ; have pity upon me." There is a great deal more of detailed information to be obtained concerning the Omaha religion and customs from the work I have before referred to, written by Miss Alice Fletcher and published by the Peabody Museum of the Harvard University. The book also contains nearly a hundred of their songs, harmonized and arranged for the piano. The more these songs, which embody the innermost life, ideas and feelings of the Indians, are studied, the more it will be seen how strongly imaginative and poetic their habit of mind is.

They are an honest and upright people. I had a little illustration of this fact during the visit which I have attempted to describe. Mr. La Fleche and myself were talking with the superintendent of the Indian school, and he was telling us that he had called on some Indians for counsel in some matter or other, and had afterward sent each of them a small sum of money in payment for their loss of time in attending the council. He feared, however, that he had sent one payment to the wrong man. While we were speaking of it, a tall Indian came up and addressed him in Omaha, being unable to speak English. Mr. La Fleche was called on to interpret, and at once said : "This man says you sent him two dollars and a half and he does not know what it was for ; he fears it was not meant for him. He has walked six miles from the camp to have the matter explained." He was told for whom the money was intended and at once offered to return it ; but, on request, took it back to the camp and delivered it to its proper owner.

I found that many of the older Indians were endeavoring in good faith to adapt themselves to the changed conditions of their life. I met one old warrior, perhaps fifty-five years of age, who had just built him a frame house, planted a garden and a young orchard, dug a well, had eighty acres of corn and eighty of wheat, had a considerable plantation of cottonwood trees, already grown to perhaps sixty feet high, with a young black walnut between every two cottonwoods, etc. One such example goes far. There had been about a hundred houses built on the reservation within a year. All things considered, I came away from my visit to this Indian festival with a strong feeling of hope for the Omahas. The savage ceremonies I had witnessed were, under the conditions, natural and proper. I should be sorry to see these Indians allow the memories of the deeds and customs of their ancestors to die out. The remembrance of them is not likely, I think, to interfere in any degree, with their advance in civilization.

THE LONE STAR'S BONANZA.

BY BATTERMAN LINDSAY.

CHAPTER II.



EXT day the whole camp knew that Old Hard-Luck had struck it rich at last; and in the Lone Star the foreman changed the direction of the drift where his men were working, O, ever so little,—but sufficiently!—and set a couple of shifts to work at filling up some of the older galleries with waste rock. He said there was danger that they would cave in, and that the ground would never be

worked over again.

Of course he knew, and so did Sloane, that some day, it might be soon, or it might be late, their little game would be found out. Then there would be a suit for damages, with all its uncertainties and difficulties of proof; and it would be a queer thing indeed if two astute men could not have their winnings so disposed of by that time as to be beyond the reach of execution.

I pray you, don't be horrified, friends, nor fall into the error of supposing these two conspirators to be deep-dyed villains. The like is done every day by those who occupy the front seats in the synagogue, and sit in the high places at the national feast. If you are a justly ambitious man, desirous to amass a modest competency of a million or so before you die, you can not afford to be too squeamish.

* * * * *

When Blair returned from San Francisco, he found the Hard-Luck in the full tide of prosperity, running night and day with as many men at work as room could be found for on the face of the drift. Its little stamp mill was clattering away madly, and within an hour of Archie's arrival, Sloane was after him with a proposition to lease the Lone Star's mill for a time, as at present they had no ore of their own to crush. The man whom he had known only as a broken-down, despondent, apparently incorrigible railer against fate, was now alert, erect, buoyant, aggressive. Georgia was radiant. She said dad was going to take her to Paris next year. Blair was bewildered at the turn of affairs. He went in and looked at Sloan's bonanza, and then went down in the Lone Star and questioned Provin as to why he had filled up those drifts with waste. He became infected with the prevailing excitement; it struck him that it would be a fine thing to have a bonanza of his own, and he was puzzled greatly by the direction his own new drift seemed to be taking.

But Provin assured him that it was headed straight for the boundary line of the Hard-Luck, and knowing his own tendency to lose all sense of direction when underground, he was fain to seem content, lest he expose himself to ridicule.

Meanwhile, Georgia gave his thoughts occupation enough in another line. She owed him recompense for a month of heart-wearing uncer-

tainty and abasement of self-esteem, and she returned it to him with interest. The young man had gone away with no concern but to find out what he himself really intended, before involving himself too deeply for honorable withdrawal; but it very shortly became of much more vital import to him to know what were Miss Georgia's intentions. In the intervals, however, of trying to discover these, he spent many hours each day with books and maps. Mathematics had never been his strong point, and he sometimes wondered wrathfully what was the good of an education which left a man so unfitted to deal with practical problems.

But notwithstanding all his perplexities, certain conclusions began to force themselves upon him, and the only thing lacking to give him confidence in his own deductions was the clue. How could Provin, a man whose undoubted fitness had led to his being retained while the mine changed hands time and again, be incompetent? That he was faithless had not yet entered Blair's mind; and why should he suspect Georgia's father of being a thief? He knew now that everybody considered him fair game as a green Briton, fit for nothing until he had been planed into shape (without a particle of malice) by sharp Yankee wit. He took the planing good-naturedly, protecting himself from being shaved too deeply by an oft-times feigned obtuseness, and worked away doggedly at enlightening himself. "He is not so much of a quitter as we thought," remarked Provin, gloomily, as he leaned against a timber and whittled off a chew of tobacco.

"He is not," assented Sloane, with equal sombreness. "He will get onto it before long." "Well, we've made a good little stake out of it any way," said Provin. "If we can stave him off a few months longer, you will be in Paris with Georgia, and there is no reason on earth to accuse *me* of anything worse than an error of judgment in not drifting a little more to the north. But I believe Georgia thinks something is wrong. It would be just like her to give him a tip if she did."

"The hell it would!" said Georgia's father, who thought he knew her. "I guess *nit*."

Yet that was precisely what it was in Georgia's mind to do. Had she known exactly what was going on, and to what extent her father was implicated, it is not to be predicted what would have been the outcome of the struggle between honesty and filial duty, or what sort of a compromise her conscience would have permitted. But with her imperfect knowledge, intuitive rather than actual, and with true feminine logic, she credited whatever was amiss to Provin's account solely. No doubt she was assisted to this conclusion by the fact that his behavior annoyed her in the extreme. Eternally he was grinding at her father to send her away to school, and it needed all her filial blandishments each day to divert him from the idea. Worse yet, the foreman conducted himself as if he had some proprietary right in her, and could not conceal his jealousy and hatred of the Englishman. But her intercourse with Blair was not so unrestricted as formerly. The winter had set in, and riding as a recreation was no longer possible; nor did her father

(influenced again by his friend Provin) welcome the Lone Star's superintendent to his domicile with a cordiality sufficient to make him feel himself desired as a frequent guest.

It happened one afternoon that Georgia had been detained long past the customary hour for her daily walk ; but nervous, restless, and oppressed by vague forebodings, she resolved not to forego it entirely, and, although the twilight was rapidly approaching, muffled herself in hood and furs, and walked rapidly in the usual direction. She had little expectation of meeting Archie at this hour, but was determined that should it so chance she would impart to him her fears and suspicions. His imperturbable good humor, and single-minded, if somewhat blundering perseverance in both love and trigonometry, had won her respect. She had begun to bitterly resent hearing him laughed at as a stupid Johnnie, who would " never know B from the Bull's foot," and was desirous that he should put his traducers to shame. In short, Miss Georgia was in an unusually soft and melting mood when she came upon Mr. Archie so suddenly at the turn of the path, as almost to run into him. As a matter of fact, it was the third time he had passed that way, for that the whole day should go by without even a glimpse of his tormenting enchantress, was not to be endured.

" Come into Josefita's," he said. " It is too cold to be outside. What should we do without the good old soul ? or at least, what should I ? " He had drawn her hand through his arm and was holding it while leading her toward the cabin.

" Of course we will go in," said Georgia, with dignity. " I have an errand ; what else could have brought me out this horrid cold evening ? "

" I don't know," replied Archie. " What brought *me* out was the hope of seeing you, and I don't care much what you came for, since you are here. "

There was an odd mixture of masterfulness and diffidence in his manner ; if he could only have cast aside the diffidence once for all his wooing would have progressed more favorably. Indeed he was beginning to perceive this himself, and today he was rather surprisingly masterful. He removed Georgia's hood and cloak, got down on one knee and took off her overshoes, chose where she should sit, in a corner facing the waning light, and sat himself down on a little bench before her, and nursed his knees, pushed up awkwardly by his too low seat ; but she could not leave her corner without climbing over him, unless he chose to move, and he looked at her till she blushed, conscious that he must detect the freckles on her nose and the little scar on her eyelid. He did, and thought them adorable, in conjunction with curved, red lips, chiselled nostrils, a dimpled chin, roguish dark eyes, and little rings of brown hair, curling crisply on temple and nape of neck. When he would make no response to her attempts at an impersonal conversation, but only gazed, with his eyes in the shadow, at her face in the revealing light, Georgia grew more and more rosy.

" She is getting rattled," said this diffident young man to himself, and

gloated over it shamelessly. But Georgia had that to say presently which diverted his attention even from her fascinating self.

"Thank you," said Archie simply, when she had done. "I have thought for a good while that something was going on. By Jove! I may not be so clever at the first jump as you Yankees, but I'll get there in the end."

"I begin to believe it," Georgia could not resist saying, with perhaps more significance in her tone and glance than she intended.

"Ah! Do you?" he cried, seizing her hand, and it was just then that some one pushed open the door and entered without ceremony.

It was Hard-Luck Sloane, and ten minutes before Provin had said to him, with an intonation that meant unutterable things, "If you go down to Josefita's now, you'll find your daughter there, giving the whole snap away to the Englishman."

"You lie," Sloane had retorted fiercely.

"Go and see," Provin had returned quietly.

The father saw, and in silence regarded them for a moment, while wrath perceptibly emanated from him and filled the little room to the explosive point. Then in the white heat of his anger he spoke words whose brutality he did not rightly conceive at the moment.

"So, Josefita!" he said. "When did you begin keeping this sort of a house?"

"Oh, Madre de Dios!" gasped Josefita.

Georgia felt the insult in his tone, rather than understood the allusion, and fell back against her chair as if struck.

Archie rose to his feet as if he had been shot up with a spring. For an instant murder was in his look, and in his intention; then he remembered that the man was Georgia's father. He turned to the girl, and holding out his hand said, in an even voice, "Miss Sloane, you were about to give me a final answer when we were interrupted. Will you kindly give it me now? I await your decision."

Georgia accepted his hand mechanically, and rose to her feet, looking into his eyes. Only one clear idea, born of a woman's pride, formed itself into her dazed comprehension. Marry a man who offered himself under such circumstances? Never! and her white lips uttered the one word, "NO!"

Blair dropped her hand. "I must accept your decision," he said, in a curious, hard voice, and lifting her cloak, laid it over her shoulders. Georgia fled through the open door, and Blair turned to the old man, who was still glaring wrathfully. "Now that I understand," he said in the same curious voice, "the sort of man you are, I know what has become of the Lone Star Bonanza," and he too, went out into the gathering darkness.

As the morrow's dawn turned from silver to rose, to crimson, two white-faced men sat whispering in Provin's cabin. "I hate fire," said Sloane. "You never know where it will end, or what it will do." "So do I," returned Provin; "but I hate to cough up a great deal worse; and so do you, old man. It was the only way to cover our tracks. In

my belief, they'll abandon the Lone Star, if they have to pump her full of water, and we can buy it ourselves for a song after a while. The alarm ought to have been given by this time!" Provin got up and walked about uneasily, looking at his watch. "Why didn't you take my advice and send Georgia away to school?" he asked.

"That be d——d!" retorted Sloane angrily. "Drop it, I tell you!" Again Provin looked at his watch. "My God," he ejaculated, "no alarm yet!"

He wiped his brow, where the sweat was beginning to start out.

"You must have made a failure of it," said Sloane, gloomily.

"I hope to God I have," exclaimed the other fervently, "for it's six o'clock now. There's the whistle! I daren't show myself till the usual time. I daren't do or say anything! Christ have mercy on us all! The day shift is down by this time."

He seemed scarce able to constrain himself to a semblance of calmness, but walked about waiting, listening, as one expecting tidings. Sloane sat silently, his head buried in his hands. The minutes passed on leaden wings, the only sound being the snap of Povin's watch, as he opened and shut the case automatically.

Then suddenly arose the sound of a whistle, piercing, unceasing, imperative. Without a word both men dashed through the door and down the hill towards the hoisting works. Everyone was running in the same direction—women half-dressed, stumbling and panting; men with anxious eyes and pale faces. They knew that menaced by some awful danger was the daily bread of all of them, perhaps the living happiness of some of them; and the whistle shrieked unceasingly. Archie's nerves could not stand it. "Stop the d——d thing!" he said to the engineer. "We're all here."

"You never know what fire will do," Sloane had said. And so it was. This fire did not make its presence known at the time arranged for it; then when it did begin to burn it changed the course of the draft in the galleries, and ate its way in a direction never proposed for it; and now a score of lives were in its jaws.

Provin and Sloane went down on the first cage with Blair. All day long frantic women stood about the shaft's mouth, with frightened children clinging to their skirts and asking those foolish, childish questions which, in such an hour, seem to barb anguish with a sharper dart. All day the cages came and went, one gang of rescuers relieving another; but three men stayed in the nether inferno, refusing to be relieved, until the day was done. Then there lay on the benches in the carpenter shop half a score of mute shrouded forms, and one of them was Hard-Luck Sloane's. His luck had turned at last, and it had been granted him to expiate his crime in the hour of its commission.

Scorched and seared to blindness, Provin lay in his cabin, swathed in bandages.

Unconscious from heat and inhalation of smoke, Blair tossed on his bed, hovering between two worlds.

* * * * *

It was nearly a year later that Georgia and Blair stood together looking down the cañon at the sun setting in the V at its end. Blair was speaking — "Now that, aided and abetted by me, you have disposed to the last farthing of your little fortune in what you called 'atone-ment,' and everyone else but me called supreme folly — what do you intend to do?"

"They have promised me a school over at The Run," the girl said.

"Honestly now," demanded Blair, "would you rather teach school than marry me?"

"Honestly," Georgia replied demurely, "as a choice between two evils, I think I'd rather marry you!" and her face broke up into its old radiant laugh for the first time in many sad months. Under the illumination of that smile the Lone Star's superintendent felt that he had found a bonanza subject to no fire or flood.

A SOUL IN BRONZE.

A NOVEL OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY CONSTANCE GODDARD DU BOIS.

Author of "*The Shield of the Fleur-de-lis*," "*A Modern Pagan*," "*Columbus and Beatriz*," "*Martha Corey*," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

OR an instant Burke hesitated; but he quickly grasped the situation and decided on his course. "Sit down here, dearest," he said, taking her cold fingers and leading her to a seat. "Yes, your father has been found. His body was discovered in a cleft of the high Andes where it had lain for years. He must have been traveling alone

in the mountains, and must have missed his footing and fallen to his death. There were only clean white bones, which were buried where they were discovered, and this buckle, by which he was identified, was sent to me. I was wondering how I could break the news to you."

Dorothea did not weep, but asked eager questions. Burke's quick invention contrived a plausible and coherent story, with which his wife was satisfied.

"It is no new grief," she said, "In fact, it is in some ways a relief. No one now can accuse him of broken faith. Dear, dear papa, what a sad, lonely death! Some day we must make a pilgrimage to his grave."

Burke held her hand and pressed her head against his bosom, until at last she looked up at him with a smile. "It is not as if he were my only love," she added. "I have you and the children; but it pains me that they can never know their grandfather; that he can never see them."

Before driving home with his wife, Burke found means to make an appointment with Nelson; and after he had taken dinner with Dorothea and seen the children safe in bed, he looked at his watch and said, "I have just time to catch the night train if I ride to Hilton. I thought you would not be happy to have me miss the children's goodnights, but I learned this afternoon of an important piece of business that will require an absence of several days."



Dorothea was too good a wife to interfere between her husband and his business, and her confidence in him was absolute. She was lonely when he was absent, and the sun shone brightest for her when each day's joys and cares could be shared together; but she meant that her love should never fetter his freedom.

In the valley Burke stabled his horse and joined Nelson, who wore overalls and carried a bag which contained a pick and shovel. Burke divided the load with him, and together they took again the difficult path which led them up the mountain.

"It is good of you, Nelson, to help me in this," said Burke; "and I thank God it was you and not another man who found the body. I have hardly time to talk it over with you. My thoughts are still in great confusion. I would give worlds to be able to keep the truth from Dorothea. I made up a story today that served the purpose; but sooner or later it must come upon her like a thunderbolt. She loves her father so dearly that I do not know that she can be made to believe that it was he who was the murderer. If she should believe it the shock would almost kill her. Then there is the thought of the disgrace for her and for our children. The hand of God must have pointed the way to this discovery; but I feel as if the same hand had smitten me."

Nelson looked at the bowed head of his friend with keen concern. "Why go any further in the matter?" he asked. "We will bury the remains as you have planned, and we will bury the secret in our hearts. We are not even now sure of the facts in the case. Some one may have stolen Edward Fairfax's belt. This may not be his body. Why stir up a storm of misery for your innocent wife and children when the whole matter lies in your own choice?"

"There is the innocent prisoner at San Quentin," replied Burke.

"He may not be an innocent man," said Nelson. "He is most likely an accomplice. It is known that he carried the note that decoyed Jennings. Why concern yourself with him? He is housed and fed for a lifetime at the expense of the State. What more could an Indian ask?"

Burke sighed heavily. "He is innocent," he said. "A hundred forgotten instances come back to me, all pointing one way. I was even warned that Fairfax had cause to wish for Jennings's death. There was a long-standing enmity between them. Fairfax had just bought the Bonanza mine. That was the reason he chose that spot for a meeting. Jennings had cheated him in the sale and they quarreled over it. He was planning his coming as a surprise to his daughter, and arrived at Casa Blanca on the day of the murder. The Indian met him, carried his note to Jennings, and connived at his escape, allowing himself to be committed in his place."

"What could have induced him to do that?" asked Nelson incredulously.

"Fairfax loved his daughter devotedly," said Burke making no answer. "He disappeared from that time. If living, he would long ago have made the fact known to her."

"All that is strong circumstantial evidence, but no proof," said Nelson. "There is only one man who can testify to the truth, and that is the Indian himself; and there is the one weak link in your chain of suppositions. No innocent man would go without a struggle to the gallows."

Burke knew at last the reason for Antonio's silence. This, to him, was the strongest link in the chain of evidence. Antonio had loved Dorothea with a love stronger than the fear of death.

"To me it is all as clear as day," continued Burke, "and my duty is plain. I must take immediate steps to arrange for a re-opening of the case. You keep silence for a while, Nelson. I will go tomorrow to visit Lachusa, and find out the truth. He will be willing now to speak. His vicarious punishment has been a long one."

"Don't be obstinate, Burke. A man's first duty is to his family. With the Indian's testimony, supposing that he is innocent as you believe, you can procure his pardon from the Governor, and you will have influence enough to arrange that the reason for it shall not transpire. The Indian has kept the secret for some reason, and he will keep it longer, since he can ask no more than freedom. Your conscience will be satisfied and your wife and children spared disgrace and sorrow."

"But the Indian would always bear the stain of guilt."

"An Indian!" said Nelson scornfully. "How can it matter?"

"Perhaps my wife has converted me," said Burke with a sad smile. "I am beginning to believe that Indians are beings like ourselves, with human affections and human feelings."

Nelson gave a scornful snort. "You are the last man I thought would become a sentimentalist," he said.

"You will lay it to the effect of marriage, and become more than ever confirmed in bachelorhood. Well, time is passing. Let us hurry."

Burke felt that he was moving in a miserable dream as he and Nelson, guided by the uncertain light of the moon, made their way to the bottom of the glen where the white bones gleamed from the shadow. The gradual disintegration of the mountain-side had filled the bottom of the cañon with a bed of earth. Here the two men fell to work to dig a grave; and when it was finished the remains were reverently deposited within it.

They built a cairn of stones above it, and Burke tied two sticks together in the shape of a cross to mark the spot.

"Shall you say a prayer," whispered Nelson.

"God be merciful to the sin of man," said Burke, as he stood with uncovered head and eyes lifted to the bright strip of sky that roofed their cavern of shadow.

CHAPTER XLII.

TONY went with his father to San Francisco. It was his first venture into the great world, and Burke's melancholy thoughts were diverted by the necessity of seeing everything with his son's eyes and responding to his enthusiasms. Nothing could daunt Tony's youthful courage. He found even the gloom of a prison interesting, when his father left him in the warden's parlor.

Burke was conducted through echoing corridors to a distant wing of the building where he was shown into Antonio's cell. "It is not visiting hours, but we give him extra privileges," said the turnkey on the way. "He must have been drunk when he did the crime. It's the only way we can explain it, for he's the finest man we've ever had within these walls. Two years ago he quelled a mutiny among the convicts and saved our lives. We haven't forgotten it. We give him the best we can, but that's not enough. He ought to be pardoned out for good behavior."

The door was opened, and locked again behind him, and Burke with some embarrassment found himself alone with Antonio the convict.

The Indian's glossy black hair was cropped close, his tall, athletic figure was disfigured by the hideous striped suit, but his eyes were bright and his look serene.

"Mr. Burke," he said in surprise, bowing as if to do the honors of his cell, while he took the hand which his visitor extended and looked with anxiety into his agitated face. "Is all well?" he asked quickly. "My wife is well," said Burke, answering the inner purpose of the question. "She does not know of my visit to you."

Relieved from his one fear, Antonio smiled and waited for Burke to speak.

"I will proceed at once to the point," said the latter. "I have come to arrange with you that I may at once petition for a new trial of your

case. The murderer of Samuel Jennings has been discovered, a mouldering skeleton on the mountain where he met his death on the night of the sand-storm. He was identified by the belt he wore. His name was Edward Fairfax. He was my wife's father."

Antonio clutched at the back of the chair before him. His head swam. "Does she know it?" he asked breathlessly.

"I have not yet told her," said Burke. "That will come later. I will break it by degrees. I want first of all to take down your testimony. Are you ready to give me the exact account of your meeting with Fairfax and all that followed?"

"Wait a moment," said Antonio. "Let me know what it is you offer me."

"Release and exoneration," replied Burke. "A new trial and public vindication. That will be little in return for what you have already suffered."

"Mr. Burke," said Antonio, "Do you know why I kept silence?"

"I can guess," said Burke with averted eyes.

"You do not blame me?"

"Only for injustice to yourself."

"Then put yourself in my place. After risking death, and gladly accepting life imprisonment, is it likely that I would give up my purpose at this late day? What new motive could there be to induce me to purchase my freedom at the cost of her suffering?"

"It is simple justice. You owe it to yourself."

"I refuse once and for all," answered Antonio. "I prefer that even you should remain in ignorance of the details of the murder. The dead man is beyond reach of justice. Let his crime be forgotten."

Burke felt, in spite of himself, an immense lightening of the heart. He knew by Antonio's look and tone that it would be useless to combat this resolution.

"There is another way," he said. "I can obtain the Governor's pardon for you, and the few who must know the reasons for it will keep silence for my sake. You will be free. If you insist that it must be so, my wife need never know the truth. I am ashamed to offer this compromise with justice, but it is my most earnest wish to secure your release."

Antonio turned away and walked to the window, where he stood looking out over the wide prospect of hill and dale beyond the impassable prison wall. His heart bounded with the thought of recovered freedom. He longed to realize the dreams that haunted him day and night; dreams of the open mesa stretching on and on to the horizon, dreams of the open ocean where the wind blew strong and free; dreams of the smell of the white sage and the murmur of bees and the warmth of the bosom of mother earth; dreams of friendly intercourse with his kind. Across these fancies there fell one haunting shadow, and as he turned to meet Burke's look this shadow was upon his face.

"No, Mr. Burke," he said. "There is no place in this wide world where a man with the stain of blood upon him can find peace. I must go out free from that or I must stay and bide my time. The first I refuse, for I would be a faithless man to let ten years alter my mind. I made the sacrifice willingly and I have been happy in it. I am young and strong yet. I am thirty-three. There may be forty years of prison life before me, but each one of these I freely offer to the woman whom I have loved, as I would have offered them in duty and devotion to her if God had willed that my soul should inhabit a white man's body."

CHAPTER XLIII.

BURKE bowed his head. There was a choking sensation in his throat. He could resent nothing that this Indian convict chose to say, not even the frankness of this declaration of love for his own wife.

"Do nothing rashly," he said, after a pause; "take time to reconsider your decision."

"I need no time," replied Antonio. "It is not as if I had not thought of everything. You men in the world act, but you do not reflect. A prisoner has time for meditation. I have considered what my position might be if, after long years and in consequence of good behavior, the Governor should pardon me. I would be free. The mere thought has been a joy. But after that? After I had ceased to recognize the blessing of wide spaces and unfettered movements, what place would there be for me upon earth? I might go back to Casa Blanca. Your noble wife might give me work there. She might meet me as a friend. But you would be uneasy if by any look she showed acquaintance with the Indian ex-convict. For her sake and out of regard for your generosity I must plan to keep beyond her sight. You children would shudder if they should chance to touch my hand, for they would be told that it was stained with blood. People would draw aside from me. My fellow-workmen would avoid me. Marta, my poor disgraced sister, would be faithful to me, but my presence would bring a deeper shadow upon her home. I might go into the world. What opening is there for an Indian? I am fitted to be a professor of dead languages. Would the position await me? I would take most interest in a political career. I have not even a vote. I might enlist in the Indian police, but the stain of blood would still be upon me. I would find the loneliness of solitude among a crowd a hundred-fold more desolate than the loneliness of my cell."

"On the other hand, Mr. Burke," and here his tone grew more cheerful and the light came back into his eyes, "I have many blessings here. No man looks upon me as especially disgraced. My keepers are kind, and grant me many privileges. My fellow convicts consult me as if they valued my advice. I have influence with them. I have the blessing of regular work. My task is easy, and when it grows wearisome I am permitted to vary it. I am allowed to have that fixed bar and swinging trapeze for exercise in my cell. That is a great favor specially procured for me as a reward for what I did at the time of the mutiny. By regular exercise I am able to keep my body in good condition. I have books to read, and in my spare moments I am translating the Greek Septuagint. When one looks forward to forty years of routine it is well to take up some study that has matter in it. After that I will begin on the Hebrew. I am not so good in that. Then, as you see by this box in the window, I am making experiments in the germination of seeds."

Here he paused, and after a slight hesitation, continued. "There is another blessing. You have been so nobly generous, Mr. Burke, that I am willing to speak from the heart. You tolerate from the life prisoner, who is almost like a disembodied spirit, what you would deeply resent from any man, most of all from an Indian. Your wife allows me to write to her once a month, and she answers my letters. There is little that is personal in them, but she has made me her overseer among the Indians. At this distance I am still able to help my people. I give advice. I regulate the distribution of her charity. This is all unknown to them. As for any deeper feeling, I have never in my life admitted to her, as I have to you today, that I have loved her. But my letters are a help to her. She tells me so, and freedom could offer me nothing which could compensate for the loss of this correspondence."

Burke sat in meditative silence. At last he rose heavily, like a man who bears unwilling guilt upon his conscience. He gave his hand to

Antonio, and the Indian saw with wonder that there were tears in the older man's eyes.

"Count me your friend," said Burke, "and your life-long debtor. My children owe their future to you. We owe you the happiness of our family life. I can never pay the debt. My little son is here with me. I will bring him to see you, and ask him to thank you for us."

Antonio waited with a throbbing heart. He looked into his little mirror, anxious for the first time in years as to the impression which he should make. He looked down with regret upon his striped suit, thinking it might startle a child's fancy; but Burke had prepared his son for this, and the little Tony had inborn tact.

When he entered he brought a beam of sunshine with him. In all these years Antonio had seen no children, and he had a strong man's instinctive love for them.

"I did not know that it was you my papa came to see," said Tony, "or I would have been up before. I was playing prisoner downstairs, and I did not like it at all. I am sorry you have to be shut up here. I know a lot about you. Why, I was named after you, so you must be my god-father."

He took a chair and looked with serious friendliness into Antonio's beaming face.

"What are you here for, anyway?" continued Tony, since it appeared that the burden of the conversation fell upon him.

"On a false charge," his father hastened to reply. "He is here by mistake."

"Oh, papa, you must get him out," said Tony.

"Never mind that, dear child," answered Antonio. "I am quite happy in prison."

Tony looked at the high barred window, the bare floor, the cheerless walls, and his little lip quivered. He put his hand in his pocket, and drew out a new two-bladed knife, his greatest treasure. "Take that," he said to Antonio, averting his look to hide his tearful eyes, as well as to avoid the full consciousness of the sacrifice he was making.

Antonio held the present in his palm, uncertain how he might accept or refuse it.

"You have done well, Tony," said Burke. "There is nothing which I can give Mr. Lachusa that can repay him for what he has done for me and for you."

"Then we are even," said Tony with a sigh of relief.

He was now ready to go, but after Burke had again shaken Antonio's hand, Tony hesitated and whispered to his father. "Tony is not quite sure but that he is too much of a man for kisses," Burke explained, "but he says that as long as you are his god-father he would like to kiss you goodbye."

Antonio stooped and pressed the child to his heart. The door closed behind his visitors, and they were gone. He was once more alone; alone for a lifetime.

He flung himself upon his knees.

"God grant me patience, and the victory of peace," he prayed, resisting the wild uprising of thoughts and wishes long since stifled. "Let it be enough for my life's joy that I have felt upon my lips the kiss of her child."

THE END.



The American flag is *what it stands for*. There is no sovereign virtue in the bunting itself nor in the stitches that confirm it. There should even be Americans of moral courage enough to lower that when it is where it does not belong. It once floated in Mexico. Is any man so ignorant as to pretend that they were not patriots who hauled it down?

But there are too many Americans now who dare to haul down the Spirit of our flag at home. For more than a century the Stars and Stripes have stood for human rights and the consent of the governed. They do not stand for that in the Philippines today. They will not always stand for that in the United States if we misuse them elsewhere.

The men who corrupt our politics; the men who surrender conscience; the men who don't care—these are the ones who are really hauling down Our Flag. It is time for us to stop chatter about six yards of cloth and concern ourselves with the soul of which that cloth is only a token. And to begin with we had better lay quiet, firm hands upon the only dangerous enemies this nation has in the whole world. We shall need no cruisers to get to them; nor weapons to lay them by the heels—more than

"That weapon which comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod,
But executes a freeman's will
As lightning does the will of God."

Doubtless you have noticed that many poor people and papers are structurally unable to grasp the idea that the United States has a President all the time. When their man is President, all right. He can do no wrong; and they insult him and his place by pretending—as fawners have always done—that he is bigger than the law of gravitation. But when the Other Man breaks into the sacred office—why, *he* is not a President of the United States, but a target. They could not endure it to be said that their man erred when he assumed two plus two to equal seven; but the new incumbent can do no right even when he is in accord with the multiplication table. They do not criticise him—and it is every American's duty to watch the President—they blackguard him. Such people have no remotest conception of respect for the office. They measure it not by morals nor by wisdom but by party.

THE PRESIDENT
OF THESE
UNITED STATES.

The presidency of the United States is the highest office in the world. Not, by any means, because it is over *us*, but simply because no other office stands for the consent of so many free men. It is the loftiest trust anywhere reposed. Any American who respects himself respects the presidency.

But any American of self respect must weigh his chief executive by one unvarying standard. The President holds for four years; the truth holds forever. Any man who thinks—or acts as if he thought—that the President is bigger than Right, proves his complete unfitness to be a citizen of a republic. For a republic can succeed only so long as a majority of its citizens have conscience and common sense.

As a matter of fact, the President is to be held to as much stricter accounting than the dog-catcher as his responsibilities are greater. An

unfit poundmaster can worry a few unmeriting dogs and irritate some taxpayers. But he cannot get a nation drunk nor blot a page of history.

The forking of the roads is just here. Those who respect the presidency respect the truth; and when they must disagree with the one or insult the other, they insult neither. They do not blackguard, they criticise. Honestly, fearlessly, seriously, as Americans are entitled to criticise their own handiwork, Those who respect neither the place nor the truth are lickspittles for the President when he is of their party, blackguards when he is of the other, and strangers to the truth all the time.

THE SAMOAN

BUNCO

It would be, perhaps, the most astounding stupidity in history if England were really to bunco this ordinarily smart GAME. nation into a quarrel with Germany. The attempt is so perfectly transparent to every student of statecraft than no one can soberly believe it will succeed. It is no new game of our Imperial mother. She learned early that it is cheaper to give an Indian whiskey and a tomahawk than to pay the full price in British soldiers. In 1777 she began rousing the savages on our borders, to economize redcoats. The massacres of Wyoming and Cherry Valley are tastes an American should not easily lose out of his mouth. Nay, as late as 1813, the butchery at Frenchtown and the fortunes of Ft. Meigs give it another dash of pepper.

Now the English people did not love this unleashing of savages upon us. They did not feel any serious call to fight us themselves—or we should not have come off so well as we did with the hireling Hessians. They did not wish the disruption of our Union in the Civil War. But the politicians did—and the politicians are the British Empire. And while they can take the honorable English name in vain, they will as little fool sober Americans as they fool sober Englishmen.

We have absolutely no conceivable excuse for friction with Germany. We have as good blood in our veins from her heart as from England's, and about as much of it. And while we would like to oblige England, we hate to be laughed at; and even the British cynic would laugh to see us—whom he does not hate, but fears even more in business—finely bungled up in trouncing for him a lesser competitor but a more disliked one.

TO HONOR

THE PIONEER

TEACHER.

If the thousands of teachers in the public schools of California "belong," they must honor their dean and pioneer, Olive Mann Isbell, who taught the first American school in this State. She died, old and poor, in March of this year. If California teachers have half the soul the Lion believes they have, they will—since they can do nothing for her alive—build a fitting monument to this brave woman. A dollar or a half dollar from each teacher who cares would put an honorable shaft above Mrs. Isbell's grave in Santa Paula, and a fitting memorial at Santa Clara where she taught the first school.

The LAND OF SUNSHINE and the Landmarks Club will receive and acknowledge any contribution made for this cause, and will see that it is properly applied. Contributions should be specific (since the Landmarks Club is also repairing the Old Missions) and should be labeled "For the Isbell Monument fund."

THE SUBLIME

AND THE

RIDICULOUS.

If the very real "American sense of humor" shall even penetrate American newspaper offices, we shall laugh more and be less laughed at. It would be supremely ludicrous, were it not so deeply humiliating, to watch newspaper men who know nothing accurately except the power of their club, flippantly patronizing or reviling the men whose brains and characters have compelled the world. It is the right and duty of the press to criticise; but only with as much

conscience, with as much decency, and with as full understanding of the subject as belong to the person criticised. Anything short of this is playing not critic, but coyote. Freedom, for the press or for anyone else, is liberty to do right. It is not full swing to be ignorant, mendacious, bullying. The newspaper which mistranslates and abuses its strength is not only a foe to its own fellowship; it is a public enemy. It cheapens the public mind and waters the public morals. It builds the notion that conscience, earnestness, self-respect, brains and scholarship are of less value than the ability to get on a paper, where even an illiterate, unscrupulous reporter can club a sage or a prophet off the field. It has been said that gunpowder killed chivalry. Before that villainous saltpetre, it was man to man. The better man won. But a coward could pull trigger just as well as Richard the Lion Heart. Particularly as he didn't need to look in the hero's eyes when he pulled. For the like reasons, a time may come when a later epigrammatist shall write that the invention of the printing press was the death-knell of scholarship.

At present we see \$15 reporters blackguarding Von Holst, our great historian; Jordan, the world's foremost authority in at least two important branches of science, and probably the greatest American college president; Charles Elliot Norton, one of our most typical refinements; Carl Schurz, one of the foremost orators and statesmen of our time; Geo. F. Hoar, one of the longest and best senators the United States has ever had—and many more. Now all these men are human, therefore fallible, therefore to be criticised. But only one lost to self-respect would blackguard them. They are all men of spotless character—as are not all their revilers. They are all men of more courage than nine-tenths of the newspaper men; for they dare to face a mob. They are all men whom this country and the world know better and honor more than they do any editor, reporter or proofreader in the United States. None of the pack at their heels would think for a moment of meeting them on an equality and without the paper for a club. They are men who have become great by sheer force of brains and character; not by having a bludgeon to beat into you every morning how big they are; and into your neighbors that if you do not bow to their supremacy you are a fool and a traitor.

There are some honest newspapers, and many smart ones; doubtless it is only the intoxication of power which keeps them from seeing how easy it is for power to be made ridiculous.

How possible it is to be a "moulder of public opinion" without WHO
any brains whatever, is beautifully diagrammed by such ARE THE
newspapers as pretend that the responsibility for our war TRAITORS.
against the Filipinos lies on those sober Americans who protested
against our fighting any people for desiring liberty. The dizzied sheets
presume that every Filipino reads Them at his morning coffee, and is
as deeply swayed by Them as we are. And of course when the Tagal
read in the Daily Rat-trap that there was some protest in the United
States against criminal aggression, he at once made up his mind that
he could have nothing to do with people who retained traces of con-
science. What prize pupils in an idiot asylum are here strayed from
their place!

But let us take them at their word. A few days ago these same
papers printed, with still bigger headlines, a story of American civili-
zation. A "nigger" (and all Filipinos are "niggers" to this class) was
accused of a hellish crime in Georgia. That he was guilty there is no
proof whatever. What is proved is that 2000 American Liberators tied
this "nigger" to a tree; cut off his ears, fingers, and other projections
one by one; poured a can of coal oil over his head and kindled him;
and when the writhing worm put his bleeding stumps to the tree and

in giant agony broke their ox-chain, they shoved him back into the fire and did him to a slow turn. Excursion trains ran to this Benevolent Assimilation; and the Liberators carved their human barbecue, and fought over the morsels, and peddled slices of a man's liver at two bits each.

Now, if you talk of "traitors," who are they? Of course every Filipino read at breakfast next day what we do to "niggers" at home, and if he "rebelled" because some Americans wish him to have his rights, how does he feel when he learns what other Americans really mean by "liberty and good government?" Why did the administration papers print this hideous story, so sure to make their readers in the Philippines die in the last ditch sooner than yield to such savages? Stern sense of duty? No. Papers, at two cents a copy.

And, by the way, how would the wicked Filipino have learned of wicked Hoar and the wicked residue, if American newspapers had not beprinted him — to sell?

THE
PEOPLE'S
DAY.

On the 26th and 27th of April, in this year of special grace, the citizens of Southern California, regardless of party, age, sex or previous condition, celebrated the beginning of work on the free harbor of San Pedro. The story of the fight—for both sides of us knew we had one—reads like a romance. A wealthy corporation, not unused to moulding law to its interests, desired Congress to put our harbor elsewhere, for its pocket's sake. The people have never swerved. Every competent engineer approved the people's harbor, and could not soberly consider the other. For eight years one man managed to laugh at the people, to mock the engineers, and to stall the Government of the United States. But the people stood together, and in spite of Mr. Huntington and Mr. Alger they have now the beginning of their harbor. It has been a campaign of splendid unity in the ranks and splendid skill in the leaders.

April 26 the President of the United States pressed the electric button which began work at San Pedro. Twenty thousand citizens saw the beginning of what will mark a new epoch for California. And a far greater number will always carry in warm hearts Senators Stephen M. White and Geo. C. Perkins, and others to whom we are indebted for this triumph of Americanism.

MASTER
AND
MAN.

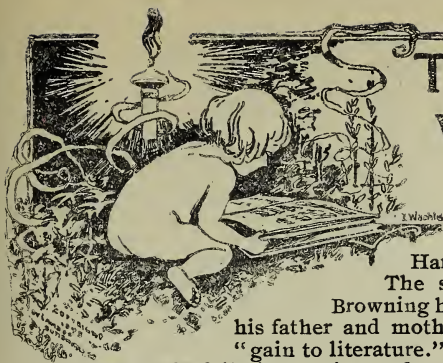
The newspaper may be as great an educator as it proclaims itself; but Americans are somewhat stubborn pupils. It will take some time to educate them down to the level of the papers which damn the Secretary of War and deify the President who maintains him. The unanimous verdict of the nation is that Alger is an incompetent, and probably a scoundrel to boot. We hold him responsible for the death of five times as many American soldiers as the Spaniards killed. But Alger did not appoint himself. If I bring a rattlesnake into my family and it bites my child, and the neighbors clamor, but my "manhood" is aroused; I will not "desert my friends under fire;" the child is dead anyhow, and probably the other children will keep out of the reptile's way. Which is to blame, the rattlesnake or I?

THE VERDICT
OF OUR

SOLDIERS.

Everyone is proud of the fighting qualities of our "boys" in the Philippines. They fight as we expect Americans to fight. But American soldiers, even when they obey orders, do not *enjoy* shooting women, children and breech-clouted savages. Only seven per cent. of our volunteers in Luzon desire to re-enlist. Now you can take your choice. Are 93 per cent. of them wrong, or only 7 per cent? Do you think nine-tenths of our American volunteers would wish to get out of a *good* war?

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

Handsome morals we have nowadays! The son of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning has just published all the love-letters of his father and mother. Naturally these are a remarkable "gain to literature." The secret hearts of two such lovers are wonderfully interesting and uplifting.

And the reviewers accept that as adequate apology for the son who strips the loins that gat him. There is a little teacup shock at the publication; but in wide reading I have not found a single review man enough to dare characterize this infamy as it is.

The Browning courtship was wonderfully sublimated and fine. Its letters are noble; they are literature. But the unworthy cub of these lions sets his father and his mother naked in the street not because of the service he can render literature. It is because he thinks the book will sell.

A stranger who should find such letters of such a pair and print them would be several notches short of a man. The son who does it is good many degrees below a cur.

WAGNER

MADE

EASY.

A spicy and authoritative book, which even the least musical reader should find "good reading" is Bernard Shaw's *The Perfect Wagnerite*. Doubtless so readable and so sound a simplification of Wagner has never been done before. The "Niebelungen Lied" becomes, in this competent critic's hands interesting as a story and clear as a sum on the blackboard. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. Los Angeles, for sale by Stoll & Thayer.

LOVE

AND

ART.

The "Blue Cloth Books" are well proportioned for a reasonable pocket, and as books very handsome. *A Heaven-Kissing Hill*, by Julia Magruder, shares the mechanical attractions of its fellows in the series, its chief distinction being its Magruderiness. Miss Magruder is always an earnest story-teller, with her windows open toward the Jerusalem of art. Her stories seem always to have, also, a certain amateurishness; and this latest is no exception. It is a pleasant little book for a vacant hour. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. Los Angeles, Stoll & Thayer.

'FOR GOD

AND THE

KING."

Hugh Gwyeth, a Round-Head Cavalier, by Beulah Marie Dix, is a story almost as paradoxical as its title—for it interests the reader in a heavy-footed, thick-headed, hard-bitted cart-horse of a hero and his peculiarly unamiable friends and enemies. There is a sullen atmosphere to the whole story, but little lighted by "Dick's" human gayety and the hero's stupid pluck. There is some good fighting but more cuffs and floggings, and the horizon seems needlessly limited to sodden things. Yet one is not likely to leave the story unfinished. The Macmillan Co., N. Y. \$1.50. Los Angeles, for sale by C. C. Parker.

THE RIFT

WITHIN

THE LUTE.

The reviewer's task is not only thankless, but hard. His one duty is to tell the truth as he sees it. Sometimes this is pleasant, sometimes easy, sometimes both. It is not easy when he befalls a book written with so much heart as Florence Huntley's *Har-*

monies of Evolution—and so much learning. It hurts any decent critic to seat an author of such zeal and pluck below the salt.

In such a book—and this one is far above the average of its class—there is a great deal more truth than folly; but the folly is where it counts. Precisely as a good man may weigh 250 pounds and his nose only half a pound—but that one-five-hundredth is his undoing.

Of the book's status it is enough to quote one chapter head: "Life after physical death is a fact scientifically demonstrable." Poor old science! Published by the author. Chicago. \$2.

The Sinking of the Merrimac, by the chief hero of that gal- HOBSON'S
lant though wasted exploit, Naval Constructor R. P. Hobson, OWN
is a highly interesting book. It is Lieut. Hobson's personal STORY.
narrative of the planning and execution of one of the most daring episodes in naval history, clearly and quietly told. The metal of Hobson's fellow-heroes, the plain men who went with him and are mostly swallowed up by him in public fame (for we hardly know their names) is given generous recognition here. So is the gallant kindness of Admiral Cervera and the consideration shown the "Merrimac" prisoners by all their captors. The story ends with the exchange of Hobson and his men. The narrative is modest in demeanor; but many long-drawn accounts of Lieut. Hobson's thoughts about how he would lead first the navy and then the army to victory at Santiago are unnecessary and not in full proportion of internal modesty. The book is handsomely illustrated. The Century Co., N. Y. \$1.50.

Reading Joseph A. Altsheler's *A Herald of the West* one can A GOOD
understand the praise Eastern critics are giving it. It is a good AMERICAN
American romance, very simply and straightforwardly told ROMANCE.
and very well colored with its epoch—the war of 1812. This magazine has reviewed with scant favor two former books by Mr. Altsheler—*The Rainbow of Gold* and *The Hidden Mine*—and wondered whence his recent vogue. It now appears that these ill stories of Colorado and California respectively were youthful pot-boilers, which the author is trying to live down. With such work as *A Herald of the West* he has a very good start on the living-down process.

This story of our second war with England is not only interesting but particularly useful reading for Americans just now; and this truthful picture of the causes of that revolt against brutal oppression will not forward the cause of that Alliance of which some unleavened persons dream. D. Appleton & Co., N. Y. \$1.50.

Only an exciting story, told in newspaper English, *Lone Pine*, AGAIN
by R. B. Townsend, is above the average among tales of New NEW
Mexico. The author has evidently read in good books—and MEXICO.
perhaps also seen something of the Southwest; and he does not make such a mess of his local color as is usual in novels of this clan. Without literary art, he still makes a good story of his American prospector who lives among the Pueblos. "Stephens" the said prospector, is a pretty vital character, a very fair frontier type. So is "Backus," the villainous Indian trader. The Mexican types, also, are more fairly drawn than usual, though by no means clearly. But Mr. Townsend's Indian characters—particularly the Pueblos—are unreal. Indeed, to anyone who genuinely knows the field, they are laughable. He has no proximity to their attitudes of speech and thought, nor even to their customs, and many readable episodes in the book are as structurally absurd as a bull-fight among Quakers. His Spanish phrases have evidently had careful editing, and are usually correct—though several blunders have crept in; and his Spanish mentor must have smiled in making the translation of Heine's *Fichtenbaum*. But it is a readable book. Geo. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y. \$1.50.

REAL

CALIFORNIA

NOVEL. "When least you look for it, out jumps the rabbit," as the Spanish proverb says—*cuando menos se piensa, salta la liebre*. Almost as untouched of expectation, a real California novel pops out. We were looking further for it. Maybe Mrs. Graham would accommodate us; or Mary Hallock Foote; or Bierce; or some of the others that we know could. And while we implored the horizon for game, *salta la liebre* under our very noses, in the fur of Horace Annesley Vachell. It is true that Mr. Vachell has printed stories before; fair stories, of the contemporary level of the *Overland*. But it will hardly be thought, I imagine, that he had seriously prepared us for *The Procession of Life*. For this really is a book in something more than form; a California novel which deserves to have, and doubtless will have, a large sale. As a matter of fact, "California novels" are still mostly a dream. There is only one star of the first magnitude. The smartest and most "literary" race in the world has known the most inspiring country in the world for half a century. Net results in novels (for there have been fine travel books like Bayard Taylor's, Nordhoff's, Warner's; large histories as Hittell's, Bancroft's, and Royce's, all large, despite their faults; great poems, like Joaquin Miller's and a less constant field; superb and memorable short stories, as Bret Harte's, Mrs. Foote's, Mrs. Graham's, and a worthy host more)—net results in novels, one immortal, three or four good, a field of—well, *chaparro*. 1899 is not a dry year. Miss Du Bois's more contracted but powerful, true and human *Soul in Bronze*, concluded in this number of this magazine, will unquestionably take its place in the small class which is next after *Ramona*—as they are all. It is of less easy popularity than some, for its hero, and a man he is, is deliberately an Indian. This puts him beyond the full sympathy of the many who think God sanded all sugar except that in the "Anglo-Saxon" barrel. But it is a story of singular truth to one side of California life—and to a very large side of creation—a story of deep interest and of a noble love.

And now, on a wider path, but quite as bravely, comes Mr. Vachell with his novel of the Superior Race pure and simple, with its loves and hates, its strength and folly, its nobility and its meanness, all admirably framed with California. He has not made the blunder (so common) of painting the picture for the frame. One notices, only incidentally, whether the picture is framed or not. It is a procession of real humanity that files along the pages. And, without fuss or visible effort, it is unmistakably California.

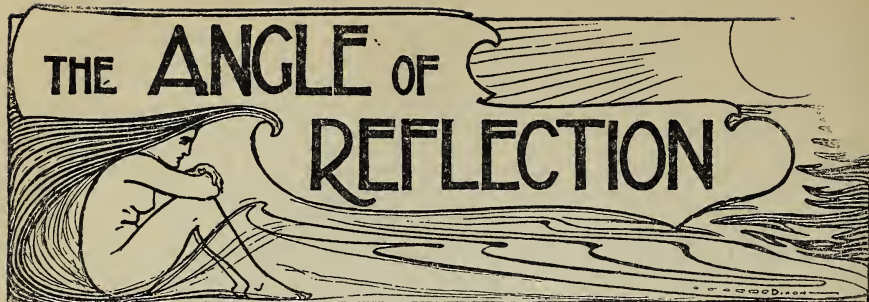
It is good to be reminded that there are "Jeffs" among the new farmers of California, and "Warrenders" among the English colonists. There are, and they have rarely been so well drawn. In fact, all Mr. Vachell's characters are vital. The sisters "Esther" and "Martha," their iron mother, "Arza," "Mrs. Dick," "Selina,"—even "Pinnick"—these are no puppets. And all along their line of march the atmosphere is real and human.

The Procession of Life is not a great novel; it is not "The California Novel;" but it is a genuinely good novel, and even truly California. The English ranchero of Santa Barbara county has a right to feel pretty comfortable over his new harvesting. A wet year to him! D. Appleton & Co., N. Y. \$1.50.

The high school of any city in the Union would be rather proud of such a publication as *Blue and White*, the output of the graduating class of 1899, Los Angeles High School. Printed by the Kingsley-Barnes & Neuner Co. for the seniors.

The first number of the *American Anthropologist*, new series, is admirable, and gives large promise. The managing editor is F. W. Hodge, of the Bureau of Ethnology (and also of the LAND OF SUNSHINE staff.) Published quarterly by G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y. \$4 a year.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



BY MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM.

The man who is perpetually looking after his rights is very likely to be neglectful of his duties. What many are pleased to call a strong sense of justice is often only a strong sense of injustice. They do not love the right so much as they hate the wrong, and they do not hate the wrong so much as they hate to be wronged. Those of us who would make our indignation under personal injustice the measure of our principle should note carefully whether we feel the same wrath when our neighbor is the victim. If we are really at war with evil our own hurts will not count for much. The man who is fighting fire does not stop to nurse his burns. RIGHTS AND THE RIGHT

We should never collect our spiritual dues to the uttermost farthing. To have life in our debt gives us the whip-hand of fate. The penalty of being square with the world is that "we have nothing coming to us." The individual is poor indeed to whom the world owes only a living. Two things we should all learn—to be imposed upon by our inferiors and to be helped by our superiors. Only by this do we discover our social status—our inferiors are those who can impose upon us, our superiors those who can help us. The American has been derided for his silence under small injustice—for being abashed by the hotel clerk, the conductor, the ticket-agent. It may be his spiritual coat-of-arms. There is nothing of which the great soul is more afraid than of smallness. The highest courage bears its own wrongs that it may redress those of others. LEAVE A MARGIN.

When men care very much about the thing involved they say "I care only for the principle of the thing." As if there were anything else worth caring about. Conscience has become so tangled up with self-love that many good people mistake the one for the other. It is not my conscience that hurts me when my neighbor keeps his Sabbath by breaking mine; it is my egotism. If he had proper respect for my opinion he would worship my God. His failure to do so pains me, but it is a headache not a heartache. A city ordinance will cure it. CONSCIENCE AND SELF-LOVE

It has been the fashion ever since Jeremiah to regard one's own age and people as morally decadent. "In these days" is our usual preface for sins as old as humanity. Perhaps we owe THE PERENNIAL JEREMIAH

our zeal in "redeeming the time" to our belief that "the days are evil." Vice has taken on new forms with us but it has deserted some of its old ones. At bottom each age thinks its own sins an improvement on those that went before. They are more to its taste. For the purpose of oratory the capital that fetters and the competition that fells the weak are worse than slavery and bloodshed, but a taste of serfdom or savage warfare would silence the orator. The corpses of a few brave men are mutilated by their victors and the modern world turns white to the lips. Compared with the future our age is perhaps "no better than it should be" but compared with the past it shows hopeful tendencies.

IT IS NOT WELL FOR INDIVIDUALS OR NATIONS TO DWELL TOO MUCH UPON THEIR VICES OR THEIR VIRTUES. NO DOUBT THE LATTER ARE TOO FEW AND THE FORMER TOO MANY, BUT THE PUBLIC AS WELL AS THE PRIVATE CONSCIENCE HAS MORBID POSSIBILITIES. WHATEVER IS WRONG IN OUR DAY AND GENERATION, YOU AND I ARE AT THE BOTTOM OF IT. ONE SEVENTY-MILLIONTH OF THE RESPONSIBILITY RESTS WITH EACH OF US. THIS FACT OUGHT TO FILL US WITH HOPE.

SOCIAL ANALYSTS TELL US THAT WE HAVE MORE INTENSE DESIRES AND FEEBLER WILLS THAN OUR FOREFATHERS—TENDERER HEARTS AND TOUGHER CONSCIENCES; HIGHER IDEALS AND LOWER EXPECTATIONS. CERTAINLY ONE MIGHT BE BORN INTO A WORSE TIME THAN THAT OF EAGER DESIRE, KINDLINESS AND HIGH IDEALS, AND IT MAY BE THAT, TESTED BY THESE POSITIVE VIRTUES ONLY, DO WILL, CONSCIENCE AND HOPE APPEAR WEAKER.

DURING THE LAST FIFTY YEARS THE WORLD HAS BEEN RAPIDLY SHEDDING ITS THEOLOGY. DURING THE NEXT FIFTY IT WILL FORMULATE ITS RELIGION. HERETOFORE THE TWO HAVE BEEN INEXTRICABLY CONFUSED. OUR IDEAS OF RIGHT HAVE NOT MATERIALLY CHANGED, BUT MANY HAVE FORSAKEN THE OLD REASONS WHY. THE COMMAND OF GOD, THE HOPE OF HEAVEN, THE FEAR OF HELL, HAVE LOST THEIR POTENCY, AND HE WHO LOVED NEITHER GOD NOR MAN SO MUCH AS HE FEARED THE FLAMES IS RELEASED ON HIS OWN RECOGNIZANCE. WE HAVE HIS HONEST IMMORALITY IN EXCHANGE FOR HIS DISHONEST MORALITY, AND THE FORMER WILL DOUBTLESS HARM US AS LITTLE AS THE LATTER HELPED US. WHEN WE TEACH OUR CHILDREN THE RIGHT AS ZEALOUSLY AS OUR FATHERS TAUGHT THE CATECHISM WE SHALL HEAR LESS COMPLAINT OF WAVERING CONSCIENCES. THAT WE HAVE CEASED TO BE AFRAID TO DIE IS NO PROOF THAT OUR CHILDREN KNOW BY INSTINCT HOW TO LIVE. THE MORAL SENSE OF A CHILD NEEDS INSTRUCTION, BUT IT WILL NOT GROW STRONG ON THE BONES OF A CREED FROM WHICH YOU AND I HAVE PICKED ALL THE MEAT. THE BEST RESULTS OF OUR LIFELONG THOUGHT AND EXPERIENCE ARE NONE TOO GOOD FOR ITS USE. ABOVE ALL THINGS WE MUST LEND IT THE COURAGE OF HOPE.

THE PROGRESS OF SOCIETY IS NOT MEASURED BY ITS UNHAPPINESS OR DISCONTENT, BUT BY ITS HAPPY DISCONTENT, AND THE MAN OR WOMAN WHO CANNOT GO ABOUT HIS REFORMS WITH A GLAD HEART SHOULD LOOK TO HIS OWN REFORMATION FIRST. THE ENERGY OF DESPAIR IS NOT A RELIABLE FACTOR IN EVOLUTION. WORKS WITHOUT FAITH ARE DEAD.

MORE AND MORE THE WORLD IS COMING TO REALIZE THE DUTY OF HAPPINESS. NOT THE DUTY OF PURSUING HAPPINESS BUT OF BEING HAPPY—not joy at the end but joy by the way. WE SHOULD TAKE OUR HEAVEN PIECEMEAL, WITH NO THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW OF DEATH. HE WHO CAN CONQUER THIS LIFE NEED HAVE NO FEAR OF ANOTHER, BUT HE WHO ALLOWS HIS SOUL TO BE DAUNTED BY LOSSES, OR FAILURE, OR THE PAIN OF LIVING MUST STAND FOREVER ON THE THRESHOLD OF HELL.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AS A SUMMER RESORT.

BY NORMAN BRIDGE, A. M., M. D.
Of Los Angeles and Chicago.

 CALIFORNIA is said to use the smallest matches in the world. It is also reported that the size of its liars is in inverse proportion to that of its matches. The theory is not so strange, since there are so many surprises and novelties in the conditions of California, especially the south end of it, when considered by the people of the Eastern States.

California is so unlike the country east of the Rockies, that it is not remarkable that a truthful statement of some of its conditions should seem to strangers like fiction, exaggeration, or even lies.

Then it has been a frontier country that needed, or thought it needed, new people and new money; and even the advantages of it may have been overstated for gain, as they have been from honest but excessive enthusiasm. The climate has been wrongly called a semi-tropical one, and people have come from the East in winter with their summer clothes, to be housed in unheated apartments, and to shiver in a chilly temperature like an eastern autumn or spring; and so they have declared it the coldest place in the world, even when they were looking in vain for a particle of ice or even frost. If they had always been told, as some have, to bring their thick clothes with them, and to live only in rooms capable of being artificially warmed, and to be much out of doors, they would all have found, as thousands have, that the experience of winter is a glorious one. Nothing is gained in the end by lying, although a great many people appear never to have discovered that fact.

To say that Southern California is a good summer resort, strikes the average Easterner as a joke, for he thinks the thing is impossible. He remembers the Colorado Desert, the Death Valley, and the records he has read about summer temperature in some of the inland towns—such as Bakersfield, Fresno or even San Bernardino—and smiles with incredulity. Then he recalls that Los Angeles is as far south as Damascus, even farther, and the idea of going into its neighborhood in summer for comfort, seems to him too absurd for consideration.

THE FACTS.

1. The Government records of years show that the *temperature in summer in Los Angeles (when taken in conjunction with the percentage of humidity)* is theoretically less uncomfortable to people than that of Chicago. The daily experience of people, who wear the proper clothing, is in the same direction and proves the theory.

2. The night temperature, in comparison to the day temperature, is always cooler than in the East. In every bedroom with a north ventilation one may sleep, almost every night in summer, under blankets; and in summer evenings you can less often sit on the front steps in your shirt sleeves than you can in the East.

3. The day sunshine is often intensely hot, but with light hats and clothes there is no more discomfort than in the East, and in the shade it is nearly always comfortable. There are vastly fewer heat prostrations, and a true sunstroke is unknown.

4. The above statements apply to Los Angeles and regions of similar nearness to the coast, and Los Angeles is eighteen miles from the sea. At the coast the conditions are even more favorable for human comfort. Sometimes the sea breeze is rather disagreeably stiff; and it oftener happens than farther inland that in the evening, and even in the day, wraps and light overcoats are required.

5. A fog often occurs in the early morning in the summer. It may not touch the earth, but rest a few or a few hundred feet above the surface, a low cloud in fact; and it may last till eight or nine o'clock. It is always pleasing to the true Californian, for it shortens the period of sunshine, extends the cool period of the night, and clarifies the air by carrying down to the earth—if it touches the earth—some of its dust. It does not add to the moisture, as a whole, in the air.

6. There are next to no rainy days in summer, and thunder and lightning are almost unknown. Plans for work and play and picnics can be made without fear of a shower, and with almost no fear of wind. The dust of the country roads is of course a disadvantage, but the principal streets of the large towns are all sprinkled.

7. There is always in summer a breeze from the ocean blowing toward the mountain ridge, from eight or nine in the morning to sundown, or a little later. The warmer the day, other things being equal, the stronger the breeze; but except near the coast the velocity is not disagreeable, and the breeze is usually cool to a line twenty or thirty miles inland.

8. There is contrariwise a gentle zephyr flowing from the mountains down to the sea—taking a rather direct course—during the whole of the night. This is what makes the sleeping in summer, especially in rooms with windows to the north, so sure and refreshing.

9. The atmosphere is demonstrably drier than that of the Atlantic sea-board. This is a thing of distinct advantage to many people, and so far as I know harms no one.

THE EXPLANATION OF THE FACTS.

Exactly the climatic conditions that prevail might have been predicted from existing physical conditions; there is not a particle of mystery about it or any phase of it.

Given on the one side an enormous body of deep, cold water—cold because enormous and deep—the everlasting ocean; on the other, and not far inland, a variable line of lofty mountains; between them an irregular inclined-plane of earth reaching from the base of the mountains to the sea, from one to sixty miles away; this surface looking southerly toward the sun; and the whole situated far south in latitude—and you have a set of circumstances that make the statements set forth above inevitable. No other result would be at all possible.

The southern sun warms the earth and heats the air stratum just above it; the air, of course, rises toward the heavens, but it cannot rise much without some other air flowing in to take its place. It is more convenient, and means less resistance, for the air from the level stretch of the ocean to come in to take its place, than for the air from the desert beyond the mountains to rise above the peaks and come over to accomplish this purpose. Hence, the breeze from the ocean during the sunshine hours of the day; and it must be cool, for the ocean is cold. It is only on rare occasions that meteorological conditions arise that interrupt the regularity of this daily ocean breeze blowing inland during the last four-fifths of the sun-seen day.

Then, as soon as the sun sets, the air becomes rapidly cooler, so great is the radiation of the heat from the earth. The radiation is greater than on the Atlantic coast because the atmosphere is drier, the so-called diathermancy of the air is greater; hence the earth's surface gets cooled more quickly. The greatly elevated surfaces, like mountain tops, become cool more rapidly and more extremely than lower points. The cool peaks and ridges chill the air that touches them, which becomes at once more concentrated and heavier, and so it flows by its own weight down the mountain side into the valleys and lowlands, exactly as water flows down hill. As the higher lands are cooler than the plain, this process continues mostly throughout the night, and hence the cool night breeze from the mountain.

During all the warm months of the year this seesawing of air currents constantly goes on with only occasional interruptions by unusual wind elements. A sea breeze during the day and a zephyr from the mountains at night is a rule with only rare exceptions. If you will open a north and a south window of a house and watch a lighted candle set in one of them, you shall see its blaze tip sharply toward the north nearly all day long, and if the window opening be narrow, it may be blown out. At about sunset it will begin to straighten up, and presently, for a time may be seen to indicate a perfectly still atmosphere; it will burn straight and erect, but soon it will tip gently toward the south, and so remain, with some flickerings and irregularities, till morning.

A question that troubles many thoughtful people is how the air of Southern California can be drier than that of the Atlantic coast and be so near the ocean. The water of the two oceans is substantially the same, and it is all water, and there is more of it in the western one than in the other. But the Atlantic ocean is, off our coast, warm; it has the Gulf Stream, which is very warm; this heats the air, which is thereby able to take up more moisture, to be carried over the land. The Pacific is colder, and so gives less moisture into the air; hence the air, as it comes over the land, has a reduced percentage of water.

The dryness of the air is evidenced by other facts beside the record of the wet bulb thermometer. The wood tubs and water pails, if they are not kept full, dry up rapidly and fall to pieces in spite of hoops. The stars are brighter than in the East; there is less obstruction to rays of light by invisible moisture. The rapid radiation of heat away from the earth, after sunset, producing cold and compelling some to use overcoats during the summer, testifies most positively to the dryness of the air. Invisible moisture in the air obstructs heat radiation as clouds do. In the highlands of northern India, where the temperature never drops to the freezing point, the radiation in a dry atmosphere is taken advantage of to make ice. Water is exposed in shallow, porous dishes that are separated from the warmer earth by a layer of straw, and if the night is still and cloudless, solid ice is found in the morning.

The fogs of Southern California are a perpetual subject of fear, dispute and pleasure. They are said to come in from the ocean, to be the bearers of greatly increased moisture, to be very wet (they cause the roofs to drip), to be very bad for pulmonary patients, to be very delightful and not to cause any increase of moisture, but to make a decrease of total humidity at the moment.

The truth is that they have some very decided disadvantages. They wilt feathers on ladies' hats and crimps of hair on their foreheads; and they make dampness to accumulate on the clothes, faces and hands of people, and cause any dust to stick to those surfaces. The later evaporation of this dampness produces a sense of coolness. The fog in day time shuts out the sun and so lowers the temperature, and for people who court the largest possible measure of sunshine this is a disadvantage. But the fog is almost never formed over the sea, to be blown inland. It forms over the land, often by the aid of a current of cold air from the coast as the breeze blows. Nor is the fog evidence of increased total humidity, but the contrary. A shower always lessens the humidity of the air; dew lessens it; fog lessens it by the amount of fog particles which fall to the earth and on other objects. But the force that produces the fog compels a reduction in the total amount of humidity, and there should be no mystery or dispute about it. It is a very old truism to say, that the warmer the air is the more moisture it can carry in an invisible form. Everybody ought to know it, and that cooling a nearly saturated air always causes precipitation in rain, dew, fog or frost. Fog shows always that a relatively warm and nearly saturated air has been chilled and has thrown out some of its humidity in the form of minute

particles of water that, by their number, are seen as a white cloud whenever illuminated by the light.

Suppose that a body of warm air has say ninety per cent. of saturation of humidity. Now let a second and equal volume of air (from the sea, perhaps) that is many degrees cooler, flow in and mingle with the first. The mixture will be, say ten degrees cooler than the temperature of the warm air before, and a fog probably results. But the totality of moisture in the mixture is less than the warm air had before, for the cooler air had very much less actual humidity, although the percentage of its saturation point might have been higher than that of the body of warmer air. By reason of its coldness it could carry perhaps not more than seventy per cent as much invisible moisture as the warmer air could. We are liable to be confused by percentages; the fact is that the mixture assumed of the two bodies of air has less moisture than the warmer body had at first, and that is the situation of the average fog of the southwest corner of the main land of the United States.

As said before, Californians like the fogs, except for the annoyance of the touch of them, and invalids usually find they are not harmed by them if they do not expect to be, and will keep themselves warm while the fogs last.

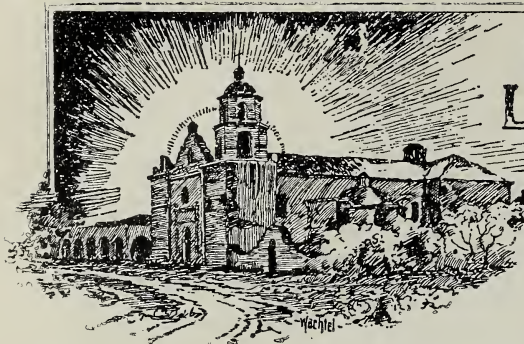
THE PLACES.

Great numbers of people now annually come from the hot regions of Arizona and beyond to Southern California for the summer, and the number is increasing every year. They find Los Angeles delightful, as it always is, during this time, and many of them remain here during the entire season. But more go to the sea coast places, from San Diego to Santa Barbara inclusive. Santa Monica is perhaps the most popular place, but not far behind it are Redondo, Long Beach, with its neighboring point of Terminal Island and Alamitos, while the real island of Catalina is the most popular of all.

The amusements are substantially the same as obtain at Eastern coast resorts, and there is no mystery about the way the genus homo finds enjoyment. There is the same fashion of games, of music, of dancing and play, of boating and fishing; and the summer girl is greatly in evidence, with the accompaniment of interest and gossip. It is all just as momentous a part of the world's movement and life at the time, and it seems truly that the great human earth might stop its course except for it. And after the season is over it is found, as always, how the right proportion is reached, and how the summer experience has seemed to most—to all of the saner minds—as a refreshing respite from the year's work.

One manner of enjoyment is here found in probably higher perfection than anywhere else (better, some insist, than anywhere else in the world), that is boating, fishing and bathing at Catalina. The protected character of the waters, the clearness of them, the warmth of the water at the beach for bathing—rather unusual in the cold Pacific—and the apparent perfectly unending number and variety of the fish, all conspire to make this the heaven of those who like such outdoor sports, and no sports do more for tired brains and bodies than these.

The combination of the landscape made up of mountains and plain in contact with the cold ocean, with the peculiar relation towards the sun and at the latitude of Southern California, constitutes a situation for weather and climate that is altogether unique on the planet. It makes it possible to live in the same spot with a great sense of physical comfort 365 successive days, a thing practically unknown elsewhere. If the Almighty did not so arrange it by special intervention, as some hold, then it is an amazing example of chance turned to the benefit of mankind.



THE LANDMARKS CLUB

INCORPORATED

TO CONSERVE THE MISSIONS
AND OTHER HISTORIC
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The Club's construction committee made an expert inspection, last month, of the ruins of San Diego Mission, and concluded arrangements for immediate repairs. The "Mother Mission" has suffered fearfully in the last ten years; but enough remains to be very well worth saving. Five hundred dollars should be applied at once; and nearly as much more should follow on its heels. With this small total the Club can guarantee the remnants of this oldest building in California for another century.

The people of San Diego have taken up the work with spirit, and will contribute handsomely. The committee is indebted to E. S. Babcock of the Hotel del Coronado, and to the Diamond Carriage Co. for substantial courtesies. An active San Diego committee is in charge of the local campaign: Geo. W. Marston, chairman; Prof. David P. Barrows, secretary; Rev. A. D. Ubach, Jas. A. Pauly (representing the N. S. G. W.) and W. N. King. Mr. W. S. Hebbard, architect, has generously undertaken actual supervision of the work mapped out by the construction committee.

The Club's excursion to San Fernando, April 22d. was a success. About 125 persons enjoyed the visit to these impressive ruins. The San Fernando people, generously hospitable as always, added greatly to the pleasure of the day. They furnished wagons from station to Mission. The Club is also deeply indebted to the S. P. R. R. Co. for a special train and low rates.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Previously acknowledged, \$3411.51.

New contributions: U. S. Grant, jr., San Diego, \$50; Geo. W. Marston, San Diego, \$25; Chas. L. Hutchinson, Vice-President Corn Exchange Bank, Chicago, \$25; Isabel M. R. Severance, Los Angeles, \$25; Excursion to San Fernando, April 22, \$44.45.

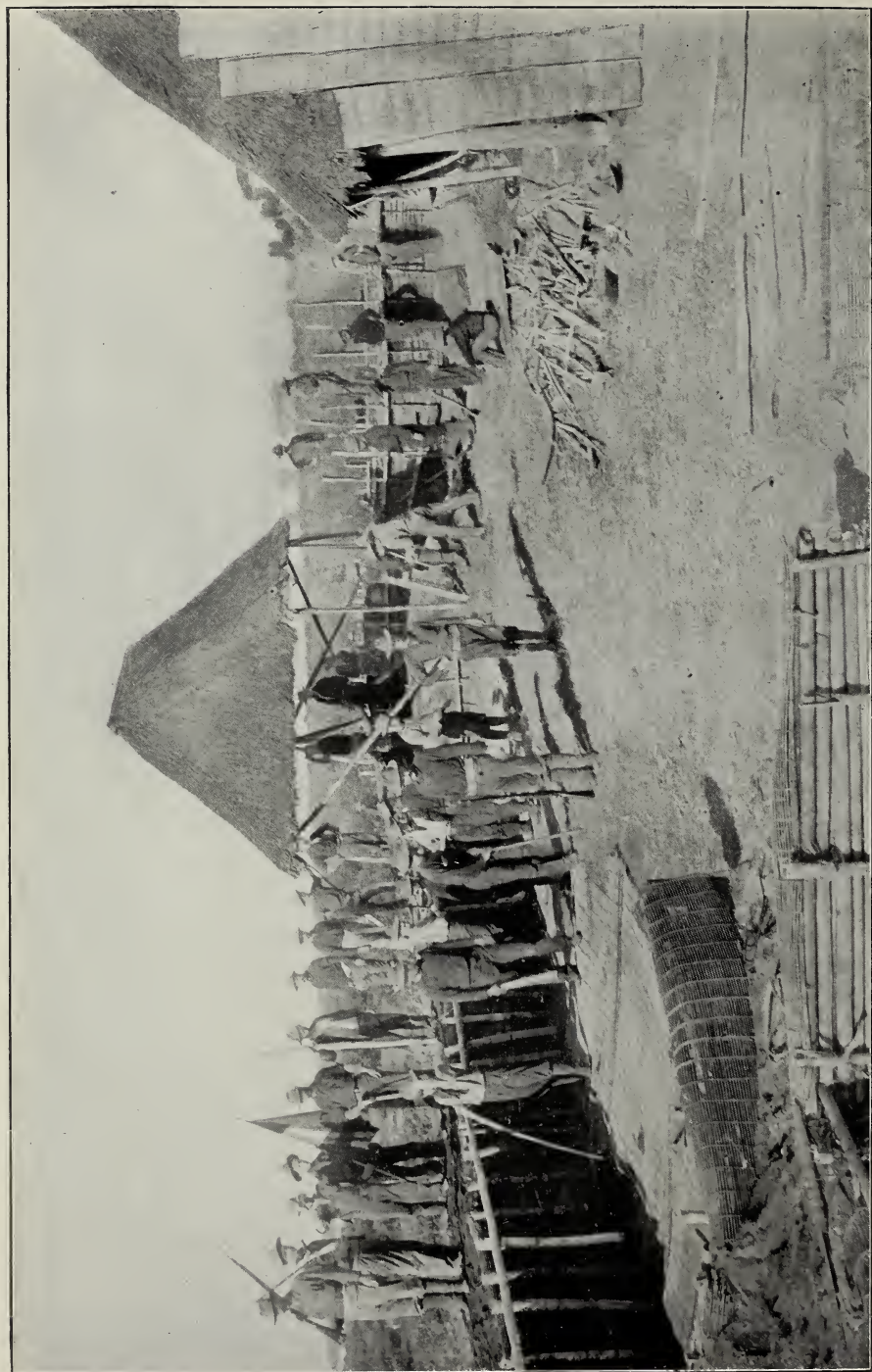
Mrs. Louisa C. Bacon, Mattapoisett, Mass., \$10; Miss Clapp, Portland, Me., \$10; Kingsley-Barnes & Neuner Co. (printing, second contribution this year), \$10; E. K. Foster (printing), \$10; F. H. Maude, \$2; Jas. Slauson, Los Angeles, \$2; Mrs. Sheldon Borden, \$2.

\$1 each: Mrs. F. A. Gibson, Mrs. W. H. Housh, Albert McFarland, Mrs. Albert McFarland, Mrs. C. D. Willard, Mrs. W. J. Washburn, Miss Flora Howes, Mrs. A. A. Dougherty, W. S. Porter, A. G. Wells, N. E. Bailey, Mrs. Mary Schallert, Jas. C. Kays, Mrs. Jas. C. Kays, Olive Percival, Jas. Weisman MacDonald, Dr. Granville MacGowan, Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Milo M. Potter, Beeman & Hendee, Joseph Bayer, Mrs. Joseph Bayer, Dr. E. C. Buell, Mrs. E. C. Buell, Los Angeles; Mrs. M. J. F. Stearns, Glendale; Mrs. M. E. Dudley, Ventura; Geo. H. Ballou, W. M. Herbert, Prof. F. T. Black, Prof. David P. Barrows, Mrs. D. P. Barrows, Prof. J. D. Burks, Miss Emma F. Way, San Diego; Miss Josephine McLane, Chicago; J. A. Booth, Winona, Minn.

WAR VIEWS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

BY GEO. C. DOTTER, OF STEERE'S BATTERY.







L. A. Eng. Co.

Photo. by Geo C Dotter, Battery D, U. S. V.

SAN ROQUE OUTPOST. GUN NO. 3 GIVING THE INSURGENTS A DOSE
OF SHRAPNEL AT 1200 YARDS.



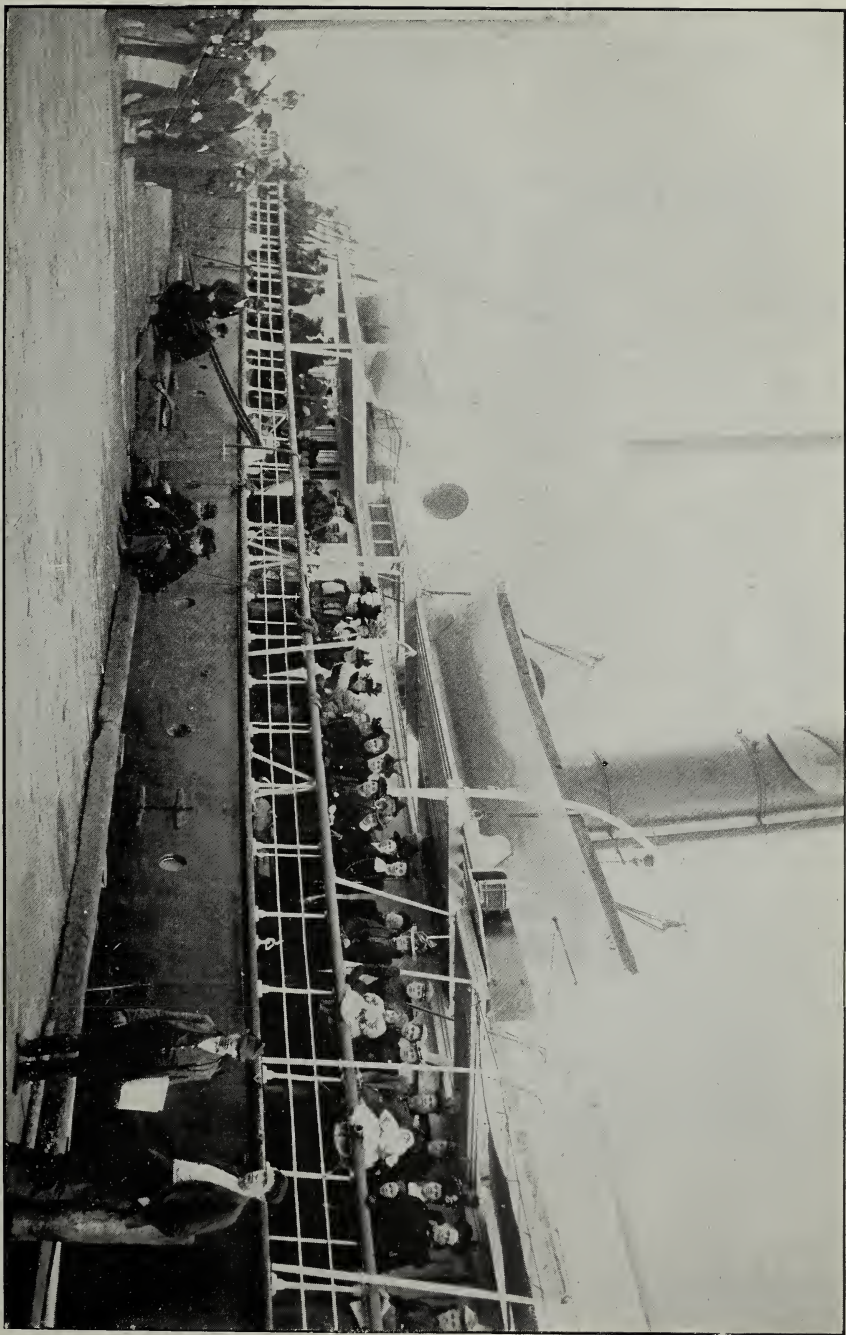
L. A. Eng. Co.

Photo. by Geo. C. Dotter, Battery D, U. S. V

A FILIPINO MARKET SCENE, CAVITE.



STEAMSHIP MORGAN CITY, CARRYING U. S. ARMY OFFICER'S FAMILIES TO MANILA.



CALIFORNIA BABIES.



C. M. Davis Eng Co.

HAPPY HOURS.

Photo by Steckel



L. A. Eng. Co.

Oh !

A CALIFORNIA SIX-MONTHS-OLD.

Eh !

Ow !



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

"WHEN I'M A MAN"—

Photo. by Scholl



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co

FRANK AND FREE.

Photo. by Scholl



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

PLEASANT REFLECTIONS.

Photo. by Schumacher



L. A. Eng. Co.

CALIFORNIA CHICKS. Photo. and Copyright '98 by Graham
(At the South Pasadena Ostrich Farm)



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“GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT.”

Photo, by Schumacher.

ECHOES OF THE FREE HARBOR JUBILEE.

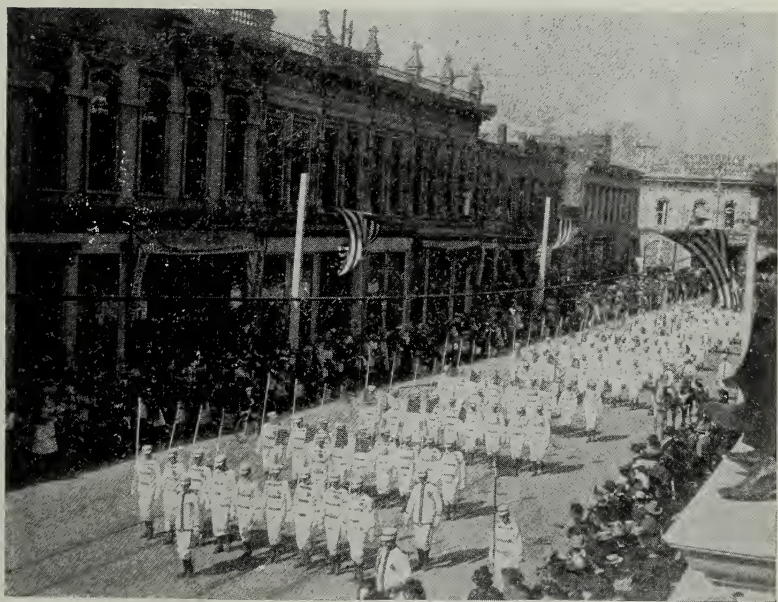
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, APRIL 26 AND 27, 1899



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

AT THE BARBACUE, SAN PEDRO.

Graham Photo.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

THE AMERICUS CLUB, LOS ANGELES.

Graham, Photo



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

Graham, Photo

ONE OF THE FIRST PRIZE WINNERS OF THE FLORAL PARADE,
SAN PEDRO HARBOR JUBILEE, LOS ANGELES.

(Rose turnout of G. J. Griffith)



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

Graham, Photo.

SWEET PEA TURNOUT OF THE JOHNATHAN CLUB, SAN PEDRO HARBOR
JUBILEE, LOS ANGELES.

LONG BEACH.

SOME beach resorts are made, not born. That is, with very little excuse from nature herself, land or railroad interests or the needs of a populous center often force a growth where there is much resort but little beach or other natural attractions. The ideal beach resort is that which nature had made charming before man touched it at all; a place attractive even without "improvements"—



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

LONG BEACH PARK.

Daugherty, Photo., Long Beach.

and then an intelligent development of these advantages by people with taste, push and patience.

Long Beach has been favored by nature in the highest degree. The beach itself has no peer on the Pacific Coast—nor probably in all North America. Spacious in length and breadth; hard as a boulevard and perfect for driving, wheeling or walking; so free from rocks and so gentle in its slope that bathing, even for the youngest child, is absolutely safe,



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

LOOKING EAST FROM WHARF.

Daugherty, Photo.



LIFE-BOAT PRACTICE.



SHOWING SMOOTH AND SHALLOW BEACH.



and with the finest swells for the expert surf swimmer, it is the ideal beach in the United States.

The landscape is particularly beautiful; far behind the orchard-clad acclivities which fringe the town, rises the purple or snow-robed Sierra



C. M. Davis Eng. Co

Daugherty, photo.

THE BANK OF LONG BEACH, BIXBY & HEARTWELL BLOCK.

Madre, all the nobler for its thirty miles of distance. The pretty town along the bluff; the glistening crescent of the beach, passing through Devil's Gate, four miles east, to Alamitos bay, three miles further on, and five miles to the west of the observer ending at Terminal Island; the blue of the immeasurable Pacific in front, cut, twenty-five miles off shore by the abrupt but always mysterious outlines of Santa Catalina; these make a picture not easily forgotten.



MRS. IVA E. TUTT.

The unmatched natural advantages of the beach have been improved and not spoiled. Comfortable bath-houses, an eighteen-hundred-foot fishing and boating wharf—famous for its catches of mackerel, baracuda, jew fish, great bass and game yellow-tail, and lighted its whole length with electric lights—a spacious pavilion adjoining



L. A. Eng Co.

Photo by C J. Daugherty, Long Beach

LONG BEACH BOTANIST IN HER WINTER STUDIO

RUTH—Eighteen months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Stevens of Long Beach.

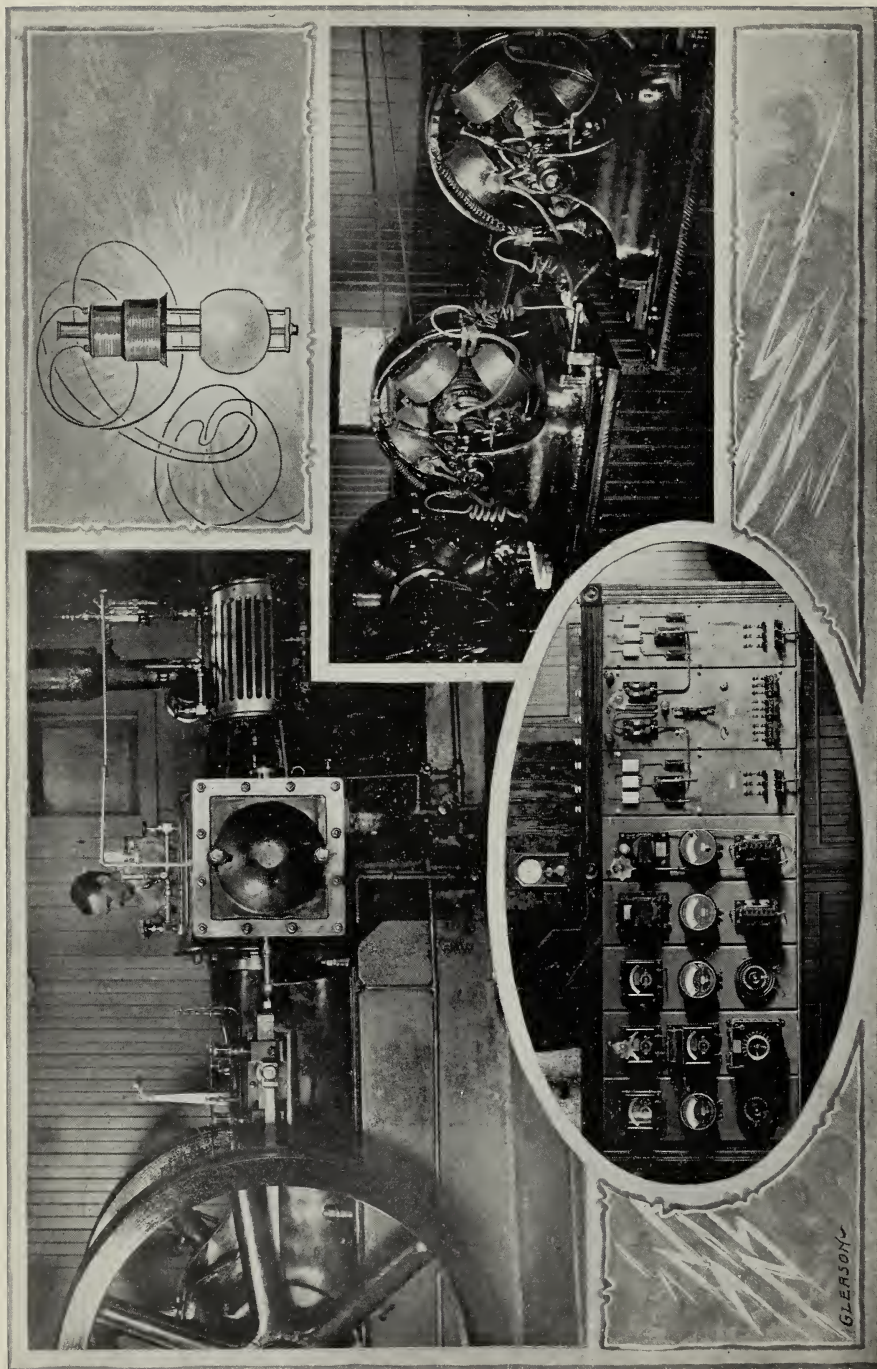
the wharf and overhanging the the surf, where one may dance, lunch, or listen to music, are all at the visitor's command.

The town of Long Beach is situated upon an ample and handsome plateau, and is backed by rich fields and neighbored on the east by the fruitful orchards and attractive villas of the Alamitos district. It is twenty miles from Los Angeles, by the Terminal or the Southern Pacific railroad. It is just far enough (five miles) from the new deep sea harbor at San Pedro to have all the advantages and escape all the disadvantages of a port.

The commencement of work on the harbor is already stimulating



THE X RAY APPARATUS, DR. O. C. WELBOURN'S RECEPTION ROOM.



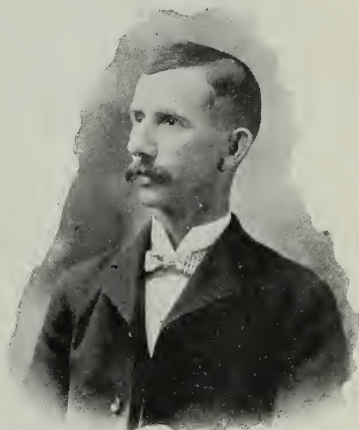
Long Beach real estate transactions very noticeably. New dwellings and business blocks are building, extensive brick additions, as in the case of the Long Beach Bank block, are being made, the domestic water systems are being perfected and extensive street improvements, including a driveway along the bluff overlooking the ocean, are being made.

To the home-seeker Long Beach offers the best of schools, churches and business facilities, along with "good government." The high-school building is one of the handsomest in the State and has complete equipment for students in chemistry and other advanced courses.

It was for many years a prohibition town and is virtually so at present, being now under a strict high license system which permits but one saloon under the closest restrictions possible. Its population (2500, exclusive of transients) is made up of intelligent and refined people. It has no rough element, and the high character of the population and the out-dooriness of its climate render it an ideal place for children.

The professions are ably represented at Long Beach—in fact it has probably the only lady manager in the United States (and operator, too, at need) of a complete electric plant. The San Pedro, Terminal Island and Long Beach Electric Co., which lights these three towns, is managed by Mrs. Iva E. Tutt, who organized and built it up.

The one lack of Long Beach, and of which far-seeing enterprise should be eager to take advantage, is a great tourist hotel—one in keeping with



L A Eng. Co.

Daugherty, Photo.

MR. P. E. HATCH,
President Board of Trade.

C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

SURF-BATHING.

Daugherty, Photo.



THE PLEASURE WHARF AND PAVILION.



Thos. Stovell Cottage.

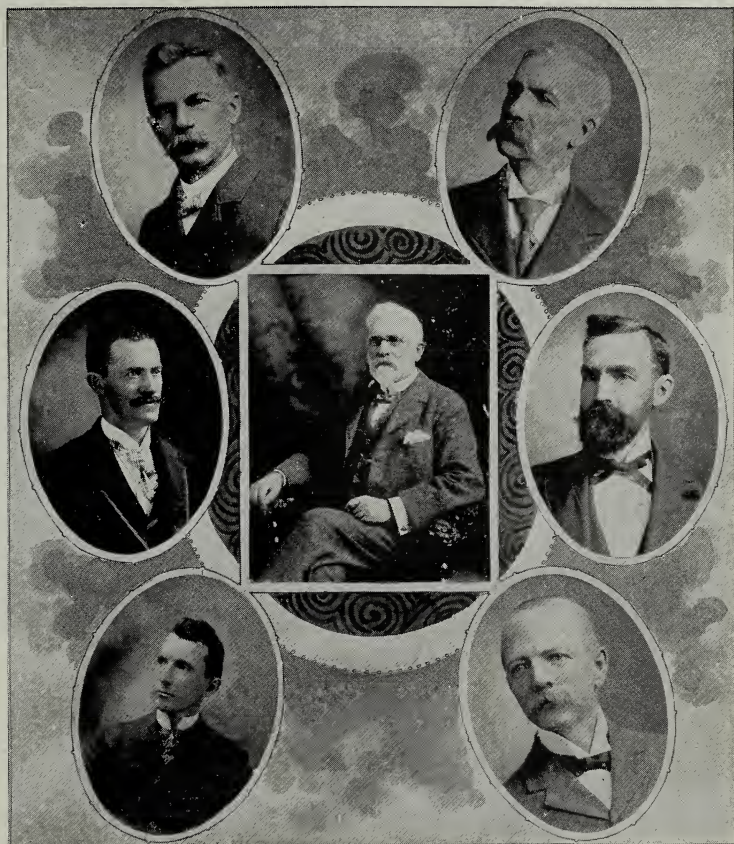
The Julian.

Clara P. Stafford Cottages.

CEDAR AVE. RESIDENCES, FROM THE PARK.



the natural endowment which no other coast resort can equal. There are good small hotels like the Julian, Iowa Villa, Seaside Inn and Bellevue Lodge, and select rooming houses of the Scotwood type. But since the large hotel was burned, years ago, there has never been anything large enough for the finest beach in America. Doubtless it will come soon—certainly when the Salt Lake railroad arrives, or when the Los Angeles Terminal railroad shall make an outlet for some other trans-continental line.



C. M. Davis Eng Co.

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Daugherty, Photo.

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THE THOS. LOVELL BLOCK, LONG BEACH.



THE ADLOFF AND HAUERWAAS BLOCK, LONG BEACH.



THE
LAND OF SUNSHINE

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